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NOTE ON No. 284.

We desire to correct two mistakes in the preceding number. It is stated on p. 398 that 'St. George's Hospital has closed its out-door department.' We are informed that such is not the case.

On p. 410, the authorship of the work 'Eight Months at Rome during the Vatican Council, by Pomponio Leto,' is ascribed to the late Cardinal Vitelleschi; but we have received a letter from his brother, the Marquis Vitelleschi, stating that the Cardinal had neither directly nor indirectly anything to do with its composition, and did not even see it till after its publication.

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THE
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ART. I.—*Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A. Vol. IV. Introduction and Appendix. London, 1875.

HALF a century ago a writer of great authority delivered the opinion that few things in history were better known than the divorce of Catharine of Aragon. Since that time the archives have been explored, and the old story which satisfied Hallam will never be told again. Mr. Brewer has done more than any other man to dispel the dark tradition, and to pour light upon an epoch which will always interest every description of educated men. After all that has been already gathered from Rome and Venice and Simancas, from Brussels and Vienna, his volume on the last and most momentous years of Wolsey's ministry embraces seven thousand letters, of which a large proportion are important and new. The most competent of his foreign critics, Dr. Pauli, reviewing the earlier part of the Calendar, declared that no other country possesses a work so satisfactory and complete; and this is not exaggerated praise, although even Mr. Brewer's analysis cannot be accepted as a substitute for the full text of documents. He has not aimed so high; and his readers will not seldom find that there is something still to learn in earlier and humbler publications.

If the Calendar does not utterly supersede all previous collections, the introduction in which Mr. Brewer has gathered up the innumerable threads, and has woven them into a consistent picture, so far surpasses all former narratives of the same events as to cause regret that he has not chosen rather to write a life of Wolsey, which everybody would have read, than to bury the fruit of so much study in prefaces to bulky and not very accessible volumes. With little additional labour he would have enjoyed greater freedom in the management of materials and in the use of colour, and literature would have been endowed

with a popular masterpiece. Mr. Brewer has thought it a duty to devote the whole of his accumulated knowledge and power to the public work which has occupied so large a portion of his life. So few men are capable of extracting for themselves and digesting all the information his Calendar contains, that the elaborate introductions by the editor add immeasurably to its permanent utility and value. But it is impossible not to feel and to regret the generosity of so great a sacrifice.

Many of the problems that have agitated and perplexed ten generations of men are still unsolved. Yet, although we have not reached the fulness of knowledge that sates curiosity, it is not likely that much more will be learnt. Some progress may be looked for in biography; for the early lives of Gardiner, Tunstall, and Cromwell have not been studied; nobody has taken the pains to restore the true text of the original Life of Fisher; and not one of More's fifteen biographers has worked from manuscripts. The Vatican continues to yield priceless additions to the works of Raynaldus, of Theiner, and of Lämmer; part of the correspondence of Charles V. lies unused at Brussels; and the papers of Campeggio may yet, perhaps, be found in the place where Sigonius saw them. But whatever the future may reveal, we now possess, in Mr. Brewer's pages, an account of the Divorce, to the fall of Wolsey, which is eminently trustworthy and intelligible.

That which distinguishes the whole reign of Henry VIII., both in Wolsey's happier days and during the riotous tyranny of later years, the idea of treating ecclesiastical authority not as an obstruction, but as a convenient auxiliary to the Crown, was anticipated by the example of his father-in-law Ferdinand. The Norman conquerors of Sicily established a form of government in which the spiritual power was more completely subdued by the civil than in any other place beyond the Byzantine boundary. In the struggle for the inheritance of the Suabian emperors, the Sicilians resisted for centuries the anathemas and the arms of Rome, and the kings of the House of Aragon maintained themselves in defiance of excommunications which were almost perpetual, and of an interdict which lasted seventy years. In a country which had endured ecclesiastical isolation so long, the Papacy could not recover its influence when the dynastic strife was ended. The Kings of Sicily acknowledged no superior, but exercised all jurisdiction themselves, allowing no appeals, and holding under strict control the intercourse between Rome and the Church within the island. This system of undivided power, consolidated and codified under Ferdinand the Catholic, became known by the significant designation of the Sicilian

Sicilian Monarchy. It was established without a conflict, and without ostensibly derogating from the papal dignity, by the instrumentality of the fiction that the King was, in his own dominions, hereditary Legate of the Pope. The combination of legatine authority with the highest political office in the person of Wolsey was an expedient that bore close practical resemblance to this institution.

It was in 1515 that Ferdinand proclaimed himself the virtual head both of Church and State in Sicily—*cujus tam in spiritualibus quam in temporalibus curam gerimus*. In the following year Henry VIII. demanded that Leo X. would appoint his favourite minister Legate *a latere*. For three years he made the demand in vain. It was granted at length, and the appointment was justly described as the keystone of the Cardinal's position. Henry had too much of the instinct and of the passion of power to surrender willingly the advantage which it gave him. That advantage could be preserved only by close union with Rome, or by the exclusion of its authority. The intimate alliance with the Papacy through every vicissitude of political fortune which is characteristic of Wolsey's administration, actually prepared the way for separation after his disgrace. It was so essential an element in his scheme of government that it was not disturbed when Henry imputed to Leo, and bitterly resented, his failure to obtain the Imperial crown.

The elevation of his rival, the King of Spain, suddenly raised England to an important position in the politics of Europe. An auction began, at which Francis I. sought to purchase her friendship with gold; whilst Charles V. not only offered the same sums as his competitor, but increase of territory at his competitor's expense. France was still our hereditary enemy. England remembered that an English King had been crowned in the French capital; and Calais was an irritating memorial of the lost inheritance, and of conquests that had ended in defeat. The nation adopted with joy the alliance with the House of Burgundy, and Parliament voted supplies for war against France.

To make sure of Wolsey, Charles promised that he should be made Pope; and the compact was scarcely concluded when the See of Rome fell vacant. The Cardinal summoned the Emperor to employ his army in securing his election. Charles assured him that he would not shrink from force if it was needed; but the choice of the conclave fell so speedily on Adrian VI. that his sincerity was not tested. Wolsey waited, without discouragement, for another chance. In less than two years Adrian died, and Wolsey was again a candidate. His ambition was not

unreasonable. He was the foremost of ecclesiastics and of statesmen ; and it had been said of him long since that he was seven times greater than the Pope. In the conclave of 1522 six cardinals had paid him the compliment of inscribing his name on their votes.* The traditional aversion of the College for men from the barbarous North had been put aside in favour of one who, in point of public service and political reputation, bore no comparison with the Cardinal of York ; and when it was first reported that a foreigner was elected, people supposed that it must be Wolsey. He now tempted his colleagues with enormous bribes, and he appealed once more to the Emperor. Charles acknowledged his engagements, and even exhibited a copy of the orders sent to his ambassador to procure Wolsey's election. But he caused the original to be detained, and took care that no effort should be spared to ensure the elevation of Medici ; or, failing Medici, of Colonna or Farnese.

This time the disappointment was final, and no hope remained. It could not escape the sagacity of the Cardinal that the new Pontiff, who was younger than himself, had been raised to the throne by him whose support he had so painfully striven to secure, that his own claim had not been seriously put forward, and that he had been fooled with false professions. He at once prepared to withdraw from the warlike alliance against France.

In the year 1523, while Suffolk ingloriously harried Picardy, Wolsey already manifested his disbelief in the project for recovering the lost dominions of the English Crown, and opposed the attempt to push the frontier beyond the Somme. His moderate counsels were encouraged by the new Pope, Clement VII., whose minister, the famous Datario Giberti, revolving vast schemes for the expulsion of foreigners from Italy, solicited in secret the co-operation of England, and began by proposing a suspension of arms. Just then the French were expelled from Lombardy ; and Bourbon, on the point of invading France, bound himself by the most sacred oaths to depose Francis, and to acknowledge no King but Henry. Richard Pace, the successor of Colet at the Deanery of St. Paul's, a respectable scholar, but a negotiator of unsound judgment, who was destined, in the imagination of the Imperialists, to supplant Wolsey, followed the invaders over the Maritime Alps, and witnessed the easy conquest of Provence. He persuaded him-

* They were probably split votes, involving little more than a compliment or a warning ; for a voting paper sometimes contained six or eight names. On the 3rd of January, 1522, thirty-nine Cardinals gave more than sixty votes. Volterra had twelve, De Monte seven, Ancona seven, Medici, Santa Croce, Della Valle, Egidius of Viterbo, Wolsey, six each ; Adrian of Utrecht, eight.

self that the whole kingdom would speedily be overrun, and that Bourbon would be faithful to his oath. The Constable was a traitor and a deserter, yet Pace declared that it would be folly to doubt his word, and that it would be Wolsey's fault if he did not seat his master on the throne of the Valois. The prospect that dazzled Pace, and attracted the ambitious King, did not disturb the Cardinal's clearer vision. He supplied the Imperial generals with some money and much advice, reminding them of the first axiom of military science, that the object of war is the destruction of the enemy's forces in the field. When Pescara turned aside from the campaign to besiege Marseilles, he refused to send a single English soldier into France. That Bourbon and Pescara should employ their victorious troops in making the Emperor master of the coast that connected his Spanish dominions with his Italian conquests, was reasonable. But it was not to be believed that they would risk destruction by plunging into the heart of France, from a chivalrous desire that a foreign potentate, who refused to help them, should be made, in spite of himself, as powerful as their master. Wolsey warned Pace that he had allowed himself to be made a dupe; and Pace protested that the ruin of the expedition was due to the malice of Wolsey.

For many months a discreet agent of the French King had been concealed at Blackfriars, and he was followed, before the end of 1524, by an envoy of great distinction. As the tide of fortune turned, and the besiegers of Marseilles were shut up in Lodi and Pavia, Wolsey drew nearer to France, without renouncing his claims on Spain. The rivalry that subsisted like a permanent force of nature between the two Powers, gave him hope that he would be able, by his skill in negotiation, to derive profit, and to incur no risk, from the success of either. Whilst the issue was undecided, he would not commit England irrevocably. But the spirit of the Burgundian alliance gradually changed to resentment, and in February, 1525, the seizure of the Imperial agent's papers disclosed the secret animosity that was parting the allies. The French envoys were on the way to their first audience, when they were met by the news from Italy that their King was taken, and his army destroyed. The calculations founded on the balance of power were overthrown. No advantage could be extracted from the keenness of a competition which had come to an end. The men who in the previous year had denounced the backwardness of Wolsey, were triumphant; and in Spain, in Italy, in the Low Countries, the English agents clamoured for the immediate partition of France.

If the policy of the last four years was worth anything, the
time

time had come to prove it. The allies were victorious; Charles had gained the object for which he had associated himself with England; it was now to be shown what English purpose that association had served. Henry sent Tunstall to Madrid to demand the Crown of France. At the same time he attempted to raise money for the French war by a method of coercion which was termed an Amicable Grant.

Charles V. refused everything. He would fulfil no engagement. He would not keep his promise to marry Henry's daughter, unless she was sent to be educated in Spain. Instead of paying his debts, he asked for more money. At the same time the Amicable Grant was met by a general and indignant resistance. Henry could obtain no help at home or abroad towards the conquests which had formed so long the ruling purpose of his actions. The political system which had been constructed on the friendship and the pledges of Charles V. had ended in disastrous and dishonourable failure. England had spent much, and had acquired nothing. The Emperor, who had undertaken to continue the payments and pensions formerly made by France, had repudiated his obligation, and had solicited the Pope to release him from it. When he wanted the help of England, he had obtained it for nothing. He contemptuously refused to pay for it now that he required it no more.

Wolsey had long prepared for this. Whilst, with seeming confidence, he invited Charles to redeem his bond, he was making his bargain out of the extreme necessity of France. The Regent, Louise of Savoy, could cede no territory; but she was willing to pay a heavy price for the only succour that could avail, and Wolsey exacted a sum of money equal to the ransom for which Charles afterwards released his captive. Gold was in his eyes a surer gain than the expensive chances of conquest; but it was hard for Henry to content himself with a sordid equivalent for glory. The Emperor Maximilian, whose capricious and ingenious fancy was so little satisfied with things as they were that he wanted to be Pope, and talked of making Henry Emperor in his stead, had also suggested that he should be King of France. Down to the battle of Pavia Henry pursued this idea. What Henry V. had done with the slender resources of his time seemed not impossible now, with the aid of the most powerful of the French vassals, and of those alliances which displayed Wolsey's imperial art. To relinquish so hopeful an enterprise without a shadow of political or military success, whilst the hearts of his people were hardened against him, and his confederate defied him at the division of the spoil, was an impotent and

and ignominious end of Henry's aspiring schemes. The author of all this humiliation was Wolsey. It was his policy that had been brought to ruin by the subtler art of the Imperial Chancellor Gattinara. His enemies at home had their opportunity, and they were the whole nation. Detested by the nobles for his influence over Henry, by the clergy for his use of the powers delegated by Rome, and, in spite of his profuse beneficence, by the people of England, as the oppressor of the nobility, he had hardly a friend except the King, whose pride he had brought so low.

Yet Wolsey withstood the shock, and his credit remained unshaken. Henry adopted his inglorious policy, bowed his own imperious will before the resistance of London citizens and Kentish monks, and, at the moment when the crown of France seemed near his grasp, abandoned without a struggle the cherished hope of rivalling the Plantagenets. Wolsey was able to bring these things about because of an important change that had come over the domestic life of the King.

Catharine of Aragon was little past forty; but the infirmities of age had befallen her prematurely, and her husband, though he betrayed it by no outward sign, had become estranged from her since the end of the year 1524.* As long as she was fair and had hope of children, and as long as the Austrian alliance subsisted, her position was unassailed. But when her eldest children died, people had already begun to predict that her marriage would not hold good;† and now that she had lost the expectations and the attractiveness of youth, a crisis came in which England ceased to depend on the friendship of her family, and was protected against their enmity by a close union with France and Rome.

The motives that impelled Wolsey to take advantage of the change were plausible. For a quarter of a century the strength of the Tudors had been the safety with which the succession was provided for; but when it became certain that Catharine would have no son to inherit the crown, the old insecurity revived, and men called to mind the havoc of the civil war, and the murders in the Royal House, which in the seven preceding reigns had seven times determined the succession. To preserve the Tudor dynasty, the first of the English nobles had

* That is the date given by Henry himself to Gryneus. His secretary, December 4, 1527, calls the divorce a thing he 'hath long tyme desyred.' Wolsey writes, December 5, 'longo jam tempore.' Campeggio writes, October 17, 1529, 'piu di dui anni.' But on the 28th, after hearing the Queen's confession, he says, on her authority, 'gia molti anni.' There is no reason to doubt the report of Gryneus.

† *Rawdon Brown*, September 1, 1514.

suffered

suffered death ; but nothing was yet secure. If a Queen could reign in England, Henry VII., who had no hereditary claim except through his mother, who survived him, was not the rightful king. Until the birth of Elizabeth no law enabled a woman to wear the crown ; no example justified it ; and Catharine's marriage contract, which provided that her sons should succeed, made no such provision for her daughters. It was uncertain whether Mary would be allowed to reign unchallenged by the Scots or by adherents of the House of York. The White Rose had perished, in the main line, amid the rout of Pavia ; yet Catharine tortured herself with misgivings as to her daughter's claim. The Earl of Warwick, a helpless and unoffending prisoner, had been put to death, that her wedding might be auspicious. His sister Margaret, the Countess of Salisbury, was living, and directed the Princess's education. Catharine vowed that she could not die in peace unless the crimes of her husband's family against the House of York had been atoned by the marriage of Mary with the Countess of Salisbury's son.

It was not unreasonable to apprehend that Henry, who had been unfaithful to the Queen in earlier years, would not be true to her now ; that he would fall under the dominion of favourites put forward and prompted by the Cardinal's enemies, and that his inheritance would be disputed by bastards. The King's soul, the monarchy, and Wolsey's own position were in jeopardy. It might well be difficult to distinguish the influence of politics, interest, and conscience on his choice of the expedient by which he hoped to avert the peril.

To a man who understood policy better than religion, the public reasons for dissolving the King's marriage were better than those which had recommended it to his father ; and there was a strong inducement, therefore, to ponder the words of Leviticus, and to regard the almost immediate death of the King's three sons as the penalty of his transgression. In the arbitrary and uncertain condition of the law, it was seldom difficult to find excuses for the dissolution of a Royal marriage. Henry could expect that nothing would be denied to him that favour or influence could procure for others. No man's marriage was exposed to more obvious objection.

The battle of Pavia had placed Rome at the mercy of the Emperor. Giberti appealed to Wolsey to unite with France in a league for the protection of Italy and of the Church. A breach between Spain and Rome was essential to the success of that which he meditated ; and nothing could be more welcome than the appearance of the Pope striving to combine in one confederacy

confederacy all the enemies of Spain. Having embarked in so perilous a venture, he could assuredly be made to give a heavy price for English aid. Wolsey received his proposals with the promise of hearty assistance. The Queen, the Court, every influence in the State and in the nation was against him. But he persuaded the King to enter into the scheme of Clement VII., with the assurance that he would be rewarded by spiritual favours more than sufficient to repay all that he gave up to obtain them. From that moment may be discerned the faint but suggestive trace of a secret that required the intervention of the Pope and threatened disturbance at home.

On Easter Sunday, two months after the great turn of fortune at Pavia, Wolsey first caused it to be known that he had renounced the expectation of benefit from the friendship of Charles V.* Just at this time the Primate Warham reminded him that it was unwise to broach too many causes of displeasure at once, and advised that the Amicable Grant be dropped 'till this great matter of the King's grace be ended.'† On the 21st of April Wolsey wrote to Clement a solemn and mysterious letter, entreating him to listen favourably to a certain matter which would be submitted to him by Clerk, the Bishop of Bath, who was the Cardinal's most trusted confidant. But the secret was one which the Bishop thought it an unpropitious moment to reveal. He was recalled in the summer, and Casale and Ghinucci, the two men whom Wolsey selected to take charge of the divorce in 1527, were sent in his place to expose business of great moment to the Pope.

Clement and his allies did not dare to defy the Emperor while the King of France remained his prisoner, for they justly feared that Francis would seek his own freedom by betraying them. He proposed to Charles that they should subjugate Italy together, and should reduce the Pope to the position occupied by the Patriarch of Constantinople at the Court of the Macedonian Emperors. But the chief Minister of Charles V., Gattinara, was a Piedmontese, who preserved the love of his country in the service of its oppressor. He distrusted and opposed the plans of Francis. He even imagined a scheme by which his countrymen, having been rescued from the French by the Spaniards, should buy off the Spaniards by a tribute large enough to avert the financial ruin of Spain. Before attempting war, the Italians tried what could be done by treachery. They offered the crown of Naples to Pescara, the ablest of the Imperial Commanders, as

* *Gayangos, Spanish Calendar*, April 20, 1525.

† *Brewer*, iv. 1263. A misprint makes it uncertain whether Warham wrote on the 12th or 19th of April. Easter fell on the 16th.

a bribe to desert the Emperor. Pescara threw his tempter into prison; and a year passed without an effort to mend the fortune of Italy. At length Francis was released, and the Italian patriots took heart to avow their warlike purpose. Clement put himself at the head of a Sacred League, which was joined by France, and protected by England. Giberti called upon his countrymen to cast out the invader; and Sadolet, in State papers, which are perhaps the noblest compositions of the Renaissance, proclaimed the liberty and the independence of Italy.

The moment for which Henry waited had come. Clement had burnt his ships, had refused fair terms of peace, and could not venture to deny the allies who sheltered him from manifest ruin. The secret matter which had slumbered for a year revived. Giberti assured Wolsey that the Pope would do for him all that was within his power.* But Clerk who was again at Rome, reported that all else would be well, but for the inauspicious business of the divorce. Henry paid a large sum into the Papal treasury: but his cause made no progress during the autumn of 1526. Six months later the difficulties were overcome, and matters were arranged in a way so satisfactory to Wolsey that he boasted of it as a triumph of skill.†

The Pope soon repented of the temerity with which he had challenged the supremacy of Spain. The stronger confederates held back, while the weaker stood exposed to the calculated vengeance of Charles V. Imperial partisans made their way into the Leonine City, and plundered the Vatican. The Emperor appealed before the assembled Cardinals to a General Council against the acts of the Pontiff. This threat had power over Clement. He could not, without danger, allow his claim to be disputed before a hostile audience. His right to enjoy the higher honours of the Church had been questioned by reason of his birth, and his election to the Papacy had been accomplished under conditions which gave ground for cavil. He was elected in consequence of a private agreement with Cardinal Colonna, who was his enemy through life, who had tried to exclude him from the conclave, who attempted afterwards to expel him from the throne. Men suspected the secret method which had wrought that surprising change. It was reported that the rivals had made a simoniacal compact by which Medici obtained the tiara, while Colonna received the richest office and

* * In iis secretioribus ac majoris momenti tantum sibi polliceri potest D. V. R. de S. D. N. voluntate quantum progredi potest auctoritas S. S.'—*Brewer*, iv. 2579.

† * Wherin such good and substantial ordre and processe hath hitherto been made and used, as the like, I suppose, hath not been seen in any time hertofore.'—*State Papers*, i. 189.

the finest palace in the gift of the Pope. But by a recent law of Julius II. an election won by bribes or promises was for ever invalid. The Pope's courage gave way; even Sadolet declared that resistance was unavailing; and Giberti, boiling with indignation and resentment, and bewailing that it was his fate to serve the subtle and vacillating Florentine instead of the resolute English Cardinal, confessed that, without encouragement from France or hope from England, it was necessary to submit to terms dictated by Spanish generals. In a condition so precarious, the Pope could take no active share in a transaction which was an outrage to the Royal family of Spain. But Datario's animosity against the Imperialists was such as to incline him towards measures which would injure them without compromising the Papacy.

Giberti had applied for an English pension, and he long continued to be trusted as a supporter of Henry's cause. After the fall of Rome he withdrew to his diocese of Verona, where the fame which he won as the model of a perfect bishop has obscured the memory of his political career. He confided to the English agents the fact that he had left the Court because Clement was ungrateful to those who deserved well of him.* They understood that Giberti had advised him to concede what Henry asked for in his matrimonial affairs; and they induced him to return to Rome, under a promise that he would use all his influence in the King's behalf. What was the measure of encouragement he gave during the last days of his ministry, in the spring of 1527, cannot be ascertained. It probably amounted to no more than this, that the marriage might be tried in England without the interference of the Pope. As things then stood, such an understanding would be sufficient to justify the exultation of Wolsey.

Up to this time the idea of divorce had occupied the thoughts of Henry in a vague and languid way. Neither aversion for the Queen, nor desire of an heir, nor religious scruple caused him to pursue it with a fixed determination. Whilst it was uncertain who was to be his future Queen, the King displayed no eagerness. The only Power whose aid was worth seeking, or that could venture to affront Charles by

* 'He promises, however, to use all efforts in the King's behalf. He says the only cause of his leaving the Pope's palace was that the Pope did not attend to good advice, and was not grateful to those that deserved well of him; but Wolsey must take care not to tell this to Campeggio.'—Vannes to Wolsey, *Bretter*, iv. 5344. 'Præcepit etiam Dominus Veronensis Vicario suo non modo favere Majestatis causæ, sed etiam in absentia sua convocare et hortari Theologos ut pro Majestatis scribant; sed et se quoque subscripturum pollicitus est.'—Croke to Henry, *Pocock's Records*, i. 531.

taking advantage of his kinswoman's disgrace, was France. In the House of Valois there were two princesses. Renée, the Queen's sister, was ill-favoured and all but deformed. Henry was not likely to incur such risk for such a bride. On his last journey to France Wolsey met an envoy from Hungary, who had been sent to ask the hand of Renée for his master. He wrote to the King that the envoy when he saw her had forthwith renounced his purpose. He wrote in terms he would not have thought prudent if he had lately designed that she should be Catharine's successor.

The King's sister, Margaret Duchess of Alençon, was richly endowed with talent and beauty, and she became a widow in April 1525, at the moment when England forsook her Burgundian ally. At first it was imagined that she would marry the Emperor; and she visited Spain, hoping, perhaps, in that way to effect her brother's deliverance. In the year 1526 Margaret was again in France: and a widely-spread tradition, doubted but not discussed by Mr. Brewer, points to her as the wife intended for the King. The Venetian Falier, the only diplomatist who showed a disposition to accept the Cardinal's account of the divorce, says that he had made proposals for her hand. The testimony of other writers is vitiated by an anachronism; for they assign the divorce to the year 1527, when Margaret was already married to a second husband. Guicciardini and Harpsfield speak of Renée, as if either name was a guess suggested by obvious probability. Du Bellay, the shrewdest of courtiers, conjectured that Renée had been thought of. He cannot have heard that it was Margaret. She herself once reminded Henry, in after years, that she was to have been his wife. This speech, which would have been ungracious if she had refused him, was an allusion to proposals made by Lewis XII., immediately after Prince Arthur's death, and renewed in vain until 1507. Francis I. was willing to encourage a measure which would perpetuate enmity between his powerful neighbours; but he would have lost his advantage by implicating himself irrevocably on one side of the quarrel. Intermarriage with the House of Tudor was an object of his policy; but before concluding it he gave his sister in marriage to the King of Navarre, and planned a match between Renée and Hercules, Prince of Este.* In the spring of 1527 no princess was left who could have taken the place of Catharine. The repudiation of his Spanish wife would not enable Henry

* Margaret was betrothed to Navarre at Christmas, 1526. The proposed match between Renée and the son of the Duke of Ferrara was known April 4, 1527.—*Desjardins, Négoc. ave: la Toscane*, ii. 935.

to compensate himself by closer ties with France. The divorce, promising no political advantage, could only make way for the elevation of an English bride. But though purposeless now as an affair of State, it became an object of passion.

After long preliminaries a treaty of alliance with France was signed in April 1527; and Henry betrothed his daughter Mary to the son of his ally. The event was celebrated on the 4th of May by a ball, at which the French ambassador, Turenne, danced with the Princess. King Henry's partner was Anne Boleyn. At that time she had lived at Court four years, and Henry, though not dissolute according to the standard of contemporary monarchs, had long regarded her with feelings which contributed to make him indifferent to a foreign match. She repelled his suit; and for more than a year he could obtain no sign of requited love. At length he made her an offer of marriage, which was accepted. His letter is undated; but it must have been written about the time when Anne Boleyn first became conspicuous: not later, because the intrigue which was designed to make her Queen stood revealed before the end of May. There is cogent reason to believe that it was not written earlier. Lord Rochford deposed before the Legates at Blackfriars that the conjugal estrangement between the King and Queen had begun in 1527.* His evidence is worthless regarding the date of the desertion of Catharine; but it goes far to determine the date of the engagement of Anne, which he must have known. For in the interest of the Boleyns it was essential that the scruples of Henry should have preceded the proposals of marriage to their daughter. If the offer had been made earlier than 1527, it would have ruined their cause to assign to that year the awakening of the King's conscience.

As soon as the Queen had an appointed rival, and the pleas of policy and religion were absorbed in the stronger influences of passion, the divorce was pressed forward with desperate and unrelenting energy. The friendship of France was secured, and there was nothing to be feared from Rome. On the 17th of May, the Archbishops, Warham and Wolsey, responsible in their character of Legates for the observance of public morality and ecclesiastical law, called Henry to justify himself before them, forasmuch as he was living, in defiance of the Levitical prohibition, in wedlock with his brother's widow. The proceedings were secret. Proctors appeared to accuse and to defend the marriage. Both accuser and defender were officers in the household of the King.

* Speaking on the 15th of July, 1529, he said 'about two years since.'—*Herbert's Life*, 114.

The effect of this collusive suit was to put Henry in the position of defendant. He took charge of the Queen's interests as well as his own. He was not a persecutor, but a victim; the protector, not the assailant, of her happiness and honour. It was in his power so to conduct the defence as to ensure his condemnation, and so to contrive his appeal as to ensure its rejection. Instead of putting forward his own suspicious scruples, he would appear to yield, with grief and remorse, to the solemn voice of the Church, reproaching him with involuntary sin, and dividing those whom God had not joined. It was intended that Catharine should know nothing until sentence was given.

At the end of a fortnight Wolsey adjourned the court. So grave an issue required, he said, that he should consult with the most learned prelates. In truth, the plot was marred by the fall of Rome. The Pope was shut up in the castle of St. Angelo. There was no hope that the Emperor's prisoner would confirm a sentence against the Emperor's aunt. There was danger that he might be induced, by fear or calculation, to revoke the Legate's authority, or to visit the fraudulent intrigue with the censures which were never better employed than in protecting the weak, and upholding the sanctity of marriage. That danger neither Henry nor Wolsey had the hardihood to face. No more was heard of the abortive suit until, in our day, Mr. Brewer dragged it into light.

Wolsey had already sounded the opinion of the divines. The first consultation was unfavourable. The Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, Wakefield, the first Hebrew scholar in the country, six learned men sent up to Lambeth by the University of Cambridge, pronounced that the marriage was valid. Pace and Wakefield promptly retracted. Cambridge was partially brought round by Cranmer. It was generally believed in England that Catharine, in her brief union with Prince Arthur, had not, in fact, contracted affinity with her husband's kindred. It was difficult otherwise to understand how Henry VII. could have spoken seriously of making her his Queen. Such things might be in Portugal, where the King could scarcely be prevented from marrying his step-mother. But in England stricter notions prevailed. Tunstall afterwards declared that he had defended the marriage only until he was convinced that the popular belief on this point was wrong.

No English divine enjoyed so high a reputation as John Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester. Of all the works written against Luther in the beginning of the Reformation, his were the most important; and he was eminent not only in controversy, but as a promoter of that new learning which theologians who were weaker

weaker in the faith looked on with detestation and dismay. Fisher's support would have been worth having; for he was neither subservient to Wolsey, like the Bishops of Lincoln and Bath, nor afraid of him, like the Primate; and he would have carried with him the whole weight of the school of Erasmus, which constituted the best portion of the English Church. As Wolsey deemed him an enemy, the question was submitted to him in terms so general that Fisher appears to have made answer without suspecting that he was taking the first step on a road ending at the scaffold.

Catharine had been apprised, very early, of all that was done. In the month of March she had taken alarm. She was not allowed to see the Spanish ambassador alone; but she warned him that she had need of his protection.* On the 22nd of June Henry informed her that he could regard her no longer as his lawful wife. In spite of the vigilance of the Government, Catharine despatched her physician and one of her attendants to Spain, to instruct the Emperor of the outrage inflicted on his blood. The remedy she desired was that he should cause the Pope to revoke the powers which had been delegated to the Cardinal for life. The ambassador, Mendoza, reported at the same time that public animosity was rising against him; that his enemies were forcing upon him measures by which he would inevitably work out his own destruction; and that Tunstall would soon be Chancellor in his stead.

The French alliance afforded Wolsey the means of recovering his influence, and of becoming once more, for a short space, the principal personage in Europe. At the head of the most splendid embassy that ever crossed the Channel, he went to concert with Francis the measures to be taken in common defence against their triumphant enemy. It was necessary to provide, during the abeyance of the Papacy, for the government of the national Churches. Wolsey agreed with Francis that they should administer the ecclesiastical interests of both countries without reference to the Pope while his captivity lasted, and should be free to accept his acts or to reject them at pleasure. A still larger scheme for the government of the entire Church was proposed by the French. The suspension of the Papal authority was not so formidable as the uses to which it might be put by the ambition of Charles. If he could not compel his prisoner to serve him as the instrument of his vengeance against France and England, it was in his power to put a more pliant and trusty cardinal in his place. This was no visionary appre-

* 'Esta muy sospechosa que en ninguna cosa se hablen verdad.'—Mendoza to Charles, March 10, 1527.

hension.

hension. Ferdinand of Austria was entreating his brother not to relax his grasp until the Pope had accomplished all that was wanted for the settlement of Europe; and Mendoza, seeking to tempt Wolsey away from the connection with France, whispered to him that the Emperor now united the spiritual and temporal power, and was in a position to fulfil his ancient promise, by deposing Clement. Wolsey was proof against such solicitation. The Divorce parted him irrevocably from Charles; and when the Emperor, seriously alarmed by the report that Wolsey was to be made Patriarch of Gaul, and meant to detach the Gallican and Anglican Churches from the See of Rome, offered him a sum which would be now 160,000*l.*, even that stupendous bribe was tendered in vain.

Francis I. offered passports to the Italian cardinals, inviting them to assemble at Avignon to consult with Wolsey and with their French colleagues for the welfare of religion. Wolsey urged them to come, in the expectation that he would, at their head, possess a virtual supremacy. The cardinals who were in France joined with him to inform Clement that they held themselves absolved from their obedience, and intended, if he should die in captivity, to elect a Pontiff for themselves. Among the signatures to this momentous declaration are the names not only of the French and English Chancellors, but of the Legate Salviati, who was nearly related to the Pope. It was not entirely unwelcome to Clement himself,* as it made it less likely that the Emperor would coerce him. But he refused to permit his cardinals to accept the ominous invitation to Avignon, for Gattinara met it by threatening him with a council to be summoned by Colonna. To meet the resistance of the Italian cardinals, Wolsey devised the boldest of all his manœuvres. He proposed that Clement should sign a protest nullifying all the acts he might perform under pressure of captivity; and should appoint Wolsey his Vicar-General until the moment of his deliverance. He charged Gambara, the Nuncio in England, to obtain these powers by persuading the Pope that Charles would never set him free, and that his Vicar would do his will in all things. He was carefully to conceal from him the purpose to which the required authority was to be applied. It would have settled the question of Divorce, by enabling Wolsey to appoint the judges and to hear the appeal. To strengthen his envoy's hands, he proposed to

* 'Gaudeoque nostra in S. D. N. ecclesiasticæque authoritatis gratiam suscepta consilia, ex his indiciis ab ejus Sanctitate probari, quæ exhibuit per nuncium illum clandestinum quem ad Dom. Lautrec ab ea nuper missum V. R. D. scribit.' —Wolsey to Duprat, October 3, 1527.

the French Chancellor, Duprat, that Francis should pledge himself to Wolsey to employ all the resources of France in the Pope's service, and not to sheathe the sword until he was delivered. The engagement was to be seen before starting by Gambara. Then Wolsey undertook, by virtue of his special powers, to release the French King from his bond. After it had been described in fitting terms to Clement, and had exalted his confidence and admiration for the Cardinal, it was to become waste paper.

It was the opinion of Henry's advisers that the question of his marriage might still have been settled, as it was begun, within the realm; and Wolsey's elaborate and demonstrative arrangements for a separation from Rome that might endure indefinitely, confirmed their advice. It was unreasonable that grave ecclesiastical causes should wait the pleasure of the hostile soldiery that guarded the Pontiff; or that an issue of vital consequence to the English crown and nation should be left to the judgment of men who were the helpless prisoners of an interested and adverse party. But on this point Wolsey was resolved to bear down all opposition. Rome supplied the qualification that made him indispensable. To preserve that supply, to maintain his position as Legate against the influence of Charles V., he upheld with a firm and jealous hand the prerogatives of the Papacy; and he succeeded, with some difficulty, in convincing his master that it would be unsafe to proceed with no better warrant than they possessed already.

The Cardinal was absent during the whole summer; the ablest men who were engaged in public affairs, Tunstall, More, and Gardiner, were in his retinue, and those who envied his greatness and denied his capacity, possessed the King's ear. They disbelieved that the Pope would be willing now to help them against the Emperor, or would assent to Wolsey's audacious plans for assuming his place. He might succeed, without any profit to the King. He might effect his own exaltation, and might then be intimidated from employing it for the desired end. It was plain that he was using the Divorce for his own aggrandisement. His aggrandisement might, after all, do nothing for the Divorce. When his vast designs were unfolded, a sense that they were outwitted fell upon the cabal that were pushing the fortunes of Anne Boleyn. Wolsey had been ready in May to go all lengths, and he now declined to go further without the cognisance of Rome, or to question the plenitude of the dispensing power. It seemed that he was betraying the King to the Pope. He defended himself in a remarkable letter, and fancied that he had dispersed the gathering storm. When Henry

expressed a wish to see Gardiner, he replied that he could not spare him.

Then, for a season, his adversaries prevailed. They persuaded Henry that he could reach his end by a shorter road; and he sent his Secretary Knight to Rome, with instructions which were unknown to Wolsey. For the delicate mission of inducing the Pope to abdicate his supreme functions in Wolsey's hands, he had chosen to employ none but Italians. The Nuncio Gambara, supported by letters from Cardinal Salviati, was to open the matter. Gambara was to be followed by Casale and Ghinucci. Stafileo, Bishop of Sebenico and Dean of the Rota, promised his assistance; for Wolsey had found him in France, and had no difficulty in moulding his opinion. Ghinucci and Casale were the most respectable of all the agents engaged in these transactions. But Gambara was a man steeped in Italian intrigue; and Stafileo obtained the promise of a French bishopric and a Cardinal's hat, and died in the following summer, claiming his reward with a vigour injurious to the credit of his legal advice. Clement afterwards accused Stafileo of having been the author of the mischief. His adhesion was a notable event, for he presided over the supreme tribunal by which, in the last instance, the validity of marriages was decided; and it was a significant circumstance that the King's cause was at once taken up and pleaded by the official agents of the Papacy.

But the artful machinery which Wolsey had contrived was thrust aside, the management was wrested from his hands, and he was obliged to recall his instructions; while Knight proceeded to execute orders which were studiously concealed from his knowledge. During the interval in which his adversaries pursued the matter in their own way, and laboured to rob him of the merit of success, Clement made terms with his conquerors. The Protest and the Vicariate became words without a meaning, and Wolsey's dream of superseding the Pope was dissolved.

The substance of Knight's mission was to procure a dispensation for bigamy. The original intention was only to seek a dispensation for marriage within the forbidden degrees when the first should be dissolved. It could be requisite only because the King had been the lover of the mother or sister of Anne Boleyn. He declared that it was not the mother. The dispensation demanded would, in some measure, have confirmed the right to try the cause in London. But the Nuncio advised that it should be unconditional, and should not be made to depend on the divorce of Catharine. This petition was not brought

brought before the Pope. Knight was overtaken on the way by Lord Rochford's chaplain, bringing an altered draft. Cranmer was chaplain to Lord Rochford. He was so much averse to the theories that were undermining the marriage-law, that he protested vehemently against the later practice of his Lutheran friends, calling them Mahomedans for their encouragement of polygamy. It would appear that he was the author of the altered counsels.

When Wolsey on his return reported himself to Henry, the answer came to him in the shape of an order from Anne Boleyn. He could measure the ground he had lost by his prolonged absence. He regained it in the following winter by his inexhaustible energy and resource; and the importunities of Anne for some token of attention, were it even a basket of shrimps, confirmed him in the assurance of recovered power. Knight's negotiations with Roman and Tuscan masters of refined diplomacy ended in quick discomfiture. Long before his complacent incompetence was exposed, Wolsey had taken back into his own hands the conduct of affairs. The sharp lesson just administered had taught him caution. His services in promoting the Divorce were certain to increase the exasperation of the people, and could never disarm the hatred or the vengeance of the magnates whom he had humbled. Success was not less dangerous than failure. It became the object of his efforts to transfer from himself the formidable burden of responsibility, and to take shelter behind a higher authority. He applied first for powers for himself, or for Stafileo, to try the validity of the marriage; but he required that their commission should be couched in terms which implicitly ruled the decision. When he knew that the Pope was about to be released, he tried to give him a larger share of action, by proposing that a Cardinal should be sent over as Legate, in the hope that his Commission would enable him to control the Legate's course, and to dictate the sentence. In a passage which was omitted from the fair copy of this despatch, Wolsey confessed that the dissolution of a marriage which had lasted so long would give too great a shock to public feeling for him to take it upon himself.

Before the day came on which the Imperialists had covenanted to release the Pope, he was allowed to escape, and he made his way to Orvieto, where the emissaries of Henry, bringing to his feet the humble but fervent prayer of their King, taught him that he possessed, as Bishop of Rome, resources more than sufficient to restore the lost sovereignty of Central Italy. He was without the semblance of a Court. Few of the prelates, and not the best of them, had joined him in his flight.

flight. His chief adviser in this most arduous conjuncture of his stormy Pontificate was Lorenzo Pucci, Cardinal of Santi Quattro, a Florentine, and an adherent of his house, who, after the death of Leo, had attempted to raise him, by surprise and acclamation, to the vacant throne. To many sordid vices Pucci added the qualities of energy and intrepidity, which his master wanted. At the storming of Rome he was the only Cardinal seen upon the walls. He was struck down whilst, with his voice and his example, he strove to rally the defenders, and climbed into the Castle through a window after the gates had been closed. He had been Minister under Julius, and, for his extortions under Leo, men said that no punishment was too bad for him. Wolsey had given orders that money must not be spared; but Pucci, who was noted for cupidity, refused a present of two thousand crowns, and could never be made to swerve in his resistance to the English petitions. He drew up the Commission which Knight asked for, with alterations that made it of no effect; and he baffled the English envoys with such address that the winter passed away before Henry had obtained any concession that he could use, or that the Pope could reasonably regret.

The dominant purpose was to gain time. The Emperor, on receiving the messages of Catharine and Mendoza, immediately insisted, through his Viceroy at Naples, that Wolsey should be forbidden to act in the matter, and this demand reached Clement whilst still surrounded by the soldiery that had sacked Rome before his face. He had now become free; but it was the freedom of an exile and a fugitive, without a refuge or a protector from an enemy who was supreme in the Peninsula. The instrument which the skill of Pucci had made innocuous and unavailing, appeared to him charged with dreadful consequences. He begged that it might be suppressed. His dejection made him slow to perceive how much Henry's intense need of his spiritual services improved his political position. He strove to exclude the cause from his own direct jurisdiction. Having consulted with Pucci, and with Simonetta, the ablest canonist in Rome, he exhorted Henry to obey the dictates of his own conscience, and to dismiss the Queen and take another wife, if he was convinced that he could lawfully do it. Wolsey's Legatine powers, or the Commission lately issued, were ample for the purpose. Once married to Anne Boleyn, Henry had nothing to fear. But if he waited the slow process of law, and gave time for protests and appeals, the Emperor might compel them to give sentence in Rome. Clement deemed that it would be a less exorbitant strain of his prerogative, and less offensive

offensive to Charles V., to tolerate the second marriage, than to annul the first.

Henry VIII. consented to be guided by Wolsey against the judgment of his Council, but he had inclined at first to more summary and rapid methods, and the mission of Knight in the autumn of 1527 showed that he was slow to abandon that alternative. That he should, nevertheless, have rejected an expedient which was in the interest of those to whom he habitually listened, which was recommended by his own strong passions, and which the confidential counsel of the Pope invested with exceptional security, is the strangest incident in the history of the Divorce. Wolsey's influence is insufficient to explain it; for Clement repeated his advice after Wolsey's fall, and yet three years passed before Henry's tenacity yielded. In March 1530, the Pope was at Bologna, holding conference with the newly crowned and reconciled Emperor. Charles V. required him to threaten Henry with anathema and interdict if he should contract a second marriage pending judgment on the first. Clement could not resist the demand, but he yielded reluctantly. He put forth a Bull in the terms which the Emperor required. But in private he expressed a wish that his menace might be vain, and that the King's purpose might be accomplished without involving him in complicity. These words were spoken in secret; and at Orvieto also Clement had desired that his advice should be attributed to the prelates who were about him. Henry may well have feared that, after taking an irrevocable step, he might be compelled to purchase indemnity by some exorbitant sacrifice; or he may have apprehended in 1528 what happened five years later, that the Pope, compelled by the Emperor, would excommunicate him for disobeying his injunctions. Having taken his stand, and resolved to seek his end on the safer ground of submission and authority, he refused to abandon it.

All the auspices at first favoured Henry, and every prejudice told against the Emperor, whose crafty policy, while it enabled Lutheranism to establish itself in Germany, had inflicted irreparable injury on the See of Rome. The sympathies of the Roman Court were as decided on one side as they might be now in a dispute between the head of the House of Bourbon and the head of the House of Savoy. Henry VIII. had given, during a reign of eighteen years, proofs of such fidelity and attachment as had never been seen on any European throne. No monarch since Saint Lewis had stood so high in the confidence and the gratitude of the Church. He had varied his alliances between Austria, France, and Spain; but during four warlike pontificates Rome had always found him at its side. He
had

had stood with Julius against Maximilian and Lewis, with Leo against Francis, with Clement against Charles. He had welcomed a Legate in his kingdom, where none had been admitted even by the House of Lancaster. He was the only inexorable represser of heresy among the potentates of Europe; and he permitted the man to whom the Pope had delegated his own authority to govern almost alone the councils of the State.

No testimony of admiration and good will by which Popes acknowledge the services of kings was wanting to his character as the chosen champion of religion. The hat, the sword, and the golden rose had repeatedly been sent to him. Julius, in depriving Lewis XII. of his designation of the Most Christian King, had conferred it upon Henry; and he bore, before Luther was heard of, the title of Defender of the Faith.* His book was not yet written, when Leo X. convoked the cardinals in order that they might select a title of honour worthy of such services and such fame; and it was suggested in the Consistory that Henry deserved to be called the Angelic King.† His bitterest enemy, Pole, averred that no man had done more for Rome, or had been so much beloved. Such was his reputation in Christendom that when he talked of putting away a wife who was stricken in years to marry a bride in the early bloom of her beauty, the world was prepared to admire his scruples rather than to doubt his sincerity. Clement, though not without suspicions, suffered them to be allayed. He spoke of the case as one which was beyond his skill, but which no divine was more competent to decide than Henry himself. Campeggio declared, even at the Imperial Court, his belief that Henry's doubts were real. Cajetan wrote of him in 1534, Cochläus in 1535, with the full assurance that he had been deceived by others, and that his own religious knowledge was teaching him to discover and to repair the error of his advisers. After the final condemnation had been pronounced, a prelate engaged in the affair wrote to him in terms implying that in Rome it was understood that he had been led astray, not by passion but by designing men. Even

* 'Regia etiam Majestas ægre fert quod de titulo defensoris sanctæ Fidei nihil adhuc acceperit, quasi ejus sanctitas ea re timuerit Gallos offendere.'—Wolsey, *Desp.*, May 22, 1517. *Martene, Amplissima Collectio*, iii. 1274.

† 'Cardinalis de Flisco tunc primus in ordine Card. in Consistorio existentium, dixit sibi videri quod posset scribi et denominari pius, seu pientissimus. Papa dicebat quod forsitan posset denominari Rex Apostolicus. Nonnulli ex Cardinalibus dicebant velle scire causam propter quam dicto regi hujusmodi titulus concederetur, ut melius discuti posset qui titulus ei concedendus foret. Alius dicebat denominandum regem Fidelem, alius Angelicum, tanquam ab Anglia, alius Orthodoxum, alius Ecclesiasticum, alius Protectorem.'—*Acta Consistorialia*, June 10, 1521. A slightly different report of this curious debate may be found in *Lämmer's Meletematum Mantissa*, 199.

Paul III. protested that he had made Fisher a Cardinal in the belief that Henry would esteem the elevation of his subject a compliment to himself.

The good faith of Henry was attested by an imposing array of supporters. The Nuncio came to Rome to plead his cause. Stafileo and Simonetta, the foremost judges of the Rota, admitted that it was just. Two French bishops who had visited England, and who afterwards became cardinals, Du Bellay and Grammont, persistently supported it. Cardinal Salviati entreated Clement to satisfy the English demands. Wolsey, on whom the Pope had lavished every token of his confidence; Warham, the sullen and jealous opponent of Wolsey, who had been primate for a quarter of a century, and who was now an old man drawing near the grave; Longland, the Bishop of Lincoln,* the King's confessor, and a bulwark against heresy—all believed that the marriage was void. The English bishops, with one memorable exception, confirmed the King's doubts. The Queen's advisers Clerk, Standish, Ridley successively deserted her. Lee, the adversary of Erasmus, who followed Wolsey at York, and Tunstall, the Bishop of London, who followed him at Durham, went against her. The most serious defection was that of Tunstall; for the school of Erasmus were known to oppose the Divorce, and of the friends of Erasmus among the English clergy, Cuthbert Tunstall was the most eminent. He is the only Englishman whose public life extended through all the changes of religion, from the publication of the Theses to the Act of Uniformity. The love and admiration of his greatest contemporaries, the persecution which he endured under Edward, his tolerance under Mary, have preserved his name in honour. Yet we may suspect that a want of generous and definite conviction had something to do with the moderation which is the mark of his career. He reproved† Erasmus for his imprudence in making accessible the writings of the early Fathers; and in the deliberations touching the separation from Rome, in the most important Session of the Parliament of England, when he was, by his position, his character, and his learning, the first man in the House of Lords, he allowed himself to be silenced by an order from the King. Tunstall informed Catharine that he had abandoned her cause because he believed that she had sworn a false oath.

* Chapuys calls him: 'Principal Promoteur et brasseur de ce Divorce'.—*Le-grand, Lettres à Burnet*, 141.

† 'Cui etiam si germana sit Origenis, et non ab æmulis addita, veteres omnes refragantur. Quare optassem magis delituisse non versam.'—Tunstall to Erasmus, Oct. 24, 1529. *Burscher, Spicilegium*, xviii, 13.

Nor did the conduct of the most distinguished English laymen confirm the reported unpopularity of the Divorce. It is certain that Sir Thomas More and Reginald Pole were conscientiously persuaded that the Queen was a lawful wife. Pole had moreover an almost personal interest to preserve inviolate Mary's right to the Crown;* and he wrote in its defence with such ability and persuasiveness, that Cranmer thought he would carry the whole country with him if his book became known. Yet Pole allowed himself to be employed in obtaining the assent of the University of Paris, and accepted his share of merit and responsibility in a success which cost Henry more than a million of francs.

Sir Thomas More had defended divorce in the most famous work that England had produced since the invention of printing. The most daring innovator of the age, he had allowed his sentiments to be moulded by the official theology of the Court. Under that sinister influence, More, the apostle of Toleration, who had rivalled Tertullian and Lactantius in asserting the liberty of conscience, now wrote of the Lutherans such words as these:—‘For heretykes as they be, the clergy dothe denounce them. And as they be well worthy, the temporaltie dothe burne them. And after the fyre of Smythfelde, hell dothe receyve them, where the wretches burne for ever.’ Henry supposed that a man whose dogmatic opinions he had been able to modify would not resist pressure on a subject on which he had already shown a favourable bias. More was steadfast in upholding the marriage, but never permitted his views to be known. He represented to Henry that he was open to conviction; that he was incompetent to pronounce and willing to receive instruction. He promised to read nothing that was written in favour of the Queen. So reticent and discreet a supporter could not be counted on her side; and More consented, as Chancellor, to act ministerially against her. He assured the House of Commons that Henry was not urging the Divorce for his own pleasure, but solely to satisfy his conscience and to preserve the succession; that the opinions of the Universities had been honestly given, and that those of Oxford and Cambridge alone were enough to settle the question. Whilst he remained in power he left the Queen to her fate, and did his best to put off the hour of trial that was to prove the heroic temper of his soul.

* ‘Caterina sentiva rimorso nell’ animo, et hebbe a dir che non moriva contenta, se nel rangue della Signora Margarita non ritornava la speranza della successione di quel Regno, significando di volere maritar la figliola con uno delli figlioli di detta Signora, alli quali mostrava grande amore.’ — *Beccadelli, Vita del Polo*, 280.

The Bishop of Rochester, indeed, was faithful and outspoken to the end ; but his judgment was not safe to trust. Death for the sake of conscience has surrounded the memory of Fisher with imperishable praise ; but at that time he was the one writer among our countrymen who had crudely avowed the conviction that there is no remedy for religious error but fire and steel ; and the sanction of his fame was already given to the Bloody Statute, and to a century of persecution and of suffering more cruel than his own. Fisher suspected the attack on the Dispensation of concealing a design against the Church ; and he therefore based the Queen's defence on the loftiest assertion of prerogative. His examination of the authorities was able and convincing. He admitted that they were not all on his side ; but he held that even if the balance had leaned heavily against him it would not have injured his client. The interpretation of law, the solution of doubts pertained to the Pope ; and the Pope had decided this dispute by the undeniable act of dispensation. The question might have been difficult on its merits ; but there was, in reality, no question at all.

The value of the maxim, that the fact proves the right had just then been seriously impaired. The divine whom Leo X. appointed to encounter Luther had invoked that principle. It was absurd, he contended, to try the existing system of indulgences by the rule of tradition, when it was plainly justified by the daily practice of the Church. But the argument of Prierias was discredited by Adrian VI., who readily avowed that there had of late been grievous abuse of power, and that dispensations only hold good if they are granted for sufficient cause. It was a source of weakness in dealing with the first signs of Protestantism in England to adopt a position which had been so recently discarded in the conflict with the Reformation in Germany. But Fisher went still farther. The strength of the argument for the Queen was that a prohibition could not be absolute from which the contingency of a brother dying childless had been specially excepted. But her advisers would not trust that plea. The law was clearer than the exception. No brother, in the history of Christianity, had felt bound to obey the injunction of Deuteronomy. The prohibition of Leviticus had been almost universally observed. This objection was felt so strongly, that Fisher and the advocates of Catharine contended that even if the Divine law forbade the marriage, the Divine law must yield to the law of the Church.* Clement, however, admitted

* The Belgian canonists employed for Catharine said : 'Concedantur omnia Regi, quod auctoritas prædicta sit juris divini, et quod factum de quo est questio, sit

admitted that the right to dispense against the law of God was not generally assigned to him by divines,* and, being so little versed in books himself that he took no offence when men spoke of his want of learning, he did not insist on it. The claim was an unsafe ground for sustaining the marriage; for the marriage was the most effective precedent by which papal Canonists sustained the claim.† The argument was set aside by the more cautious disputants, both in Rome and in England; but it had done the work of a signal of distress, to indicate the insecurity of the cause, and it had deepened the consciousness of division in the English Church.

The shifts by which several writers defended the marriage betray much perplexity. One divine attributed the matrimonial troubles of Jupiter and Saturn to the want of a Papal dispensation. Another explained that the prohibition to marry a brother's wife had crept into the Pentateuch by the fault of a transcriber. It was commonly believed, by a mistaken application of a pronoun in the works of St. Antoninus, that Martin V., with a view to avoid scandal, had permitted a man to marry his own sister. And there were some who maintained that a man might marry not only his sister, but his grandmother, and even his own mother or daughter.

The reasons submitted on the part of Henry VIII. for suspecting the validity of his marriage were presented with such moderation, and such solicitude to avoid disparaging the Papal power, that they explain, apart from the weighty considerations of interest, the long hesitation of Rome. The maxim that a dispensation, to be good, must be warranted by sufficient reason, was generally admitted by canonists; and Julius, in excusing his delay, had said that a dispensation opposed to law and good morals can be justified only by necessity. Assuming, therefore, in principle, his right to perform the act, the question raised was, whether necessity had been shown, and whether the motives alleged by the petitioners were adequate and true. The English

sit in terminis affinitatis, nullatenus tamen illi concedendum est, quod Pont. non licuerit etiam hoc casu dispensare. . . . Cum maximo consensu et canonum consulta et prudentum responsa pontifici juris divini declarandi, interpretandi, limitandi, et contra illud dispensandi potestatem concedant.'—Fisher, *De Causa Matrimonii*, p. 42, writes: 'Nullis argumentationibus diffiniri potest, sed solius Pont. interpretatione.'

* The Pope said to Casale on Christmas Day, 1529, that all the divines are against the power of the Pope to dispense in such a case.—*Brewer*, iv. 6103. Gardiner wrote on the 21st of April: 'The Pope will hear no disputation as to his power of dispensing. He seems not to care himself whether the cause be decided by that article or no, so he did it not.'—5476.

† 'Quod Papa possit, ex gestis Rom. Pont. patet. . . . Moderna quoque Regina Angliæ consummaverat prius matrimonium cum olim fratre istius Regis Angliæ sui mariti.'—Cajetan, in *Summam*, *Sec. Secundæ*, 154, 9.

argued

argued that Henry VII. and Ferdinand V. had deceived the Pope with false statements. Henry had pretended that without the marriage there was danger of war; yet he made it manifest that no such urgent purpose of public welfare existed. The dispensation had no sooner reached his hands than he confessed that it was not wanted, by causing his son to make a solemn protest that he did not mean to use it. Henry VII. survived four years longer, persisting in his determination to prevent the match. It was said that he was troubled in conscience;* and Erasmus affirms that extraordinary pressure was afterwards required to induce Henry VIII. to recant his protest and to marry Catharine.

Her father, though more deeply interested than Henry VII. in securing her marriage, refused for many years to pay the money, without which, according to the agreement, there was to be no wedding. The plea of political necessity for a dispensation, which was repudiated as soon as received, and was not employed during six years from the date of the first demand, was nothing but a transparent pretence.

To this was added another argument, calculated immeasurably to facilitate the task of the Pope. Ferdinand assured him that Prince Arthur had been too young for marriage, and that Catharine, during her short union with a failing invalid, had not contracted the supposed affinity.† The dispensation might therefore be granted easily without the presence of those cogent reasons which, in ordinary circumstances, would be required to make it valid. He was willing, to satisfy English scruples, that the Bull should provide for the opposite conditions; but he insisted that no such provision was necessary for the security of his daughter's conscience, or of her legal position. The Bull was drawn to meet the wishes of the English, but in terms which significantly indicated the influence of the Spanish representations.

Julius had promised it at the eve of his election, and he granted it by word of mouth immediately after. Nevertheless, the Bull was wrung from him with great difficulty after a year's delay, by accident rather than consent. When Isabella the Catholic was dying, she implored him to comfort her last days with the sight of the dispensation which was to secure her daughter's happiness. It was impossible to refuse her prayer.

* Lopez to Emanuel, *Gairdner, Letters of Henry VII.* ii. 147.

† 'Ahunque en el dicho capitulo dize quel matrimonio de la dicha princesa nuestra hija con el principe de Gales Arthur ya defunto, que gloria haya, fue consumado, pero la verdad es que no fue consumado. . . . y esto es muy cierto y muy sabido donde ella sta.'—Ferdinand to Rojas, Aug. 23, 1503.

Against the wish of Julius, a copy was sent from Spain to Henry VII., and the authentic instrument could not be withheld. But for this, the Pope would not have yielded. To the Cardinal Adrian, who was one of those whom he had appointed to advise him in the matter, he expressed a doubt whether such an act lay within his power. The Cardinal assured him that the thing had been done repeatedly by recent Pontiffs.

The contention was that these statements had misled the Pope into the belief that he was doing no more than the facts amply justified, whilst he was in reality exceeding the limits which all his predecessors had observed, on the strength of facts which were untrue. Unless it was certain that neither the imaginary precedents of Adrian, nor the pretended motives of Henry, nor the improbable allegations of Ferdinand, had influenced the decision of Julius II., there was serious ground to question its validity.

It was an issue charged with genuine doubt, and not necessarily invidious in the sight of Rome. Nothing had yet occurred to fix men's minds on the problem, and opinion honestly differed. In the French and English Universities, responses favourable to Henry were obtained with some difficulty, and against strong minorities. Although jurists in Italy could not earn his fee without risk of life, famous teachers of Bologna, Padua, and Sienna, whose names were cited with reverence in the Roman Courts, approved of his cause. The judgments of men in this controversy were not swayed by the position they occupied towards the Papacy. Luther strenuously upheld the rights of Catharine. Sixtus V. declared that Clement had deserved the sorrows that befell his Pontificate by permitting so iniquitous a marriage to endure so long. For the action of Julius was challenged as a judge of fact, not as a judge of law. The English disputed not the plenitude of his authority, but the information which had determined its use; and it was the opinion of Clement VII. that Julius had not taken due pains to ascertain the truth.* The gloss of almost ostentatious respect wore off in the friction of conflict. But it was essential at first to the position and the tactics of Wolsey. Henry appeared in the character of an affectionate husband, bewildered in conscience by scruples he was anxious to remove. Nobody could bind him under deeper obligation than by enabling him to live with Catharine undisturbed. As late as the month of May 1529, long after this fiction had become contemptible, Gardiner

* Clement said to Charles V. at Bologna: 'The Pope's function is to judge whether such a cause has arisen; but no such inquiry was made, or judgment given, when the dispensation by Julius was granted.'—*Brewer*, iv. 6103.

had the effrontery to say that Henry still lived with the Queen on unaltered terms.* But Wolsey soon put off this pretence; for if the only difficulty arose from a defect in the dispensation, the Pope could have afforded relief, as the Emperor proposed, by an act in more ample form.

After the failure of Knight, and of his Italian colleagues, Wolsey's tone became peremptory, and he resolved to make his strong hand felt. He despatched the King's almoner, Fox, with his own secretary, Gardiner, a man who had been engaged in the hidden work of the preceding May, and who was fitted to encounter the Roman jurists on their own ground, unswayed by shame or fear. He charged them to make Clement understand that Henry's determination to put away Catharine was founded on secret causes lying deeper than love for Anne Boleyn, causes which neither the removal of his scruples nor any other remedy could touch; and that it would be executed, if necessary, independently of Rome. That course would imperil the succession, would overthrow Wolsey, and, in the presence of advancing Lutheranism, would ruin the Church in England. It was the Pope's interest, therefore, as much as his own, that the thing which could not be prevented should be done with full religious sanction; that an act of deference on one side should be met on the other by an act of grace. He wrote at the same time to Orvieto that the instruments granted to Knight were little better than a mockery, and that he regarded the hostile influence of the Emperor as the only obstacle he had to overcome.

Gardiner was charged to obtain a Bull for Wolsey, in conjunction with a Roman Cardinal, directing them to try the cause, and if they should be satisfied of certain facts, which he thought it not difficult to establish, to declare the marriage null and void. Next to this joint commission, he preferred one for a Roman Legate alone. In the last extremity he would accept one for the two English Archbishops; but he would not act by himself. The Bull, as Wolsey drafted it, made a defence impossible, made the trial a mere formality, and virtually dissolved the marriage. Both Fox and Gardiner declared that it would be hazardous to rely on powers obtained in so disgraceful a manner. They nevertheless attempted to obtain the Bull, hoping that it might be useful at least for the purposes of intimidation and coercion.

The English envoys found the Pope in the dwelling of Cardinal Ridolfi, Bishop of Orvieto, beneath the shadow of the

* Brewer, iv. 5529.

gorgeous cathedral, but surrounded by solitude and desolation, occupying a bare unfurnished chamber, and eating out of earthenware. At his first step Gardiner fell into an ambush. Clement inquired after Wolsey, touching a report that he was against the divorce. Gardiner eagerly testified to his zeal in its favour. The Pope replied that, in that case, he would not be accepted as an impartial judge. During two long interviews he met the strenuous exertions of the Englishman with imperturbable temper and dexterity. He was ready to appoint Legates, and to confirm their sentence; but it was impossible to induce him to favour one party to the detriment of the other, in the manner of the proposed Bull. Gardiner plied his arguments with extreme vigour. Addressing the Pope, and the small group gathered round him, he protested that the King of England asked only for light to clear his conscience, and would obey the word of the Church, whatever it might be. He implored them not to repulse the wanderer who came as a suppliant to a guide. If he should appeal in vain to the Holy See, the world would say that they were deprived of wisdom, and that the Canons which were unintelligible to the Pope were only fit for the flames. Pucci and the other prelates listened without emotion, for they were persuaded that Henry had other wishes than to clear up doubts. Clement confessed that he was not a scholar, and that, if it was true, as men averred, that all law was locked in the breast of the Pope, it was a lock to which, unfortunately, he had no key. When Gardiner declared that Henry would help himself, if Rome refused to help him, Clement replied that he heartily wished he had done it. Finding that it was useless to ask for the Bull that Wolsey wanted, Gardiner proposed that an act defining the law as desired should be given privately, for fear of Spain, never to be produced unless Clement refused to confirm the sentence. To this the Pope replied that if the thing was just it should be done openly; and if unjust, not at all.

At length, when the final conference had lasted during many weary hours, Gardiner, believing that he had lost his cause, kindled into anger. Gambara and Stafileo were present, and he exclaimed that they had made themselves tools to deceive and to betray the King. Then he turned fiercely against Clement, and denounced him. It was well, he said, that men should know how Rome treats those who serve her, that she may find no succour in her own extremity, and may fall with the consent and the applause of all the world. At these words the Pope sprang to his feet, and strode about the room, waving his arms, and crying that they might have the Commission as they wished. It was past midnight, on Maundy Thursday morning,

morning, when he yielded. The clauses agreed upon were not what Gardiner wished for, but he thought them sufficient. They did not satisfy Wolsey. He feared that the cause might be taken out of his hands, that the rule of law by which he tried it might be rejected, that his judgment might be reversed, by Clement or by his successor.

When the English solicitations reached Clement, in the last days of his captivity and the first of his deliverance, he was weighed down by terror of the Spaniards, and he promised to do more for Henry whenever the approach of his allies made it a safer task. Lord Rochford's priest was sent to accelerate the movements of Marshal Lautrec, who, leaving the Pope to his fate, had wasted precious months in struggling with De Leyva for the possession of Lombardy. At length, by the roads that skirt the Adriatic, Lautrec marched south, and for the last time during many generations the French flag was welcomed in the ancient dominions of the house of Anjou. On the 18th of February the Imperialists evacuated Rome. They were speedily shut up in Naples and Gaeta, and up to the gates of the fortresses the French were masters of the country. In the bloodiest sea-fight of that age, the younger Doria, arming his galley-slaves, destroyed the Spanish fleet in the waters of Salerno. Naples was blockaded. The stream that turned the mills of the garrison was cut off, and it was expected that the city would be starved out before Midsummer. It was in the midst of these changes that Clement held anxious conference with the energetic Englishman whose speech was so significant of diminished reverence, who, as Wolsey's successor at Winchester was soon to lend his powerful aid to the separation of England, and who lived to undo his own work, and to supply history with the solitary example of a nation once separated returning voluntarily to union with Rome. Wolsey had already spoken of going over to Luther when the Papacy obstructed his designs; but Giberti had received the threat with scornful incredulity. Gardiner's warnings were less impressive than the vast change that was just then occurring in the condition of the Peninsula. From April to July French ascendancy seemed to be established; and the Spanish commanders informed Charles the Fifth that, unless Naples was relieved before the end of August, his dominion over Italy was lost for ever. During those four months Wolsey was able to wring from Clement's unsteady hand every concession he required.

A Commission, dated April 13, 1528, gave him power, in conjunction with any English Bishop he might select, to try the cause, to dissolve the marriage if the dispensation was not proved

proved to be valid, and to do all things that could be done by the Pope himself. A second document of the same tenour was directed to Wolsey alone; but, as it has not been found in this country, was probably never sent. The first was not employed, as both Henry and his Chancellor felt that they would not be safe without the intervention of an Italian cardinal. A third Commission, enabling them to decide jointly or severally, was therefore issued to Wolsey and Campeggio. Lest these immense concessions should be neutralised by Spanish influence, they were further secured by a written promise. Clement declared, on the solemn word of a Roman Pontiff, that, considering the justice of the King's cause, whose marriage transgressed divine and human law,* he would never revoke the powers he had granted, or interfere with their execution; and that if he should do anything inconsistent with that promise, the act should be null and void. He went still farther. He entrusted to Campeggio a decretal similar to that which he had formerly refused, declaring the dispensation valid only in the event that the assurance given to Pope Julius by Ferdinand of Aragon was true. This important document was never to leave the Legate's hands, and was to be seen by none but Wolsey and the King. At the end of July, when the fortunes of Spain were at the darkest, Campeggio, thus provided, set out for England.

Wolsey, relying on their own friendship and on the benefits of Henry, made choice of Campeggio as early as December 1527. Gardiner was persuaded that the cause would be safe in his hands, and Clement encouraged the belief. But Casale, who knew the ground better than Gardiner or Wolsey, remonstrated against the choice. The Spaniards reported that the Pope had given Henry leave to have two wives; and as it was commonly supposed that the Cardinal was sent to enable him to gain his purpose, he was compelled to travel by roads that were safe from the incursions of Imperialists. Charles the Fifth, convinced that the cause was lost if tried in England, wrote that it must be prevented at all costs, and lodged a protest against Campeggio's mission. Contarini, the wisest and best of the Italian public men, saw the Legate at Viterbo, and judged from his conversation that the Emperor's fears were groundless. Another eminent Venetian, Navagero, who met him at Lyons, found that it was not his intention to content the King. The Pope himself wrote to the Emperor that the legates were not to pronounce sentence without referring to Rome; and Charles

* Gardiner thought the first words of this document, '*justiciam eius cause perpendentes*,' the most decisive of all the concessions made by Clement.—*Brewer*, iv. 5476.

thereupon assured Catharine that she had nothing to apprehend from Campeggio.*

The origin of his elevation had been a successful mission to Austria, to detach Maximilian from the schism of Pisa; and it was by that emperor's influence that Campeggio obtained his mitre and his hat. His conduct in two conclaves caused him to be ranked among the most decided Imperialists, and Clement informed Contarini that he belonged to the Imperial interest. In 1529, when a vacancy was expected, during his absence in England, he was to have been one of the Austrian candidates. After his return he was zealous in the Queen's cause; he was one of the three cardinals who countersigned the Bull threatening Henry with excommunication; and it was he who, in conjunction with Cajetan, procured his final condemnation.

Campeggio foresaw the difficulties awaiting him. He was not eager for the encounter with Henry and Wolsey, and he spent two months on his way. Long before he reached England great changes had occurred. Doria had gone over to the Emperor. Lautrec was dead. The blockade of Naples was raised; and the besiegers had, on the 28th of August, capitulated to the garrison. Five messengers pursued Campeggio warning him to adjust his conduct to the altered aspect of things, and imploring him to do nothing that could excite the displeasure of the victor. Clement had resolved to submit, at any sacrifice, to the Imperialists.

When the Emperor learnt how vigorously the English envoys were labouring to extort the Pope's assent to the Divorce, he resolved to tempt him by splendid offers. He would restore his dominions; he would release his hostages; and he proposed an alliance by marriage between their houses. Musetola, who brought these proposals early in June, was well received; and it soon appeared that the Pope was willing to abandon the League. It had done nothing for him. There was no hope for the Papacy in Italy, no prospect of resisting Lutheranism in Germany, except through Charles V. No reliance could be placed now in the French, or could ever have been placed with reason in the Italian confederates. The people for whom Clement had raised the cry of national independence, in whose cause, identified with his own, he had exposed the Church and himself to incalculable risk, and had suffered the extremity of humiliation and ruin, were making profit out of his disasters. Venice,

* *Gayangos*, 537: 'I am certain, because the Pope writes me so, that nothing will be done to your detriment, and that the whole case will be referred to him at Rome, the Cardinal's secret mission being to advise the King, your husband, to do his duty.' This was written on the margin in the Emperor's own hand.

his intimate ally, had laid its grasp on Cervia and Ravenna. The Duke of Ferrara, a papal vassal, occupied the papal cities of Modena and Reggio. Florence, his own inheritance, had cast off the dominion of his family, and restored the Republic. One way of recovering all things remained to him. He must put away the ambition of Giberti and Sadolet; he must accept Charles as the inevitable master of Italy, and stipulate with him for restitution and revenge. Early in September Clement's resolution was taken. In October he returned to Rome. At Christmas he bestowed the hat and sword on Philibert, Prince of Orange, the general who took the command of the Imperialists when Bourbon was struck down at the foot of the Janiculum, and on whom rested the responsibility for the unutterable horror of the sack of Rome. When Campeggio arrived in London, things had gone so far, that a sentence dissolving the marriage was not to be thought of. The problem that taxed his ingenuity was to avoid the necessity of pronouncing sentence either way, at least until the Pope should be sufficiently assured of friendship from his detested enemy, to be able to defy the resentment of his ally.

Campeggio's instructions were to elude the difficulty by inducing Henry to desist, or by prevailing on Catharine to retire to a convent. If these resources failed, the Pope relied on his experience to find means to protract the business, and put off the evil day. With Henry there could be no hope. During the summer he was separated from Anne by the sweating sickness. She was taken ill. The King, in great alarm, made ready for the prospect of immediate death. He resorted with fervour to works of religion. He confessed frequently, and practised constant penance for his sins. But his treatment of Catharine was not among the sins of which he was taught to repent. He hailed the Legate's arrival as the signal of his approaching deliverance, and made open preparation for an early marriage. At Campeggio's endeavours to change his purpose by urging the danger of offending Cæsar, he became indignant and vociferous; and the Legate could do nothing, for his hands were tied by the secret Bull.

When the King and Wolsey saw that document, they insisted that it should be shown to the Council. In their hands it would have served to settle the controversy. It decided the point of law in the manner desired by Henry. The Pope having declared the law, they could judge of the fact without him. They had got from Rome all that they absolutely required; and the object of Wolsey's policy was attained. To apply to the case in dispute the principle laid down by the supreme ecclesiastical authority,

authority, an inferior authority might suffice. Protected by the Bull, they would incur little danger in following Clement's unwelcome counsel to help themselves. The credit of Julius, the consistency of the See of Rome, were sufficiently guarded, when Clement determined under what conditions his predecessor's act was legal, and Wolsey determined, on evidence unattainable at Rome, whether the conditions of legality were fulfilled.

Wolsey sent to Rome to require that Campeggio should give up the decretal. If it had been produced and acted on, the Pope could expect nothing but ruin. The responsibility of the Divorce and the wrath of the dreaded Spaniard would have fallen not on those who applied the law and were inaccessible, but on him who had laid down the law, and who was within his reach. Clement understood his danger. He lost the self-command which had not deserted him in the most distressing emergencies. Laying his hand on Casale's arm, he told him to be silent, and then burst forth in reproaches against the perfidy of Wolsey, at whose urgent prayer and for whose sake alone he had granted the secret Bull. He detected their object. With the Bull before them, even those who thought the marriage valid would give it up on the Pope's responsibility. Let them dismiss Campeggio, on the plea that he was slow to act, and accomplish their purpose themselves, without involving Rome. The Bull ought to have been destroyed, and he would cut off a finger to be able to recall it.

Clement at once despatched an envoy to make sure that the perilous document should remain no longer exposed to accident or treachery. For this important mission he selected Francesco Campana, a man who long enjoyed the confidence of his family, who, after the fall of Florence, proclaimed to the people the will of the conqueror, that the Medici should reign over the republican city, and who, as Secretary of State, gave efficient aid in building up the intelligent despotism of Cosmo. Campana travelled slowly; and when he reached London, with the order to burn the Decretal, Clement was reported to be dying. To destroy such a document in obedience to a pontiff who was probably dead, on the eve of a conclave, would have been the height of folly. Campeggio resolved to disobey. In the spring, when Clement had recovered, Campana brought the news that the Legate had yielded,* and the most memorable writing in the history of the Divorce disappeared for ever.

But

* Varchi, who had means of informing himself about Campana's journey, says that he brought the Decretal back with him to Rome. But Mr. Stevenson has discovered, and Mr. Gairdner has deciphered two very curious letters of Campeggio,

But Henry had seen, under the Pope's sign and seal, that he had never been Catharine's lawful husband. For it was now admitted that, if Julius was deceived, the dispensation was void. No attainable evidence could demonstrate that he was not deceived or could resist the strong presumption in favour of the allegation on which Henry's scruple rested. The uncertainty lay in the legal element of the case, and that uncertainty was now removed. The Pope had been consulted, and the answer he had given was against the Queen. Henry might be right in his facts, or honestly mistaken, or altogether insincere; but right or wrong, true or false, he could not, consistently with his previous conduct, hold himself free to live with Catharine. The nullity of his marriage still required to be publicly declared; but in strictness he was unmarried. It followed that he must consider himself free to marry Anne. Apart from the public sentence, the religious obstacle to the second marriage was removed when Campeggio exhibited the secret Bull.

Mr. Brewer signifies his disbelief in the improbable story which began to be told in Mary's reign, that Rowland Lee solemnized the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn at dead of night, in November, 1532, in a secret chamber at Whitehall, on being assured that a permission, which could not be fetched at that hour, had arrived from Rome. We trust that, in his next volume, he will determine the true date, and the influence of the Decretal on the event. At Campeggio's coming Anne Boleyn was kept out of the way. She now came to Court, and was treated in public as if she had been Henry's wife. Charles the Fifth afterwards said to Campeggio that even the death of Catharine would be no deliverance, as the harm was done when Henry got possession of his divorce. Elizabeth assured Parker that her mother's marriage had received the papal approbation. Three Popes offered to acknowledge her title if she would profess Catholicism, at least, in secret. The secret Bull of Clement the Seventh made it optional to disregard the claims of Mary Stuart.

Failing to make an impression on Henry, Campeggio addressed himself to the Queen. The Roman divines were, he told her, dubious as to the merits of her cause; the future was uncertain; and the Pope consequently desired that she would close her life in a convent. The English bishops recommended the same easy solution. Henry eagerly adopted it, affirming

peggio, in one of which he says :—' Per questo fu mandato il Campano, il quale, ultra alia, quanto a questo proposito mi disse due cose: l'una fu de la decretale, di che è seguito quanto vostra Signoria da lui hara inteso.'—*Brewer*, Introduction, delxxi.

with

with gross exaggeration, that the Pope had already pronounced against her. Then Catharine tasted the bitterness of the trial that was to come. Had she yielded, as the injured Queen of France had done, she might have averted the schism, until the genuine wave of Protestant thought struck England, when the daughter of her rival had sat for a generation on the throne. But she had no thought of yielding, and displayed, in the evil days that remained to her, the stern and tranquil courage of Isabella. She was alone, for she could not trust her counsel, and a watch was set on her intercourse with Mendoza. No Spaniard was allowed to approach her. The Belgian lawyers were sent out of the country. The messenger who had apprised Charles of her trouble was dismissed. Vives was put under arrest. Fisher refused to advise her without the King's command. Warham and Tunstall called on her to confess whether she had not practised against her husband's life. In all her solitude and misery she never doubted that her cause was just; she neglected no chance; and relied with signal composure on the Emperor alone. Her friends among the common people murmured loudly, and attended her in such crowds that the gates of the palace were closed against them. She acknowledged their cheers with a graciousness she had never shown, and asked for their prayers. Her evident popularity led Catharine into her only serious error. She believed that the Catholic spirit of the country could be roused in her favour, and she forced the Pope, by her importunity and her reproaches, to resort to those extreme measures which, in the end, were fatal to her church.

To gain Campeggio she took the bold step of asking him to hear her confession, when, relieving him of the obligation of secrecy, she declared that her first marriage had never been consummated. Campeggio could not disbelieve her, and the judgment of history, differing somewhat in the estimate of evidence from the judgment of law, must, we think, accept her word.* Wolsey was so apprehensive of the effect of such a declaration made upon oath, that he proposed to assail the dispensation on totally different grounds. But Mendoza deemed it a dangerous plea, and difficult to sustain at law. He recom-

* To the excellent summary of the evidence in Maurenbrecher's *Lectures on the English Reformation*, and to the ingenious inquiries of Lorentz, must be added the significant fact that Henry did not persistently deny that he had formerly admitted the truth of the Queen's affirmation. In the *Articuli in Causa Matrimonii Regii* this point is virtually given up:—*Quarto nititur probare virginitatem ex confessione Henrici Octavi; circa eandem confessionem possint eadem dici que dicta sunt circa confessionem Catharine, videlicet quod testes sunt singulares, et quod confessio omnino est extrajudicialis et parte absente.*

mended a safer defence, and he possessed a weapon keen enough to defeat all the art of Wolsey and his master.

Early in the year he had received from Spain a copy of a dispensation in the form of a brief, which expressly excluded the doubt as to the nature of the first marriage. Soon after Campeggio's arrival Catharine sent this paper to the Legates. It contradicted her own statement, and she protested that she had had nothing to do with obtaining it. But it avoided the reproach which had been so damaging to the Bull. Wolsey was taken by surprise. The plan on which he had pursued his operations so long was overthrown in an instant. He could not abandon his system and attack the dispensing power itself. He confessed that the objections taken to the former document did not here apply; but he declared that the Brief was spurious, and set about procuring evidence to prove it. Yet for many months Wolsey remained in doubt whether the paper which frustrated the great undertaking of his life was false or genuine. The reasons for suspecting forgery were stronger than he supposed.

The Brief was unheard of until the need for it became apparent. It was unknown to Charles V. when, on the 31st of July, 1527, he suggested that the Pope should supply the defects of the Bull.* It was uncertain whether Clement would consent, when, towards the end of the year, the Brief made his consent unnecessary. Its existence was unexplained. It was said to have been obtained about the time of the marriage, in 1509;† but it was dated 1503. It was obtained by Ferdinand; yet Ferdinand did not possess a copy. It was sent to England; but it was admitted that it had left England before the marriage for which it was required. Ferdinand did not want it, for, on his theory, it was quite unnecessary. If he had asked for it, the Brief would have been addressed to him, and a copy would have been treasured up in Spain. It was addressed to Henry VII. But Henry did not want it; for he was more than content with the original Bull, which he never intended to use, and could never wish to amplify. The Brief was discovered among the papers of the Ambassador De Puebla, who had left England before the marriage, and who was now dead. A list of all his papers relating to the marriage is still extant, and the Brief is not among them.‡ Two men were living who

* In a Despatch to Lannoy, *Buchholz*, iii. 95.

† 'In brevi vero quod circiter tempus nuptiarum ut conficeretur ab Ferdinando Rege Catholico procuratum est.'—*Philalethe Hyperborei Paraceuse*, 1533, p. 30.

‡ *Bergenroth*, i. 471.

could have given valuable testimony. De Puebla's heir, Fernandez, had possession of his papers. He was reputed an honest man, and it was desirable to have him examined. It appeared, however, that he had just been sent to one of the few places in Europe which were beyond the reach of Henry and the jurisdiction of Charles—to the dominions of the Earl of Desmond. Accolti, the Cardinal who in the name of Julius had drawn up the dispensation a quarter of a century earlier, was now the most zealous opponent of the Divorce in the Court of Rome. He could have settled the doubt whether a second dispensation had, in fact, been given. Accolti remained impenetrably silent. Though addressed to Henry VII., the Brief was unknown in England. It formed the strongest security for the honour and the legal position of a Spanish Princess: yet it did not exist in the archives of Spain. It constituted the most extreme exertion of the Pope's prerogative known till then: yet Rome preserved no record of its existence. In April, 1529, Charles was in doubt as to the value of the Brief.* He was willing to submit it to the Pope. His mind would not, he said, be at rest until he knew whether it had been found in the Roman Registers. His doubts were soon satisfied. The Registers were subjected to the scrutiny of Spanish and English agents. They found no trace of the Brief.† Errors were detected in the text. A vital flaw was detected in the date. Charles never sent it to Rome for judgment; it was no longer necessary. The Brief had served to delay action in the Legate's Court until the Pope was reconciled with Spain.

Wolsey knew that delay was ruin. To strengthen himself at Rome he despatched four new ambassadors. He offered to surround the Pope with a guard of two thousand—or even of twelve thousand—men; and he resorted to expedients which showed that he was desperate. He would resign his Commission and leave judgment to the Pope, with a pledge that judgment would be favourable. He inquired whether, if Henry should take monastic vows to induce the Queen to enter a nunnery, he could be dispensed from them and allowed to marry. Lastly, he desired to know whether the King might have two wives. These proposals were soon dropped, and exerted no influence on the event; but they show the condition

* He said also that his mind was not quiet until he knew whether the Brief was found in the Registry at Rome.—Ghinucci and Leo to Wolsey, April 5, 1529. *Brewer*, 5423.

† 'Has done all he could to discover in the register books a copy of the Brief, but in vain. Has found instead two other briefs alluding to the affair.'—Mai to Charles, March 23, 1529. *Gayangos*, 659.

of Henry's mind, and the extremity to which, at the end of 1528, Wolsey was reduced. By the first he surrendered his original position, and actually invited that which he afterwards described as the cause of an inevitable rupture with Rome. The scheme to inveigle the Queen into a convent by simulated vows might possibly be entertained without horror; for it was supposed to be no sin to take an oath intending to be dispensed from it. Francis I. swore to observe the Treaty of Madrid, and bound himself, moreover, on his knightly honour. On the same day he had already declared before a notary that he was resolved to break the oath he was about to take; and his perjury was generally applauded. Cranmer, on becoming Archbishop, closely followed his example. If the desire of liberty excused Francis in deceiving Charles, Henry might plead that he, too, had a justifiable purpose in deceiving Catharine. The right to dispense from vows was not disputed.

It would appear that the proposal of bigamy, which was now made for the second time, never reached the Pope. The idea that the trouble might be healed in that way arose spontaneously in many quarters. The Secretary of Erasmus, writing from his house, made the suggestion that, inasmuch as polygamy was common in the Old Testament, and was nowhere forbidden in the New, Henry might take a new wife without dismissing the first. To Luther and Melancthon this solution appeared most easy and desirable. They had fought hard to preserve monogamy among their own followers, and had prevailed upon the Landgrave Philip of Hesse to abstain from bigamy. But they found themselves unable to make the prohibition absolute. In Henry's case they thought the marriage originally wrong, but they objected still more to the Divorce. Luther advised that the King should take a second wife rather than put away the first; and Melancthon thought that the double marriage would be good, and that the Pope would dispense for it. The Landgrave, having discovered this correspondence, renewed his demand, and the Reformers were compelled to sanction his crime. The agony of shame with which they yielded their consent suggests a doubt whether their advice to Henry might not have been prompted by an idea of embarrassing the Catholics. Twelve months earlier Clement had informed the English agents that one of the cardinals, doubtless Cajetan, had told him that it was in his power to grant a dispensation such as Melancthon recommended. But he was afterwards advised that it could not be done. Wolsey's proposal was in reality borrowed from the theories put forward in the Queen's behalf, asserting an unlimited power of dispensing.

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These extraordinary measures for resisting the Spanish Brief were interrupted, in January, 1529, by the dangerous illness of Clement. Once more the early ambition of Wolsey revived; and he caused the Cardinals to be overwhelmed with offers of troops, of money, of political and spiritual benefits. The hand of the spoiler and the oppressor had not departed from the territory of the Church. The Spaniards still detained three Cardinals as hostages, still occupied the papal fortresses, and by their control of the sea, commanded the sources from which Rome drew its supplies. The situation was one to which the French and English protest against an election held under Spanish influence continued applicable. Wolsey urged his friends to leave Rome, to hold the conclave in some city of refuge, and there to make him Pope. One half of the college shrank from the prospect of a Spanish Conclave, and made ready to depart as soon as the Pope should be dead. The imperial agents met the threatening schism with excellent judgment. They released the hostages; they gave up the fortresses, which, indeed, they could have retaken in a week; and they sent to the Tiber vessels laden with grain. They soon received their reward. Clement, in making his farewell to the Cardinals, exhorted them, if he died, to recal Campeggio. He declared that, should he recover, he would visit the Emperor beyond the Mediterranean. He assured the French agent that the fee simple of France would not bribe him now to desert the Spaniards. When at the end of two months he resumed the management of affairs, the reconciliation was accomplished. Charles was supreme in the court of Rome, by the vivid memory of his irresistible power, and by the immediate sense of the priceless value of his friendship. The Cardinals had not forgotten the awful time of the siege and the sack of the city. In February they were still hostile to the Emperor. In March the Austrian agents at Rome write that they have 448,000 ducats to dispose of; and the resistance of the hostile Cardinals melted away rapidly.

Clement now regarded Wolsey as a sort of antipope, and as a personal enemy who was seeking to bring instant ruin upon him by employing a writing wrung from his good nature by false promises. The situation of the year before was reversed. He had relied on England to rescue him from the clutches of the Imperialists. The Emperor was now his protector against the machinations of Wolsey. Gardiner, when he saw him in March, became aware that all his pleas were vain. The English had lost as much ground in point of reason and justice, as of influence. Contrasted with their extravagant demands, the
petitions

petitions of the Emperor were moderate and just. Wolsey now required that the Brief should be delivered up to him; that sentence should be given, if the original was not sent to England; that the Pope, of his absolute authority, and without inquiry, should declare it a forgery. He ordered Gardiner to pretend that the paper containing the promises of the Pope had suffered damage, and to procure his signature to a new copy, to be drawn up in stronger terms, by representing that it was unchanged.

The Emperor Charles V., and Catharine herself, in letters conveyed secretly to the hands of the Pope, insisted with unquestionable truth, that a tribunal on which this man sat as judge could not be deemed impartial. They demanded that the cause should be decided at Rome, where Wolsey himself had so lately proposed to carry it. Clement doubted no longer what he ought to do. One course was both safe and just. He did not indeed believe in the Spanish dispensation: but he refused to condemn it on an *ex parte* argument, if every Spaniard had vanished out of Italy. He would rather abdicate, he would rather die, than do what Wolsey asked of him. He made no further attempt to resist the appeals of the Spaniards. But he was oppressed, at intervals, with a definite expectation of losing the allegiance of England. His only expedient was delay. Clement was unconvinced by Campeggio's testimony to the innocence of Anne Boleyn. The King, whose passion had endured for three years, might become inconstant; or Catharine might be persuaded, as the King had ceased to live with her, to consent that the favourite should occupy her place. Her health was breaking, and he would have given the riches of Christendom that she should be in her grave.

In April the envoys of the two branches of the House of Austria formally called on him to revoke the powers of the Legates, and to bring the cause before the judgment seat of Rome. Gardiner thought that it would have been madness to resist. Clement consented. On the 9th of May he despatched a nuncio to Barcelona, with full and final powers to conclude a treaty with the Emperor. Until it should be ratified, and the imperial alliance firmly secured, he wished to postpone the inevitable shock which Henry's disappointment would inflict on their long friendship. An agreement was made between Clement and Casale, that the Commission should not be cancelled, but that the Legates should not proceed to execute it.

When it became certain, in the beginning of May, that there was no more hope from Rome, Wolsey's fall could not be distant. His obstinate determination, in spite of the general feeling both

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in Rome and in England, that there should be no divorce without papal sanction, had ended by making the divorce impossible, had brought upon the country the affront of seeing the King's cause removed to a hostile tribunal, and had afforded the Emperor a conspicuous triumph over the influence of England in a matter chiefly of English concern. At the moment when he was defeated by Spain, he was deserted by France. The dissolution of the League, and the ruin of his armies compelled Francis to give up the struggle for supremacy with Charles, and to submit to a dishonourable peace. Wolsey had traded on their rivalry. It was the obvious and superficial secret of his policy to sell the help of England to each, as necessity induced one to outbid the other. Neither of the Powers had an interest to maintain the statesman who had alternately betrayed them, and they made peace at his expense. Francis accused him of having intrigued on his own account with Rome. His treacherous reports, sent home by Suffolk, and aided by the certainty that Wolsey had misled the King, strengthened the constant asseveration of his enemies that he did not sincerely promote the Divorce. In truth he had striven for it with incessant care. But Du Bellay, Mendoza, and Campeggio had long perceived that his zeal was stimulated only by the desire to save himself; and he had implored Henry on his knees to give up his will. When it was announced that the Commission would be revoked, and that France was suing for a separate peace, his power was gone. He besought the King to allow him to attend the Congress at Cambray. The two men who were thought worthy to succeed him, More and Tunstall, were sent in his stead; and an indictment was prepared against him.

It was impossible to doubt that the revocation would be fatal to Henry's wishes. That which Clement dared not allow his Legates to do in England, he would not do himself at Rome, when the Emperor had disarmed all his enemies, and was coming in triumph to visit his Italian conquests and to assume the imperial crown. At first Henry talked of appealing from Clement to the true Vicar of Christ, to be raised up in his place. But he was soon made to understand that the potentate who was feared, having power to coerce and to degrade, was the Emperor. He resolved to dissemble his anger. Intercepted letters exposed the Pope's intentions, and taught that nothing would be gained by waiting until Clement felt himself stronger. Something might, however, be gained by prompt and strenuous action. Henry resolved to take advantage of the delay in revoking the Commission to force on an immediate decision, and summoned Gardiner in all haste to conduct the case.

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The Imperialists had consented that the revocation should be postponed in consequence of the pledge obtained by Clement that nothing should meanwhile be done in England. When it was found that the pledge was broken, and that Henry employed the respite to urge on the trial, every voice in Rome called on the Pope to satisfy the just claims of Spain. The English agents confessed that no choice was left him, and bore witness to his good will. Clement protested to them in pathetic terms that the Emperor had him utterly in his power. He made one effort more to get the Imperialists to assent to further delay, but they repulsed him with indignation. They believed that he was seeking an opportunity to deceive them. Even in the following year Charles half expected that Clement would pass over to the English side.

Campeggio had been instructed to create delay by telling Henry that, if he must give judgment, he must give it against him. He replied by asking what he should do in the not improbable event of the judgment being in Henry's favour. Clement's final orders were to proceed with the trial to the last stage preceding sentence, and then to adjourn for the purpose of consulting Rome. Campeggio combined both methods. On the 22nd of July Clement's irrevocable determination was known in London. The pleadings were completed. The parties awaited judgment. Campeggio suddenly adjourned the Court for the vacation, announcing that he must consult the Pope. He strove to comfort Henry by assuring him that the interruption was to his advantage, as the sentence would have been for the Queen.

When the vessel in which the Legate sailed from Dover was boarded by the custom-house officers, he believed that his last hour had come, and called for his confessor. The officers treated him with respect, but they examined his luggage, in the hope either of recovering the secret Bull, or of finding evidence that he had been paid by Catharine. Campeggio returned to Rome with the renown of a successful mission. Men were not blind to the effects which were to follow. But they followed too remotely to disturb the present joy at an immense deliverance. It was observed for the first time after years of anxiety and depression, that Clement VII. held up his head and walked erect.

We have not allowed ourselves space to follow Mr. Brewer's vivid and powerful narrative over another year to the death of Wolsey, with which the volume ends. Before we conclude it is necessary that we should advert to one topic on which we have been unable to accept him for our guide. Touching the great question

question of the origin of the Divorce, Mr. Brewer wavers between three explanations:—King Henry's scruples grew up in the recesses of his own conscience. They were awakened by his inclination for Anne Boleyn. They were suggested by her friends. Mr. Brewer who adopts the first of these solutions at page 222, prefers the second at page 258, and, forty pages farther, is ready to accept the third.

The idea that the Divorce was instigated by divines of Anne Boleyn's faction was put forward by Pole, apparently with a view to connect Cranmer and the Lutheran influence with the beginning of the troubles. It is supported by no evidence; and it is in the highest degree improbable that the Boleyns conceived a design which could not have been accomplished without violently subverting the whole system of European politics. The theory which represents the scruple arising involuntarily, almost unconsciously, in the King's mind, is confirmed, no doubt, by his own public declarations; but it is difficult to reconcile with the coarse and candid admission which he made privately of the causes which estranged him from the Queen. Before the Court, at Blackfriars, he spoke only of scruples; in secret he urged motives of a less spiritual kind. It is quite natural that personal repulsion may have paved the way for scruples. It is much less likely that the idea of separation can have come first, and the unconquerable aversion followed. In the hypothesis that the whole business took its rise in the King's passion for Anne Boleyn, there is not the same inherent improbability. It leaves much unexplained, and suggests many difficulties; but it depends mainly on a question of chronology. If it should ever be possible to trace the idea of marrying Anne Boleyn farther back than we can trace the idea of repudiating Catharine of Aragon, the case would be proved. But with the materials now available the priority is decidedly with the Divorce. The latest date to which we can possibly assign the first steps towards the dissolution of the marriage is the summer of 1526. We have shown that we are unable to put the proposal to Anne earlier than 1527. There is an interval therefore during which the scheme of divorce is pursued, and is fully accounted for, whilst no trace of a rival can be detected. We are unable to accept either of Mr. Brewer's alternative solutions.

There is a fourth explanation to which he shows no mercy. He absolutely rejects the idea that Wolsey was the author of the Divorce. Such a report was, he says, put about by Tyndall and Roper; but it was contradicted by all those who knew best; by Henry, by Bishop Longland, and by the Cardinal himself—

himself—while Cavendish says that when the King first disclosed his intentions to Wolsey, the latter fell upon his knees and endeavoured to dissuade him. We regret that Mr. Brewer has not entered more fully into the evidence which has determined his judgment on this fundamental point. We will indicate as briefly as we can the reasons which induce us to attribute the Divorce of Queen Catharine, with all its momentous consequences, to the cause he has so pointedly rejected.

Longland never denied that Wolsey was the author of the King's doubts. It is true that Longland, a persecutor of Lutherans, and an eager and overbearing promoter of the Divorce, when he saw England drifting towards Lutheranism, in consequence, indirectly, of what he had helped to do, regretted his share in the transaction, and denied that he was primarily responsible. His Chancellor, Draycott, conveyed his denial to the historian Harpsfield, who records it in his *Life of Sir Thomas More*. But Harpsfield himself was not convinced. In the following year he wrote that Wolsey, 'first by himselfe, or by John Langlond, bishopp of Lincolne, and the King's confessor, putt this scruple and doubte into his head.' Even if Longland's denial exonerates himself it does not exonerate Wolsey, whom he indicates when he speaks of 'others, that weare the cheife setters forth of the divorce beetweene the Kinge and the Queene Catharine.'

No serious import belongs to the testimony of Henry and Wolsey, given in open court, to silence just objections to Wolsey's presence there. It was necessary that he should be represented as impartial to justify his appearance on the judgment seat. It would certainly seem that Cavendish meant to say what Mr. Brewer imputes to him, that Wolsey dissuaded Henry from the beginning. But in reality he says no more than he would be justified in saying by the fact that Wolsey did, at various times, dissuade him; which is all that Wolsey himself has said. Nobody, however, knows better than Mr. Brewer that Cavendish is the author of much of the confusion that has, until the appearance of his work, obscured the history of the Divorce. We cannot allow decisive authority to one ambiguous sentence in an author who, though doubtless sincere, is both partial and inaccurate.

The weight of contemporary testimony is overwhelming against Wolsey. We will say nothing of Polydore Vergil, who was an enemy, or of the Belgian Macqueriau, and the Paris diarist, because they wrote only from rumour. But Jovius was a prelate of the Court of Clement. Guicciardini was connected with

with Casale, and was the only contemporary writer who knew the secret of Campana's mission. Both Guicciardini and Jovius lay the responsibility on Wolsey. Valdes, who was better informed than either of the Italians, does the same. For in Spain no doubt could subsist. Catharine had written to Charles that Wolsey was the author of her sorrows, and the Emperor never ceased to proclaim the fact.

The tradition of the English Catholics inclined strongly to assign to Wolsey the origin of their misfortunes. If they had any bias it would naturally have been to represent the Reformation in England as springing from an unclean passion. Pole, who was a great authority amongst them, had given the example of this controversial use of Anne Boleyn. But they departed from the example he had set, and preferred an explanation which could serve no polemical purpose. Pole himself once indicated the belief that Wolsey was the author of the King's design. It is firmly maintained by his archdeacon, Nicholas Harpsfield, who was a friend of the Warhams, who had lived with Roper, Rastall, Buonvisi, and the family of More, and in whom were concentrated the best Catholic traditions of that age.

Sir Richard Shelley wrote a history of the Divorce, which is still extant. He was the son of the well-known judge, and was employed both by Mary and Elizabeth in important embassies. He was the English Prior of St. John, and after 1559, swam in the full tide of the Catholic reaction. When the news of the Northern Rising reached Rome, Shelley was one of those whom the Pope consulted before issuing his Bull against the Queen. He attributes all the blame to Wolsey. If any man was more deeply involved than Shelley in the struggle against Elizabeth, it was Nicholas Sanders. Writing history for political effect, he had no scruple about inventing a scene or a fact that served his purpose; and he had read the works of Rastall and Hiliard, which we possess only in fragments. The evidence which was before him must have implicated Wolsey with a force that was irresistible. Richard Hall, a man who seems to have given proof of sincerity, as he was a Protestant under Mary, and a Catholic under Elizabeth, wrote a life of Fisher, about the year 1580. He had his information from Phillips, the last Prior of the Benedictines at Rochester, who had sat in the Convocation of 1529, and from Thomas Harding, who had been chaplain to Stokesley. Hall is, like the rest, among the Cardinal's accusers. William Forrest, who was a contemporary, and became chaplain to Queen Mary, agrees with Harpsfield and Shelley, Sanders and Hall.

Indeed, without resorting to contemporary foreigners, or to

to English writers of a later generation, the evidence that Wolsey first moved the idea of divorce appears to us conclusive. The Cardinal himself admitted it to Du Bellay, not speaking under pressing need of deception and excuse, but privately, to one who was his friend, who powerfully supported his policy, who needed no convincing, and had evidently not heard the contrary on any authority worthy of belief. A statement made in these circumstances is not necessarily credible, but it far outweighs a public declaration demanded by the stress of popular suspicion. Wolsey's communication to Du Bellay, confirming what he wrote to Casale,* connects the Divorce with the great change in the system of alliances which was made in the spring of 1525, and perfectly explains the tenacious grasp with which he then retained his power in spite of all the sacrifices which the failures of his policy imposed on the King. We cannot reject it without stronger reason than has been yet produced.

After his disgrace, Wolsey constantly declared himself innocent of crime, yet worthy of the royal displeasure. The Divorce, he said, was the cause of his fall, yet he denied that, in that, he had offended. This would be consistent and intelligible language if he was the author of counsels that had proved so pernicious. On his deathbed he delivered to Kingston the lesson of his experience of Henry. He warned him to be cautious what matter he put into his head, as he would never put it out again. He was alluding to what had passed in the affair of Queen Catharine; and his words had a pregnant as well as a literal significance if he was thinking of a matter which he had himself incautiously put into the King's head.

We are at a loss to find a valid reason for doubting, except the authority of Mr. Brewer. We acknowledge the force of that objection. It is impossible to differ without uneasiness and regret, from a historian who has supplied so large and so rich a part of the knowledge attainable on this subject, and who is unsurpassed for accuracy and penetration. But Mr. Brewer's words, in speaking of Wolsey, must be taken with a slight allowance. It is not only because of the dignified liberality, the ceremonious self-restraint, which is due from a divine of the English Church towards a Roman Cardinal, and from an illustrious scholar who is willing to think nobly and generously of the Church of Rome, towards a prelate by whose fault that Church was dishonoured and cast down. For as many years as Wolsey's administration lasted, Mr. Brewer has

* December 6, 1527.

been employed in investigating his actions. He has hewn him out of the block. He has found much that is new and different from the character which Protestant and Catholic have had so much reason to blacken; and he has felt the influence not only of disgust for ignorant detractors, but of admiration for the strong man who, when the population of all England did not exceed that of a modern city, when the annual revenue was no more than that which is now received in a single day, when Scotland and Ireland were drains upon her power, when she was without dependencies and without a fleet, raised the kingdom by the force of his solitary genius, to a position among European nations not inferior to that which it now enjoys.

For Wolsey as a Minister of tyranny, as a pensioner of foreign potentates, as a priest of immoral life, he has an extreme indulgence. The Cardinal attempted to obtain from Parliament a declaration that all things in the land belonged to the Crown—a doctrine which, from the day on which Frederic Barbarossa consulted the jurists of Bologna, until Lewis XIV. caused it to be sanctioned by the divines of the Sorbonne, has been the symbol of despotic power. At the moment when he broke off the alliance with the House of Burgundy and sought the friendship of France, he had for four years been denied his pensions by the Power that he abandoned, whilst he required from the Power that he joined a sum equal in our money to 285,000*l*. When he exchanged Durham for Winchester, he asked that the see which he vacated should be transferred to his son, a youth then studying at Paris. Mr. Brewer will not admit a doubt as to Wolsey's integrity. If we remember rightly, he nowhere mentions the proposed transfer of the great see of Durham. He is almost unwilling to believe that Wolsey had a son. That he had a daughter Mr. Brewer does not dispute. But he thinks that such transgressions did not necessarily involve any greater impropriety than the marriage of an English clergyman at the present day.* This view of the age of the Reformation leaves a great feature in its history unexplained. No influence then at work contributed more than the private lives of ecclesiastics such as Wolsey to undermine Catholicism, and to incline men towards a Church which renounced the hazards of an enforced celibacy. We would undertake, if necessary, to justify our words by proof which Mr. Brewer will accept, by the writings

* 'Here, as in other Catholic countries at the present day, or at least until recently, the marriage of the parochial clergy had to be tolerated more generally than is supposed. . . . In many instances such offences involved no greater transgression of the moral law than . . . such marriages, for instance, as are now contracted by the English prelates and clergy.'—Pages 639, 640.

of the most eminent and the most impartial men of the sixteenth century, by the decrees of twenty synods, by the constitutions of York itself.

Mr. Brewer's abounding charity defends the Cardinal as a persecutor. Wolsey had caused Protestants to be burnt in the day of his power, and in the last hour of his life, when his speech faltered and his eyes grew dim, he uttered an exhortation that Henry would not spare the Lutherans, because they would prove a danger to the State. Yet even that appalling vision of the dying Prelate, who, having clothed himself in sackcloth, and made his peace with God, gathered his last breath to fan the flames of Smithfield, has no terrors for Mr. Brewer. No man, he says, was less disposed to persecute; and he excuses him by the examples of his age, and by the greater cruelty of More.

The argument which excuses Wolsey by the times he lived in, is a serious fallacy. Christians must be judged by a moral code which is not an invention of the eighteenth century, but is as old as the Apostles. We are no wiser than the contemporaries of Wolsey regarding the rights of conscience. Persecution has indeed become more difficult to carry out; and the conditions of modern society make toleration easy. But there are, in our day, many educated men who think it right to persecute; and there were, in the days of Wolsey, many who were as enlightened on that point as Burke or Jefferson. There was a humane and liberal current, both in government and in literature, which the religious conflict that followed checked for generations. Whilst Lollards and Lutherans were burning, in the Chancellorship of Wolsey, the Greeks lived unmolested in Venice, and the Waldenses enjoyed a respite in Savoy; the Inquisition was forbidden to interfere with the Moriscoes of Granada; and in Portugal the later laws of Emanuel the Great protected the Judaizing heretics from popular fanaticism. No country had suffered so much from religious strife as Bohemia; but in 1512 Catholics and Utraquists made an agreement in perpetuity that rich and poor of both churches should enjoy freedom unrestrained. In Denmark equal rights were assigned to Catholics and Protestants at the Diet of 1527. Before the close of the fifteenth century the French Inquisition had been shorn of its might; the bishops refused to prosecute those who were accused of heresy; the Parliament rescued them; and Lutheranism was allowed to spread with the connivance of the court, until the long absence and captivity of the King. Many years even then elapsed before the Protestants ceased to regard Francis as their defender. Beneath the sceptre of the Hapsburgs persecution reigned; yet in 1526 Ferdinand conceded territorial toleration,

and

and Charles himself, in 1532, proclaimed the rights of conscience in language worthy of a better time.

There was a strong body of opinion on the other side, but authorities equally strong may be quoted in favour of murder, not merely among men entangled in the habits of a darker age, but among those who had struggled to emancipate their minds from tradition, and who made it the pride and the business of their lives to resist the vices of the vulgar. It was no reason for an assassin to escape the gallows that Melancthon had prayed for a brave man to despatch Henry VIII.; that the brave man who despatched the Duke of Guise was praised by Beza to the skies; that Knox wished the doom of Rizzio to be inflicted on every Catholic; that the Swedish bishops recommended that a dose of poison should be mixed with the King's food. Nor can we admit that the intolerance of Wolsey is excused by comparison with the greater intolerance of More. The Cardinal, in his last hours, asked for measures of repression, the nature of which his own example and the statute of Henry IV. left in no kind of doubt. Sir Thomas More protested before his death, in terms which have satisfied the impartial judgment of one of his latest successors on the woolsack, that no Protestant had perished by his act.

ART. II.—1. *Kongs-Skugg-siö*. Sorö, 1768.

2. *Speculum Regale*. Christiania, 1848.

WHAT people in England thought of Iceland in former days is pretty clear from the lines which commence the tenth chapter of the 'Libelle of Englysch Polycye:'

'Of Yseland to wryte is little nede
Save of stockfische,'

a verdict endorsed by Dr. Andrew Borde, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in his 'Introduction to Knowledge:'

'And I was born in Island, as brute as a beest;
When I ete candels ends I am at a feest,' &c.

Indeed, as history teaches us, Scandinavia generally fared not a whit better in the estimation of our countrymen; but by degrees, with the diffusion of knowledge, a truer light has been thrown upon the subject. The tables have in fact been turned, and it now appears that to despised Scandinavia England owes

* Cf. 'The Babees Book,' &c., p. 214, Early English Text Society.

a great deal. In Iceland, and its language, have been found the key to many a riddle in our national character and national language.

It is only within the last few years, as we have seen, that reading Englishmen have begun to realise the fact, that at a period when our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were innocent of all skill in writing books in their own tongue, in which they were born (the most cultivated among them using Latin as a vehicle for expressing their thoughts), there was a race of men in a far distant island, more than half-way over to South Greenland, who had attained to a power of composition in their own vernacular, which, for vividness and fire, for firmness and breadth of outline, for picturesque grouping of accessories and details, has never been surpassed. Although the rich and racy language in which these imperishable monuments were cast—the Old Norse, Danish, or Icelandic, as it is indifferently called—was current in those days all over Scandinavia, yet they were almost invariably the work of Icelanders living in Iceland. Such were Ari Froði, born 1067, died 1148, the father of Icelandic history; his friend and fellow-student, Saemund, the reputed compiler of the ‘Old Edda;’* the immortal Snorri Sturleson; and Sturla Thordarson, the continuer of the Sagas after Snorri, who died 1284.

What caused this barren island to be so fertile in literary production? Was it the exuberant energy of a race, once lords of the main land, but now cooped up in the narrow confines of that desolate wilderness, that found a partial vent in literary fecundity? Did hard simple fare sharpen the intellectual faculty? Was it the spectacle of fire and frost, fighting for the mastery, that fired or excited their brain? Or the desire to make themselves a name which should penetrate from this remote corner, in which they were voluntary exiles, to the very ends of the earth? Or was it frequent mixture on their travels, in the best society of foreign parts, which taught them that to excel in history and poetry was to be a favourite with the great, and to have a purse well filled with gold pieces—a piece of practical knowledge which their ready mother-wit would lose no time in turning to the best account? Or was blood—race—at the bottom of the phenomenon after all—a dormant proclivity, an embryonic aspiration inbred in this particular tribe of Eastern emigrants, which required peculiar conditions of locality, of natural surroundings, of worldly circumstances, to start forth into vigorous

* Recent critics have deposed him from his pride of place. Bishop Brynjúlfur, who discovered the Edda MS. at Skalholt (1643), is shown to have ascribed it without warrant to Saemund.

life ; and those conditions they met with, and the thing was done ? While the other Teutonic tribes, halting in the tamer plains and forests of central Germany, or paddling among the mud-flats of the lower Elbe and Rhine, or comfortably settled in the enjoyment of the temperate climate and more genial soil of England, garnished for them and nicely swept by the hand of effete and waning Rome, either fell upon soil unfavourable to literary germination, or naturally lacked, in their mental and physical composition, the spark of celestial fire that goes to the making of a poet or historian !

The poem of 'Beowulf'—a chief monument of Anglo-Saxon literature—is no proof to the contrary : for it is now held by the best judges to be of continental and heathen origin. In its scenery and personages, in its form and essence, it is Scandinavian—features, which at once point to the conclusion that it came over with the early Scandinavian invaders, and got altered into its present shape. Is it, then, to some of the above suggested causes, or to a combination of all of them, that we must look for the Mimer's fount—the source of inspiration of these people—and attribute the difference between the literary compositions of the Anglo-Saxon and the Scandinavian ? To take a crucial instance, just compare our 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle' with the 'Heimskringla.' The first reminds us, if we may be permitted to say so, of the 'Valley of dry bones,'—not a living trait there of the Great Alfred's character, moral or intellectual, or of his personal qualities. In the 'Heimskringla,' on the contrary, by the wave of the enchanter's wand, in the hand of a Snorri, these dry bones start up into animated life.

A new and startling theory has lately, however, been broached by the Irish antiquaries, claiming for natives of Ireland the laurels hitherto worn by Scandinavia. Dr. Todd, in his edition of the 'Wars of the Gaedhill and the Gaill' (Introd. p. xxviii.), surmises that the Icelandic Sagas were only 'imitations, on the part of the Northmen, of the historical tales and bardic poems which they had found in Ireland.' Some of these, he goes on to say, are still extant in the Irish tongue, and were popular with the Irish in the tenth and eleventh centuries, at latest ; whereas Ari Frodi, who, according to Snorri, was the first man that wrote down in Norse things new and old, was not born till 1067. The Irish Tales, like the Norse, were in prose interspersed with poems and fragments of poems, and therefore he (Dr. Todd) concludes, 'Ireland had evidently the priority of the North in this species of popular literature.' But, though Ari may have been the first to write these things down, yet it is clear that, centuries before, these people had a live tradition, wonderfully elaborated and
faithfully

faithfully kept; so that, at the end of the tenth century, the national literature was full-blown and ready to be committed to writing. Saxo, who flourished in the tenth century, in the Preface to his 'History of Denmark,' dwells on this extraordinary aptitude of the Icelanders for committing facts to memory and writing them down.

But Dr. Todd is not without backers. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his papers on Celtic Literature, has discovered that 'the style of the Icelandic writers is due to early Celtic influence.' And he bases this dictum on the statement of Ari,* that in 870, when the Northmen arrived in Iceland, there were Christians there (Papae), who went away because they did not like to live with heathen, leaving behind them Irish books, bells, and crosiers; whence these people must have been Irish. But surely this is a slender foundation for the statement that the inimitable style of Icelandic literature is borrowed from the Irish. And, besides, to judge from the specimens of inflation and bombast exhibited in the Irish 'Saga,' edited by Dr. Todd, with its synonymes piled on synonymes, and alliteration run mad, the Erse productions are not to be compared with the work of the Icelanders. Hyperion to a Satyr!

We have indicated above how far England was behind with the pen in Alfred's time. But this want of genius and incapacity for original composition endured long after the Conquest. The linguistic strata of the country were thoroughly dislocated by the social earthquake at Hastings, and most literary efforts were confined to Latin, or mere translations from the French. For many weary years Norman and Anglo-Saxon were striving for the mastery, so that, according to some philologists, the earliest specimen of a public document in our native tongue is the well-known proclamation of Henry III., A.D. 1258.

'The King's Mirror,' to which we now desire to call the attention of our readers, is one of the few works, composed in the old tongue, that did not see the light in Iceland. From internal evidence it is clear that this remarkable book was written in Norway, although all the MSS. of it, save one, were made in Iceland. Who the author was is matter of doubt. At an early period it was attributed to King Swerrer, the friend of our King John. Olaus Wormius, writing to Stephanus Stephanus in 1641, mentions this tradition, and does not impugn it. This reputed author was such a notable fellow, that we must introduce him to our readers. Brought up in boyhood, and educated for the priestly office, under his uncle the Bishop of Farö, he doubtless often

* 'Íslendingabok.'

ministered in the quaint old church at Kirkubö, near Thorshaven, which, when we visited the Islands a few years ago, was still used for public worship. With no very well-founded pretensions to the crown, his royal blood being little better than a myth, this man at length surmounted all obstacles and ascended the throne of Norway. Like many of our English monarchs in those days, like the Emperor Frederick II. of Germany, like all the monarchs who would not brook the arrogant pretensions of Rome, and appointed their own bishops, he soon got the Pope upon his back, and found him as difficult to dislodge as ever did Sinbad, the old man of the sea.

To such a pass did matters come at last between Swerrer and the Pope, that the King, like our craven John, was placed under an interdict, and all the bishops fled out of the land. But we cannot follow the details of his eventful life, and must pass on to its end. Falling sick after a successful deed of arms at Tunsberg, he sailed for Bergen, keeping his berth during the voyage. As soon as he reached that city, he caused himself to be carried up to the castle. Perceiving death approaching,* he ordered the letters about the succession to be read aloud, and then sealed up and despatched to his son Hacon at Trondjem. The city clergy were next summoned to administer extreme unction to the dying king, and—all honour to these spirited ecclesiastics!—they did not appear to have raised any objection, although he was under the ban of the Church. At this moment he exclaimed, ‘Here will I wait for recovery or death. If I die in my high seat, surrounded by my friends, it will chance otherwise than Bishop Arnesen prophesied: that I should be cut down as food for dogs and ravens.’ Thereupon he was anointed; his last request being that they should leave his face bare, so that friends and enemies might see whether it exhibited any traces of the Church’s ban and interdict. ‘More toil and unrest have been my portion,’ exclaimed he, ‘than rest and enjoyment. Many foes have I had, who have let me feel the full weight of their enmity, which God forgive them all. Let Him judge between us.’ So died March 9, 1202, at the early age of 51, worn out by hardships, one of Norway’s greatest kings; the insinuations of one of his bitterest detractors, William of Newbury, notwithstanding. A book by such a man would indeed have been worth reading; and there is a clerly flavour about the work in parts, which might well befit one brought up, like Swerrer, for the Church: but by common consent the authorship must be sought elsewhere. With much polish, it has none of

* ‘Torfaeus,’ iv. 1. Keyser ‘Norske Kirkens Historie,’ i. 316.

the fire and vehemence so characteristic of the impetuous king. On the other hand, the style has none of the spirit of that prince of *raconteurs historiques*, Snorri. But, though at times somewhat artificial, there is a curious felicity of expression, which cannot fail to interest. A passage in it fixes the habitat of the writer, Halgoland, in the north of Norway, the birth-place, by the way, of King Alfred's gossip, Ohthere. He is conjectured to have been a distinguished nobleman, who had been much at Court and in foreign parts. Though the age was one of licentiousness, yet his tone throughout is highly moral and religious, while he gives his son the benefit of his varied experiences. The work is in the form of a dialogue, which affords many interesting glimpses of contemporary manners, ceremonies, ideas, and characters in every grade and profession. The date of its composition has been much disputed. The late Professor Munch placed it between 1190 and 1196, while Otto Blom, solely from the military costumes, fixes its date at ten years later, *i. e.* the period at which Anglo-Saxon was beginning gradually to give place to modern English.*

But it is time we should review the contents of the book.

A young man looks around him into the world, and scrutinises the doings of it, and he beholds the motley crowd straying from the right road and wearying themselves in bye-paths, and so he goes to his father and asks him to lay down for him some rules of life. It so chanced that certain persons of worship and wisdom overheard the colloquy, and, though they do not appear to have been the youth's enemies, they urged him 'to write a book,' and so give the world the benefit of so much wisdom combined with amusement (*gaman*). He takes their advice; but then comes the knotty question, what was to be the name of the book? Now with the literary world in those days, whether moralists, philosophers, satirists, or what not, there was one title which was quite the rage—*Speculum*, to wit; *Anglicè, Mirror*. A good seventy such looking-glasses were held up to mankind—some of them to the august person of royalty—during the twelfth and two following centuries. There was the renowned '*Speculum Stultorum*,' by Nigel Wireker, wherein, under the character of the ass Brunellus, he had (A.D. 1186) been convulsing London and Paris by his telling sarcasms on the illiterate monks therein portrayed. Wireker had died of the plague at Rome, 1188; and what so likely as that one of the many ecclesiastics, who were passing and re-passing between Rome and

* * Since writing the above, a treatise by Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, has reached us, fixing the date as unquestionably after 1200.

Norway, might have brought along with him in his valise a copy of Nigel's '*Speculum*' to while away the tedium of those long nights within the Arctic circle?

Then there was the '*Speculum Ecclesiæ*,' by that fiery Arch-deacon of the blood royal of Wales, Gerald de Barri, in which, with the biting pen of a Junius though with a less veracious one, he writes down, or holds up to ridicule, the clerical profession. So '*The Royal Mirror*'—*Islandicè*, '*Kongs-Skugg-sið*,' is the title fixed on by our author, 'Not from any motives of pride, but simply to attract the reader.' And as for the epithet "*Royal*," the book treats of the manners of kings among those of other people, and a king, 'standing as he does at the top of the tree, ought to be a pattern of the best morals and manners to everybody else, both he and his court and all his retainers.'

Books by the way on morals and manners combined were not wanting in those days. Such was '*The Italian Guest*,' a German metrical composition (A.D. 1216). So Freidank's '*Bescheidenheit*' (A.D. 1229) was a didactic poem, abounding, like this book, in maxims of worldly wisdom and probity.

His own name the author will not divulge, that the book may not run the chance of being discredited by the critics from envy or personal motives. This might be one of the reasons for assigning the work to King Swerrer, for if there ever was a man with plenty of foes it was he.

'Good day, my Lord,' begins the son; 'I am come to converse with thee, and I pray thee list patiently to my queries, and deign to answer me. By all men's witness there are few shrewder men in this land than thou, and I am sure it is true; for everybody with a difficulty comes to thee to solve it, and I hear, when thou wast with the King, all the land's rede was in thy mouth, as well as the making of the laws and treaties. . . . I am heir to thy money, and I would fain be heir to thy wisdom.'

A common and easy way of gaining experience of life, and seeing the world in those days, was to combine business with pleasure, and to trade to foreign parts. Later on in the world's history merchants became princes, but then it was not unfrequent, in Scandinavia at least, for princes to become merchants. One Norwegian king was known as '*Farmand*' the merchant. So the youth expresses a wish to gain experience of men and manners in that line before going to Court. The father, although his life has been spent more in the atmosphere of courts than on mercantile voyages, has not a word to say against merchants of the true stamp, and lays down a few rules for their conduct.

'A merchant must often risk his life, now at sea, now in heathen lands.'

lands. So that he needs much activity and courage. Wherever you are, be courteous and gentle; that always makes a man beloved by the good. Rise early, and go first to church: * when service is over, then look to your affairs. And if you do not know the business ways of the place, notice how the merchants of best repute conduct theirs. Mind all the wares you buy or sell are without blemish; and before your bargain is complete, always have some men of skill to witness the transaction. Be about your business till luncheon, or even to the mid-day meal, if needs be. Your board must be furnished with white linen, clean food, and good drink. If you can afford it, keep a good table. After dinner sleep awhile, or go abroad and amuse yourself. Set a fair price on your goods, near about what you think they will fetch. Don't brood over them, if you can get rid of them on reasonably good terms; for *frequent purchase and quick sale is the very life of trade.*

A maxim exactly anticipating our English saw, 'Small profits and quick returns,' or 'The nimble ninepence is better than the slow shilling.' Books of all kinds,† especially on law, he recommends him to study, as also works on the manners of foreign countries.

'And if you would be perfect in learning, learn all the tongues, above all Latin and French (Walsch); for these two tongues go furthest; but mind and not forget your mother tongue.'

Which last sentence is aptly inscribed in Polyglott on the tomb of the great linguist Rask at Copenhagen.

He must flee drinking and dicing, loose life and gambling, as the very fiend himself: for they are the root of every misfortune. The light of the heavens, the courses of the stars, the succession of day and night, the divisions of the earth, the storms of the ocean, will demand his constant study. Ready reckoning, too, will stand the merchant in good stead.

'If you stop in a town take up your quarters at an auberge (herberge), the host of which is discreet, and in good odour alike with the townspeople and the King's retainers. Don't associate with noisy, brawling people. Be very slow to quarrel,‡ but put not up with insults, where you may be reviled as a coward in consequence. If necessity force thee to retaliate, be sudden and quick about it; but with this proviso, that you can compass your object, and that punishment falls

* The English writer on 'Manners' also advises his son to go thither, but it is 'to observe the manners of their worship.'—*Chesterfield*, i. 108.

† The knowledge more particularly useful and necessary for you consists of modern languages, modern history, chronology, geography, the laws of nations, &c.—*Chesterfield*, i. 143.

‡

'Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

Bear't, that the opposer may beware of thee.'—*Hamlet*.

on the right man. But if you see nought is to be got by it, keep cool and seek redress later, unless the offender comes forward and seeks atonement. Never omit to take God and the Most Holy Virgin into a share with you, as well as the saint you oftenest invoke to intercede for you with God. Be very careful of the money that holy men entrust to you, and carry it faithfully to its destination.

Here are instructive hints upon the way of thinking among men of substance and sobriety upon matters mercantile and religious. In those days a good deal of coin would be passing in the shape of Peter's pence, and other ecclesiastical offerings, which a dishonest skipper might have easily converted to his own uses. These pence were first established by Nicholas Breakspear, on his visit to Norway 1152, as Papal legate.* Greenland's first contributions were walrus-teeth, as appears from a parchment in the Vatican.

He next counsels his son not to have all his eggs in one basket, but embark in various ventures. And, if he prospers exceedingly, he had better invest in good land, as that sort of property is safest. When his money is full grown, and he has studied the manners of foreign countries, his argosies can go to sea, but he need not venture his own person.

Questions are now put about various physical phenomena: for instance, what causes the sea's ill temper; now so smooth and gentle that one yearns to sport with it six months on end, and now so wroth and spiteful, that it would wrest from its playmates their property and life. It was not to be expected that a very satisfactory reply was forthcoming to a question involving principles even now very imperfectly understood.

Some equally puzzling questions follow about 'the increase and decrease of the sun and moon, the ebb and flow of the tides, and the relation which these respectively bear to one another.' The father grapples with his interrogator, as well as the then state of science and the most recent authorities which he had consulted would permit. His system, like that of our Neckam (about 1300), is, doubtless, the one accepted in those days. To solve his son's difficulty about the difference of temperature in different countries the following experiment is introduced:—

'Take a burning candle and place it inside a big chamber; and if there is nothing to hinder, it will light the whole interior, big as it is. But if you take an apple and hang it close by the light, so that the apple gets hot, it will darken half the house or more. Now hang it by the wall and it will not become hot, while the candle lights all the inside of the house; and there will be scarcely so much shadow

* Once beggar's brat, and afterwards Pope Adrian IV. (1159). Snorri says, he did much to ameliorate Norse manners.

on the wall, where the apple hangs, as half the bigness of the apple. From this you see the earth is round, and it is not equally near the sun at all points; but where its curved course comes nearest to the sun's course, it is much the warmest; and those countries are uninhabitable where this is the case. But those countries so situated that it strikes them with slanting rays, they are habitable.'

Singularly enough, in a quaint cosmographical fragment by Robert of Gloucester, who flourished 1300, the phases of the moon are illustrated by comparing her to a ball placed beside a candle:—

'So that the sonne in halven del schyneth ever mo
What above, what bynethe, how so it evere go:
As we mai bi a candle i-seo, that is besides a balle
That giveth light on hire halven del how so it evere falle.'

The youth has clearly had enough of science. He sees how needful this kind of lore is for a merchant, but he suggests that topics of a lighter and more amusing nature should be now introduced, with which suggestion the reader doubtless concurs.

The wonders of Ireland, Iceland, Greenland: their fires, springs, fishes, sea-monsters, floating and stationary icebergs, the Northern Light, and the stupendous sea-serpents of the Greenland ocean, are now introduced. But the father is very slow to enlighten his interrogator. He might be accused of exaggeration.

'There was a book brought to Norway the other day on "The Wonders of India," which was stated to have been sent to Emmanuel the Grecian King. But people aver that it is all a pack of lies, although quite as great marvels as it relates are to be found up here North.'

The mention of this Greek emperor, who reigned 1143–1180, fixes the date of 'The King's Mirror' within certain limits. It was under him that Eric, King Swerrer's brother, served, with other noble Norwegians. Doubtless, like Othello, they would have many wonders to recount, imported from the fabulous East.

All we know of this 'little book' is that, among other things, it tells of great flying dragons, which small men broke in, like horses. But, asks Paterfamilias, have we not quite as great marvels to show? Your man, no faster afoot than another, shall take a slip of wood some nine ells long, and so shape it that, when fitted to his feet, he can outstrip a bird, a hound, or a reindeer. So that your expert runners will spear as many as nine reindeer a day. Would not Orientals, if they heard this, think it incredible?

Other Northern wonders are recounted: *e.g.*, the moss of Biarkadal.

Biarkadal. Trees grow in it, but cut them down, and, after three winters, when the wood is dry, throw them into it, and they will turn to stone, which can be made red-hot, but is incombustible; while if a part sticks out of the morass, it will remain wood. He himself has had in his hands tree stems from that place, half-wood, half-stone.

He then describes the wonders of Ireland: its immunity from snakes, its wells, its miraculous places and things, and its great sanctity. Indeed, small as the island is, it contains more saints than any other island in the world; for 'the natives, though very grim, bloodthirsty, and immoral, will never put a saint to death.'

The question arises, had our author seen Giraldus's '*Topographia Hiberniæ*.' Snorri, according to Laing ('*Heimskringla*,' i. 304), and also according to Mr. Brewer, must have been acquainted with it. The vain-glorious Welshman had taken effectual measures for making his account of Ireland popular and well known. For three whole days, A.D. 1200, he had recited the Second Edition of it at Oxford before an audience which was largely composed of foreign scholars, owing to the disturbances then prevailing in the University of Paris. The admission to these 'Readings' was free; add to which, as he complacently informs us, he feasted all the Doctors of the different Faculties, all the scholars, all the knights in the place, all the poor, and many of the burgesses. Moreover, there was plenty of direct intercourse between Great Britain and Norway, which would have given facilities for books being carried to the latter country. Henry II. used to send people there every year when the falcons had hatched, to get young birds for his sport. Or a copy of the '*Topography of Ireland*' might have been carried by Giraldus to Rome, which he visited at the end of the twelfth century, and from thence have found its way to Norway. Indeed, it is unquestionable that most writers on Ireland from that day to this took Giraldus for their text-book. But our author must have had access to other sources, for his account is often fuller, and does not always tally with that in the '*Topography*.' We conjecture that our Author must have known that singular book, the '*Irish Nennius*,' which was republished with additions, *circa* 858, by one Nennius, a Briton of the Latin Communion, but which originally was the work of Marcus, a Briton, who was educated in Ireland, and became an Irish bishop.

Giraldus mentions a fantastic island which had recently appeared all on a sudden, and looked so very like a whale that the peasants thought it was one. On their rowing out to it,

it, it suddenly vanished. But, at last, by a singular expedient, they effected a landing, and found it was terra firma. The account in the 'Speculum' is much more circumstantial. There is a little floating island, it says, which often comes so close to the shore, that one may step on it. The herbs growing on it are good for all manner of sickness. But no more than one patient is admitted at a time, and directly he is aboard, off it floats and does so for seven years, when it again approaches the main land and adheres to it quite fast. Meanwhile a noise like thunder is heard, and up rises another island just like the other in every particular, and goes on its travels for seven years, when the same operation is performed. Those who are acquainted with the floating island in Keswick Lake will not be disposed to reject the legend entirely.

The following is not without interest:—

'There is a small island in that country, which in their language is called l'Hisglum. On it are many houses, and also a church. . . . When people die they are not buried in the earth, but are set up round the church, or against the walls of the church-yard. And there they stand as if they were alive, their limbs dried, their hair and nails unscathed. They never decay, and the fowls of the air never settle on them; and the survivors can at once recognise their fathers and all their ancestors.'

Now, Giraldus wrongly attributes this legend to Arran. It belonged to Inisgluair (Icel. 'l'Hisglum'), off the coast of Erris, County Mayo. For we read in the 'Irish Nennius' ('Book of Ballymote,' i. 193) 'Inis-Gluair in Irrus Domhnán: this is its property, that the corpses that are carried into it do not rot at all, but their nails and hair grow, and every one in it recognises his father and grandfather for a long period after their death. Neither does the meat unsalted rot in it.'* What can more clearly show that the Irish and Scandinavian authors had a common source, or, which is more likely, that the account in the latter is derived from the former?

We next read of an island in Loghre (Lough Rea) where no one can die—body and soul will not disunite.† When therefore one gets so very old or very sick, that he sees his end is ordained by God, he causes himself to be conveyed out of the island, and the spell is broken; a legend, exactly corroborated by the 'Irish Nennius' (p. 192), 'The Isle of the Living was three miles from Roscrea, in the parish of Corbally, in a lake called Loch Cre, now dried up.' Whereas Giraldus mentions

* Cf. 'Cambrensis Eversus,' i. 129; and Giraldus, v. 83. Treasury Series.

† Cf. Neckham, 'Divina Sapientia,' 883.

this phenomenon as occurring in North Munster, but he is unable to name the locality.

The origin of the Wehrwolf superstition in Ireland is thus explained by our author. When St. Patrick was preaching Christianity in the country one tribe opposed him more than all the rest. Among other methods of annoyance they howled at him like wolves. Exasperated beyond all endurance, the Saint prayed God to punish them in so signal a fashion that their posterity should never forget it. And so it came to pass; for it is said their descendants will turn wolves for a season and fly to the woods. But, owing to their human intelligence, they are much worse than other wolves. Some turn wolves every seventh winter, and between whiles return to their human shape. Some again remain wolves for seven winters and are wolves never after.*

Ware, in his 'Irish Antiquities' (ii. 162) gives a list of the multitudinous battle-cries of the ancient Irish; and we may well imagine that a sight of that wild, naked Irishry screaming one of those slogans was not the best thing for the nerves. But so frightful were they, says our author, that youths who had never heard them before, were panic-stricken to such a degree that they fled to the forest and lived there till hair grew on them like bird's feathers.

Curiously enough, this very superstition lingered in County Kerry in Camden's time, who quotes as his authority for it J. Good, a priest of Limerick ('Britannia,' p. 133, f. ed. 1772):—

" 'There is,' he says, 'a persuasion of the wild Irish that he who in the great clamour and outcry which the soldiers make before a battle, does not huzza as the rest do, is suddenly snatched from the ground and carried through the air into those desolate valleys (of Kerry), in what part of Ireland soever he be; that there he eats grass, laps water, has no sense of happiness or misery; has some remains of reason but none of speech, and that at long run he is caught by the dogs in hunting, and brought back to his own home.'

Before concluding his budget of Irish wonders, our author says he would like to relate one anecdote more, for amusement's sake:—

'There was a certain jester in that land a long while ago; he was a Christian, and his name was Klepsan. It was said that nobody could help laughing at his jokes, lies though they were; no, not even a mourner could contain himself. But he fell sick and died, and was buried in the church-yard like other folks. He had lain long in the earth, so long that the flesh had all rotted off the bones, nay many of his bones also were decayed; when it came to pass that somebody,

* Cf. Baring-Gould's 'Popular Superstitions.'

while burying a corpse in the same part of the church-yard, dug so near the spot where Klepsan lay that he turned up his skull. This he placed on a big, tall stone close by, and it has stood there ever since. And whoever comes by and looks at the skull, and sees the spot where the mouth and tongue were, he must fain laugh, even though he chanced to be in heavy mood. So that the antic moves not fewer people to laughter with his dead bones than he did when alive.'

The reader will not fail to perceive that in this little-known Scandinavian book we have the skeleton or the projected shadow of him 'who wont to set the table in a roar'—Yorick, to wit. Whence did Shakspeare get the first inkling of the grave-yard and the jester's skull? Had he seen the 'Mirror' in any shape? We do not remember the legend in Bede or Saxo, from which last historian, at second hand, he borrowed and metamorphosed the tale of 'Amlethus' or 'Hamlet.' Giraldus does not allude to the legend. Singularly enough, a legend much resembling the above—even in the name of the hero of it—occurs in the 'Irish Nennius,' p. 101: 'The grave of Mac Rustaing, at Rus Ech, in Cailli Follamhain, in Meath; no woman has power to look at without an involuntary shriek, or a loud foolish laugh.' To which the editor appends the following note: 'The old church of Russagh is still remaining, near the village of Street in the north of Westmeath; but the grave of Mac Rustaing is no longer pointed out or remembered. He was one of the eight distinguished scholars of Armagh about 740. Another Irish MS. has it:—

'The grave of Mac Rustaing, I say
In Ros Each without disgrace,
Every woman who sees, shouts,
Shrieks, and loudly laughs.
Kritan was the name of fair Mac Rustaing.'

The scene now shifts to Iceland; and there is a detailed account of the fish of those seas. The whale, as was likely, occupies a large space. Several different species are described—some of them whales proper, others no connection—and many observations occur, mixed with much that is grotesque and fabulous—throwing light on the habits of the cetaceans, our knowledge of which, in spite of the researches of Eschricht, Theinar, Hartwig, Lacépède, Brown, and others, is still very incomplete:—

'There is one sort of whale, called Fishdriver, which is most profitable of all to man, for it drives herrings* and all sorts of fish to land from the sea outside. Its nature is wonderful; for it takes care not

* *Islandið sild*; the name of this fish even now on the East Coast of England and in Scotland.

to harm either ships or men; just as if it was ordained for this purpose by God; but this is only so long as the fishers follow their calling in peace. If they fall out and fight, and blood is spilt, the whale seems to be aware of it, and at once puts himself between the fish and the land, and drives them clean off. . . . It is strictly forbidden to capture or annoy it, on account of its great use to man.'

Then we have the North whale, which is sometimes ninety ells long, and as much round as he is long, for a rope just his length will gird his body at the thickest part. His head is about a third of his girth. He is a very clean liver, for men say he feeds on nothing but fog and rain. When he is captured, nothing unclean can be found in his stomach, which is, in fact, quite empty.* He has one little difficulty to contend with. The branchiæ inside of his mouth are apt to get hitched across, if he open it too wide, so that he cannot close it again, and death ensues in consequence. He is a peaceable beast, and good eating.

After enumerating a good score of whales, our author says there is one fish not yet mentioned. In fact, he has scruples about doing so, such incredible tales are told of it. It goes by the name of *haf-gufa* (sea-boiler). Anyhow, he conjectures, it must be very scarce. Its method of bread-winning is eccentric. When it is a-hungred, it opens its mouth and pours from thence such an eructation, that a host of fish swarm around, regardless of their doom, under the flattering idea that they are going to have very good times of it. The entrance being as wide, not as the proverbial church-door, but as 'a fiord,' they pass in without the least suspicion of danger, and are completely taken in, alike as metaphor and reality—the monster closing his jaws when his wame and mouth are full of the imprisoned victims.

But, after all, the account of Hartwig, a modern author, is not widely different.

The ice and fire of Iceland are now introduced by way of a pleasant variety. The ice the senior sets down to the proximity of Iceland to Greenland—a conclusion to which the moderns have also come. Our author thinks that the springs in Iceland are dead. They are continually spouting up hot water high into the air, summer and winter, and whatever is cast into them,

* The sea of Spitzbergen produces whales 200 feet long. They have no teeth. When their bodies are opened, they find nothing but ten or twelve handfuls of little black spiders, which are engendered by the bad air of the sea; and also a little green grass, which springs up from the bottom of the water. It is possible that these whales live neither on this grass, nor on these spiders, but on the water of the sea which produces the grass and spiders.—J. Peyrère, 'Greenland' (1646), p. 23. Hakluyt Society Publ.

clothes or wood, or what not, comes up again turned into stone; so that the water is clearly dead, for whatever it wets it turns to stone, and stone is dead. An ingenious syllogism! But we must pick a hole in it. As we lay encamped at the Geysirs we threw into the Strockr some unconsidered trifles—one traveller hurled in his breeches—and all these articles were subsequently ejected, mauled it is true, but not turned to stone. The silicious deposit of the hot water, which petrifies the grass and other objects around, is a process requiring a much longer time.

A theory is now propounded about the cause of the earthquakes * and eruptions in Iceland. Nor do modern philosophers seem to have got much beyond it.

‘Suppose that the fire arises from some natural properties of the country, viz., that the earth’s foundation is perforated with veins, or empty hiding-places,† or vast holes. And these get so full of wind that they cannot bear it, and so cause the earthquakes. Now if this is possible, then those fires which are seen bursting up from many parts of the island originate from the violent tempests and commotions inside the earth.’

He does not insist on the truth of this conjecture, but that it is a reasonable one. Indeed, he himself has observed that all fire proceeds from violent concussion, *e.g.* from steel striking flint, or two pieces of wood being rubbed against each other. So again if two winds meet in the air, there is a great concussion, and fire is struck out which dashes down to the earth and burns houses and forests, and even ships at sea.

In the above reasoning we at all events discern foreshadowings of the physical law propounded by the moderns, that heat and motion are identical.

Our would-be merchant is next introduced to Greenland, which was discovered first by a Norwegian, Eric the Red, about A.D. 982, in the reign of Olaf Trygvasson, as America was by the same folks not long after. The mariner in those seas need have a stout heart, for he may chance to sail across the path of the Hafstramb (sea-giant).

‘It is tall and bulky, and stands right up out of the water. From the shoulders upward it is like a man, while over the brows there is, as it were, a pointed helmet. It has no arms, and from the shoulders downwards it seems to get smaller and more slender. Nobody has ever been able to see whether its extremities ended in a tail, like that

* According to the ‘Edda,’ earthquakes are due to the raging violence of the captive Loki in his stone-cell, wherein he is confined by the gods in *seculorum*.

† Islandicè *Smuga*. Cf. *smiuga*, to sneak out, whence our ‘smuggle.’

of a fish, or in a point. Its colour was ice-blue (Jökull) colour. Neither could anyone discern whether it had scales, or skin like a man. When this monster appeared, the sailors knew it to be the presage of a storm. If it looks at a ship and then dives, a loss of life was certain; but if it looked away and then dived, people had a good hope that, though they might encounter a heavy storm, their lives would be saved.*

Another horror and we have done. Of this the author speaks with some uncertainty, as he avows. It goes by the name of *Hafgjerding* (sea-girdle or fence); the picture of it recalls that 'sea mounting up to the welkin's cheek,' which so appalled Trinculo.

'It is as if all the storms and waves of those seas had gathered together on three sides in three billows and put a girdle round the whole ocean; higher than the mountains, and as steep as a cliff, with no outlet. Few instances of escape are known, when a ship has been thus ingirt. But God must clearly have saved somebody alive to tell the tale; whether the above account exactly tallies with theirs, or whether it be somewhat magnified or diminished.'

And he goes on to state how he has met with some who had recently escaped. The whole mystery seems effectually solved by Professor Steenstrup, who has recently shown that it was caused by an 'earthquake' of great magnitude. Nay, he fixes the very date of one of these phenomena from a passage in the 'Landnama,' where a Hebrides man, who accompanied Eric the Red's expedition to colonise Greenland, 986, composed a poem called *Hafgerdinga Drápa*.†

Now follows an interesting description of Arctic navigation in days long before Martens, or Willoughby, or Frobisher were heard or thought of. The Vikings did not content themselves with sweeping the seas for galleons, or less profitable prizes, or making descents on the shores of Great Britain and France and elsewhere. Some of them took pleasure in reposing even in the chilly arms of such a stern forbidding nurse as the Icy Greenland; while their life would be none the happier for those copper-coloured hornets of aborigines (skraellingjar,‡ as they called them) buzzing about their ears, in high dudgeon at

* Bishop Eggede bears witness to the truth of these statements. He believes that the author wrote after most accurate inquiry. Cf. Rafn's 'Greenland Annals.'

† Cf. *Hvad er Kongespeilets Hafgjerdinger*: af J. Steenstrup, Copenhagen, 1871.

‡ Stræling's 'shrivelled chips of creatures.' These are the modern 'Eskimo,' which = 'fat-eaters.' The name which they give themselves is 'Innuits' = 'the people.' For full particulars concerning these people, see No. 284 of this Review, 'The Arctic Regions and the Eskimo.'

their supremacy in those latitudes being disputed by these interlopers.

The author's account of Arctic navigation might have been penned by Sir George Nares. The ice-floes on the Greenland coast, he says, are from four to five ells thick, and reach out to sea as much as four days' journey.

'They lie to the north-east and north, then to the south and south-west, and therefore, in making the land, one ought to steer westwards along the coast, till one has overlapped the ice, and then sail for the land. It has often happened that navigators have sailed for the land too soon, and got among the ice. Some of them perished in consequence, while others escaped; and I have heard the story from their own lips. The plan they pursued, when they were beset by the ice, was to take to their boats and drag them over, and so endeavour to reach land, leaving their ship and all their goods behind. Some have been out four or five days before they got to shore, some longer. This ice is of a marvellous nature. Sometimes it lies as still as possible, with great gaps or firths cut into it. At other times it moves as quickly as a ship with a good breeze. And, when once in motion, it goes as often against the wind as with it. There is another kind of ice in these seas of quite a different nature, which the Greenlanders call iceberg. It is just like a tall cliff standing out of the sea, and never blends with the other ice.'

The whales, he says, of Greenland, are the same as those of Iceland. Of seals, he enumerates four principal sorts. The 'open' seal is so called, because it swims, not on its belly, but its back or side. It never exceeds four ells in length. Another seal is the 'skemming' or 'short' seal, which is never larger than two ells. 'They are said to swim under ice-floes four or five feet thick, and blow great air-holes right through them whenever they please; a marvellous feat!'

To the moderns also these blow-holes were long an enigma. At one time it was thought that the seal made them by keeping his warm nose against the ice. But unfortunately for this theory, he has a cold nose, not a warm one, and that very tender.* These holes are in fact caused by seals, with a wonderful instinct, always rising up in precisely the same place to breathe while the ice is forming, and thus they prevent congelation, and, as Sheridan would say, puff to some purpose. Our author in stating that there were four principal species of seals, was not far out; indeed the Greenland seals are just that number.

The walrus (Rostung) is classed by the Greenlanders among the whales, but he is of opinion that it belongs to the seal

* 'Mighty near my nose,' as the seal said when he was hit in the eye.—*Icelandic Proverb.*

tribe. 'His hide is thick and good for ropes. From it are cut thongs so tough that sixty men or more may tug at them without breaking.' Of this same tenacious material were the ropes with which the Old Norsemen played their favourite game of pully-hauls against one another, the vanquished side often being hauled into an intervening pit or pool. Oh there of Halgoland, the very district where our author dwelt, informed King Alfred that among the tribute paid by the Fins to Norway were hides of seal and whale (? whale-horse, walrus). And yet tough as it is, it has served before now to stay starving stomachs. When the sons of Saemund Odde were returning from their visit to King Hacon, they were wrecked on the coast of Iceland, and floated for thirteen days on the wreck. The only comestible saved was butter, with which they smeared the walrus-hide cable and bolted morsels of it, by which means they managed to exist.*

'All these creatures of the seal kind,' concludes the author, 'are called fish; but their flesh nevertheless is not reckoned as such, for it may not be eaten on fast days, whereas the whale may.'

'What on earth,' puts in the son, 'makes people risk their lives in going thither? *Cui bono*? How do the inhabitants of those regions exist? Can they grow corn, or are land and water alike frozen? Is it an island or a continent? Are the beasts there like those of other lands?' Questions which would have done credit to an intelligent member of the Zoological or Royal Geographical Society in the nineteenth century. We have not space for the interesting reply.

In answer to his son's further question, whether Greenland lies on the outside of the earth, or where? the father conjectures, upon good authority, that Greenland has no land beyond it northward, but that it *borders on that great wild ocean that surrounds the globe*. And learned men say that a sound cuts into Greenland by which the great world-ocean ramifies into fiords and bays all over the earth. In lat. 75°, the ship 'Germania' entered a spacious fiord, and found there beautiful alpine scenery, with cascades and waterfalls, which they were prevented from exploring further; but they conjectured it pierced through the country westward to the ocean. For about it they found musk oxen in abundance, an animal which has never been seen before, except on the west coast, and which must have arrived thither either by tracking all round the coast southwards, or by valleys across the interior, hitherto unknown.

* Torfaeus 'Hist.,' iv. 40.

The following is interesting :—

‘This is the nature of the Northern Light (Nordur Liós) that it is always the more brilliant the darker the night, and it always appears by night and never by day; oftenest in pitch darkness, and not by moonshine. The appearance of it is as if one saw at a distance a great glow shooting up sharp points of flame of unequal height, and very unsteady. And while these gleams of light are at their highest and brightest, one can very well see to find one’s way out of doors, or even to go on the chase. And in-doors, if there be a window* it is so light that folks can plainly see each other. So variable is the light that at times it seems as if dark smoke or thick fog were rising up and smothering it. But when this dissipates, the light begins to grow clearer and brighter. Nay, at times it seems to emit great sparks, like a mass of iron glowing hot from the furnace. As day nears, it gradually fades, until it vanishes outright. Three guesses have been made as to the cause of the phenomenon. Some affirm that the waters encircling the earth’s ball are surrounded by fire.† And as Greenland lies on the extreme northern edge of the earth, the Northern Light may be a reflection of this fire-ring. Others, again, conjecture that at night, when the sun’s course is beneath the earth, a glint of its rays may strike the heaven above; as from the proximity of Greenland to the outer edge of the globe there is little of its convexity to intercept their passage upwards. Another, and not the least likely conjecture, is that the light in question is generated by the immense mass of ice prevailing in those regions.’

This conjecture is partly adopted by Krantz. He suggests that the vast accumulation of ice which blocks up the shores of Greenland may have some connection with the formation of the Northern Lights; and in describing the stupendous ‘ice-blink,’ a large elevated sheet of ice on the western coast, he says, it casts by reflection a brightness over the sky, similar to the Northern Lights, and which may be seen at a great distance.

Our readers will remember the wonderful Aurora visible all over Europe some years ago. ‘I suppose it was the reflection of the Arctic ice,’ observed a Yorkshire yeoman to the writer of these lines. We may, however, remind our readers, that electricity is now generally believed to be at the bottom of the phenomenon. The less philosophically inclined may take refuge in the image of Southey :—

‘Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing light,
Openings of heaven, and streams that flash at night
In fitful splendour through the Northern sky.’

* *Sléjar*, literally ‘sky light.’ In out-of-the-way parts of Scandinavia such an orifice is even now the only window of some cottages. Cf. Metcalfe’s ‘Oxonian in Thelemarken.’

† ‘*Flammantia mœnia mundi*.’—*Lucretius*.

But

But we must pass over much interesting matter.

With one 'leetle practical speering,' the dialogue winds up, viz., When ought one to be in port in autumn? XVII. Kal. November is the reply.

'Sea-faring is now unsafe. Days shorten, nights grow darker, the sea is disquieted, billows strengthen, rains are stour, storms increase, breakers* wax, strands refuse to afford safe havens, men are dazed (dazast), freights are cast overboard, and numbers perish from over much hardihood.'

And so concludes the first Part of 'The King's Mirror.'

At the next interview the son informs his father that to sea he intends to go, and put some of his precepts in practice. But it might happen that on foreign voyages he took a fancy to go to Court and see more refined manners than are met with among traders. 'I wish, therefore, to learn here at home from you, unless you think it a thriftless labour, the etiquette of the Court?'—'Thriftless! by no manner of means! It cannot be thriftless; for there is the fountain of all good manners and courtesy (kurteisi); although, let me tell you, at Court, as elsewhere, there are manners and manners.'

We now enter upon a most curious disquisition on Court manners. The Early English Text Society, by the publication of Henry Rhodes's 'Boke of Nurture and School of Good Manners,' John Russel's 'Boke of Nurture,' &c., has made us acquainted with the fact that in England there was in the fifteenth century quite a literature on these topics—a literature perpetuated by such books as 'Counsellar Manners' Advice to his Son,† and the more famous 'Letters of Chesterfield.' But few people would imagine that, early in the thirteenth century, up yonder in that Ultima Thule, Scandinavia, such care was bestowed on external behaviour as is apparent in this work; which, with none of the coarseness of the 'Book of Courtesy,' is also free from the questionable morality of Chesterfield.

But it is not to be supposed that the mere going to Court would make one a gentleman. Twelve months' constant residence would be hardly sufficient to give a man the requisite *ton*, even though he possessed much natural adaptability and tact. Indeed, there are hangers-on at Court a life-long, your Sir

* Is. bodar, properly 'bodera,' i. e. of hidden rocks; a capital expression for breakers. What a power and a picture in them these old Scandinavian words had! 'Blámyr,' for instance = 'blue moor,' said of the sea! Can Mr. Tennyson beat that?

† The full title of this quaint work is 'Counsellar Manners' last legacy to his son, enriched and embellished with grave avisos, excellent histories, and ingenious proverbs and apothegms,' by J. D. (John Dore), printed and to be sold by T. Shelmerdine at the Rose Tree, Little Britain. 2nd ed. 1673. 3rd, 1698.

Mungos, who never learn good manners or courtesy, 'just as men will go to Jerusalem and come back the dullards that they went.'

The old Icelandic proverb, 'Betra spurt en óvis vera' ('Better speer than not be sure'), seems to be the motto of our inquiring tiro, for he persists in his queries: 'Would it not be preferable to be a free country farmer, than be a mere parasite at the nod and beck of the king?' This view of Court life provokes the governor's bile, who seems to have a natural antipathy to the sordid lot of your 'base mechanical, your rustic (porpari), your clownish ploughboy (plógkarl).' The answer is,

'Everybody throughout the kingdom is at the king's disposal: whether to send on a foreign mission to pope or monarch, or on a warlike expedition, or what not. All are bound to do his bidding, whether clerk, abbot, bishop, or farmer. Surely then it is better to be a regular Court official, and enjoy the king's friendship and protection, and so have precedence everywhere, than be a mere Bezonian and country bumpkin, and play second fiddle and eat humble-pie everywhere! The name of king's house-carle is by no means to be despised; on the contrary, it is a highly honourable title, which many an invalided courtier or officer is only too proud of.'

The author gives a very high standard of Court-life doubtless; but with that innate love of the noble and chivalrous implanted in these Northerners, it is not impossible that some might have reached in act what another had been able to conceive and prescribe. In short, the way in which Scandinavia, with very little acquaintance, comparatively, with southern politeness, letters, and religion, marked out for herself an original line in each of these, betokens an abundance of native genius.

The following is practical:—

'Consider that foreign envoys of high breeding may visit the Court; who will look very sharply at the manners of the King and his *entourage*, and criticise them all the more keenly the more polished they are themselves. And when they return home they will report all that they have seen and heard. These reports of foreign Courts are sure to be strongly featured—full of scorn, or full of approbation. Only think, if, at some grand *levée*, where archbishops, and earls, and bishops, and prefects, and knights, and hirdmen were present, one of these great dignitaries made a hole in his manners! What a butt he would be for ridicule! Or if one of the hirdmen were to be guilty of a breach of politeness, straightway the King would get the blame; for folks would say that it was from him the manners of the Court took their colour. What are life and limb worth when a man, by his vulgarity has disgraced his sovereign!'

The bare possibility of such a catastrophe at once sharpens the youth's curiosity.

'It is quite probable that I may visit the King and enter his service, as my father and kinsmen have done before me, winning for themselves thereby much honour and royal favour. I prithee, therefore, tell me how I should address the King. Inform me distinctly of my demeanour and dress, and everything, in short, that will comport with the royal presence.'

Answer:

'I will suppose that you have arrived at Court, and your errand thither is to enter the King's service. First, you will diligently inquire who the persons are that are wont to usher in strangers. These you will conciliate, and disclose to them your business, begging them to forward it. Those who are most with the King know the best time for approaching him. If you have to make known your petition to him, when he is at table, be sure and get accurate intelligence whether he is in a good humour. And if you learn that he is not so blithe (ublidur) as usual, or put out about something, or so occupied in affairs of weight that he cannot attend to your matter, then let it rest that day, and try if you can find him more at leisure, or in better humour, another day; but mind and wait till he is nearly full.'

This judicious choice of the *mollia tempora fandi* for approaching his Majesty with the 'Sifflication,' is highly amusing, and not less so his practical acquaintance with the old proverb, 'It is ill talking between a full man and a fasting.'

Some important precepts on dress follow.* He must don his best suit, be well hosed and shod, have both doublet and cloak. His breeches must be brown or scarlet; or they may be of black leather. His doublet brown, green, or red, according to his taste. His linen of good material, but cut scant and close-fitting.

'Your beard must be dressed in the prevailing fashion.† When I was at Court it was the fashion to have the hair cut shorter than the ear-lobes, and combed smooth all round, with a short forelock over the brows. They wore the whiskers and moustache cut short, and chin-beard dressed in the German fashion. And I doubt whether any

* Shakspeare on dress with his 'neat not gaudy' has never been surpassed. But some lesser lights must be allowed to illustrate this weighty topic.

'Thy clothes neat and fashionable, not over gaudy, that the wiser sort of men may not take thee for the king's jester.'—*Counsellor Manners*, 15. Cf. *Ibid.* 45.

'Be extremely neat and clean in your person and perfectly well dressed, according to the fashion, be that what it will.'—*Chesterfield*, i. 406.

† 'If all the Court cut their hair short, I would not have thee wear thine long, and if they wear long hair, I would not have thee wear thine even to thine ears, which would make thee show like a ducatoon.'—*Manners*, 46.

For an account of the changes in England in the style of wearing the hair, see Hewett's 'Ancient Armour,' i. 150, and Strickland's 'Queens of England,' i. 312.

fashion can come into vogue that will look neater, or be better suited to a man-at-arms.'

We see that the question of beards or no beards was as much an affair of moment then as now. The fashion had altered since the days of Hacon Jarl, when the Jomsburg Vikings are described as wearing their hair long and flowing. At length, all things being propitious, at a sign from the door-keeper, our juvenile aspirant enters the royal presence, leaving his cloak in the hands of his attendant: his hair combed smooth, his beard well stroked: no hat, cap, or coif (kveif) on his head, his hands bare: his countenance suave, and his whole person thoroughly cleansed. His head and figure must be erect, his gait stately, but not too slow.

The next instructions must be given verbatim:

'When you come to the King, bow humbly, and salute him thus: "God give thee good day, my lord the King." If his Majesty is at table on your entrance, do not do what many a blundering lout has done, lean against the table, much less sprawl over it like an uncouth idiot. But take up a position so far from it, that all the domestics can easily get between you and the board. But if the King is not at table, approach only so near that the servants have room to pass between you and the King's footstool.

'Your hands ought to be so disposed that the right clasps the left wrist. And let them sink before you as you find most convenient.'

The proper officer will then represent the matter to the King, and if he requires a little time for inquiry, our youngster must hang about the Court, living at his own charges, unless perchance he is bidden to the royal table. He must be sure and not get the reputation of sponging upon others for a dinner; a piece of advice, by-the-by, to be found in that very ancient repertory of Icelandic saws, the '*Hávarmál*,' and well worthy the study of those social parasites who, though quite able 'to entertain' themselves, regard all hospitality as a one-sided affair, and to them not appertaining.

One thing puzzles our ingenious youth, viz., why a man should wear no cloak in the royal presence, when, if such a thing were done in the country, it would raise a horse-laugh among the bystanders; and a man would be written down zany, for turning out just like a gipsy. The explanation for the fashion is, first, that it betokens a readiness to serve, as it were, with girt loins; and secondly, as a precaution against the concealed dagger of the cloaked assassin.

Here follows a little picture which might have been taken from the '*Fortunes of Nigel*.'

'When

'When you are in the King's presence be sure not to converse with those around, but attend carefully to what the King says, so that you may not have to ask him to repeat his words. It often happens when a man is standing in the royal presence that people keep crowding about him, and speering all manner of questions. In some this is due to *gaucherie*; others do it because they would not be sorry if they could mar the cause of the petitioner. Now if anybody plays you this trick, have a fair word in your mouth for him, thus: "Bide a bit, good man, while I list to the King; syne I will gladly have speech with thee!" And if, after this, he goes on speaking, don't answer a word till the King has stopped speaking. Be careful to use the plural in addressing the King. Above all, mind you don't do what some fools do, speak of yourself in the plural, and of the King in the singular. Should it so befall that the King says aught which you do not catch, don't reply, "Ha! How? What?" Merely say, "Let it not displease your Majesty that I speer what you said to me, for I did not quite comprehend." Don't let the King have to explain his words too often.'

A similar piece of advice is given by the contemporary author of the German poem, 'The Italian Guest,' already mentioned:—

'A younker must be ever quick
To catch what people say:
So need they not repeat their words,
Which is but sorry play:
Nor must he stand upon the bench
On which the knights do sit,' &c.

Our candidate for Court favour is next supposed to enter fairly on his duties. Early in the morning he must repair to the King's lodgings neat and clean. He must then accompany his Majesty to church and listen devoutly to the service, and when he leaves the church keep within call, but not so near as to inconvenience him in case he wishes to converse with anybody.

Suppose the King goes out for a walk, the courtiers will accompany him, not in a round mass pressing upon him, but in two little equal columns, on either side, and at such a distance that he can converse without being overheard. At table they will speak low, so that their neighbours on either side will not hear all they say. Excess in drinking they will avoid, confining themselves to a moderate enjoyment of the good things. One thing they will specially attend to; whenever the King has got his head in his tankard, they will refrain from taking a pull at theirs. Even though it is raised to their lips, they must set it down again. The same respect must be shown to the Queen.

Again,

Again, suppose chieftains of note, whom the King delights to honour, enter the apartment, all the courtiers must rise at once and greet them. Indeed, the same attention must be shown to any of the courtiers on his entrance. The two who sit next him will rise and bid him welcome.

Wherever they are, they will never forget their position; their tone will be subdued and their gestures dignified; and all ribaldry will be carefully eschewed.

Military exercise and equipments follow; and by-and-by the author gets the bit, so to say, in his teeth, and dashes at full career through a complete catalogue of the armour, offensive and defensive, then in use. The King, in 'Hamlet,' if we remember, talks admiringly of a gentleman of Normandy, lately a visitor at the Danish Court, who had served against the French. He—

‘Grew into his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpse and deminated
With the brave beast.’

The Centaur he had in his eye was, likely enough, a pure Norwegian. Then follow some useful hints on equitation, where opportunity offers.

If, on the other hand, he is stationed in a city where there is no opportunity of riding, he will practise fencing on foot with some accomplished swordsman, native or foreign, equipped with target or buckler. He ought to do this in heavy armour of chain or plate, and a sword to correspond. If he wishes to be a proficient he will practise the tricks of offence and defence twice a day; never less than once, unless it be a holy day. All King's-men ought to learn these useful, nay, necessary arts. So thought the Dane Laertes, who by long practice was so dexterous in the use of the rapier, that M. Lamode must fair confess:—

‘The scrimers of his nation
Had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If he opposed them.’

‘In war be tenacious, but not headlong. Let others bear witness to your prowess; do not boast of your own exploits, lest, hereafter, the death of those you have slaughtered should be visited upon yourself, and that on your own provocation.’ He does not here speak without warrant. Instances occur in the Sagas of Northmen bragging in Mickligardr (Constantinople) and elsewhere of their having done to death some redoubtable Viking; and, while the words are upon their lips, their skull is cleft

cleft suddenly from behind. It is the avenger of blood, a near relative of the deceased, who has tracked the manslayer with slow but sure foot, and found him out at last. Now comes a *locus classicus* for machines of war. And then follows a sentence which modern cheeseparers might study with benefit: 'All these things ought to be provided and their use learned beforehand, for nobody knows how soon they require to be used. It is good to have a stock in hand, even if not wanted now.'

It was to their superior armour that the Irish author of 'The Gaedhill and the Gaill' attributes the victories of the Northmen over his countrymen. At Clontarf, 1014, while King Brian stands apart from the fray, reciting scores of paternosters, the lad Latean describes what passes before his eyes. The Norsemen he calls 'blue stark-naked' men, having evidently never seen men sheathed in steel before. 'Azure Gentiles' is another and similar appellation given them. For a life-like picture of these Northern warriors, see an old Danish ballad ('Grundtvig,' Part III., 180), describing the abduction of Thorsten's bride, which occurred 1287:—

'Yond are three hundred warriors bold,
All as a cushat blue;
The steed that is cased in silk attire,
Rides the chieftain of the crew.

'Yond are three hundred warriors bold,
Near by the castle yard;
Outside, they all in silk are clad,
Inside, with ring-mail hard.

'Well whetted of each is the glaive,
And bended is every bow;
Stern wrath is within their bosoms,
Fell vengeance sits on their brow.'

This reminds us of the Scotch ballad:

'There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone gray;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand if they may.'

At the youth's request, the principal machines used in sieges are enumerated. In one machine it is very interesting to see the principle of the modern ballast-truck, and of the bombshell combined.

'The shooting-truck (skotvagn) is a good contrivance. It is made like an ordinary carriage, either on two or four wheels. This must be loaded with stones, cold or hot. Fixed to it are two chains, one on

on either side; so strong as to be able to hold the carriage when it is running full tilt down a planked incline. Great care must be taken that it does not leave the line. As soon as the chains begin to arrest its race (*rás*), it shoots out its load on those below. It is best to load it with stones of different sizes, some big, some little. Men of experience in defending a castle make balls of baked clay, so hard that they can bear being hurled. In these they put small, hard stones. The moment the balls strike they burst, so that they cannot be slung back again.'

This is remarkable enough, but the list closes with an infernal machine, 'the Skialldar lotun, belching forth poisonous fire,' which is more remarkable still. The very short description of it forbids all trustworthy conjecture as to its precise nature. It is described as 'a curved and panelled giant,' and as surpassing everything else in its potency. Was it a cannon made after the fashion of Mons Meg in Edinburgh Castle, of hooped staves? But, according to good authorities, 'Villanous saltpetre' was not yet 'dug out of the bowels of the harmless earth,' to hurl destruction as an ingredient of gunpowder;

'Nor those abominable guns yet found
To send cold lead through gallant warrior's liver,'

at least not in Northern Europe. The first allusion to cannon by Froissart occurs in 1340. The first mention of cannon in England is in 1338. In fact, the use of ordnance is generally assigned to the Battle of Crecy, 1346. But the date of this book is placed by none later than 1240. Could the poisonous fire belched forth by this giant be Greek fire—that happy mixture of naphtha, pitch, resin, and vegetable oil, which is said to have been invented by the Greeks of the Lower Empire? It was certainly employed by the Arabs at the siege of Damietta about this time (1218); and the Vikings might have brought the knowledge of it to Norway. But, after all, like the use of the magnet, which Humboldt shows to have been known to the Chinese B.C. 1000, gunpowder might have been invented long before Roger Bacon and Schwartz.

In the 'Laurentius Saga' mention is made of one Thrand, the Fusileer, who came from Flanders to King Eric Priest-hater's Court in Bergen at Christmas 1294—i.e. nearly fifty years before cannon are heard of in England—and exhibited a Herbreest (war-explosion), which causes so great a report that few can bear to hear it. Pregnant women are brought to bed prematurely; men fall from their seats. To produce this explosion four things were wanted—fire, sulphur, parchment, and tow.

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The date, therefore, of the invention and use of cannon seems by no means certain.

But from this sulphureous atmosphere we now emerge to one more savoury and inviting. Behaviour in society is now discussed. A polite man skills well in addressing women, whether young or more advanced in years, to use such words as are suitable to their condition, and are befitting alike for them to hear and him to speak. The ladies will be anxious to compare with this passage, which so explicitly inculcates deference to women, the sentiments of Lord Chesterfield. With a cynical humour he recommends his son outwardly to pay them great court and deference, on account of the power they undoubtedly wield in society; but inwardly to hold them in supreme contempt.

We may here remark, that the Norwegians generally treated their females with courtesy and respect; but then they required obedience, and obedience they would have, even by rougher modes than that by which Petruchio tamed Katharine. The peerless Gunnar boxed his wife's ears. Olaf Tryggvason did the same by Sigrid the Haughty: they both died for it. Sitric, son-in-law of Brian Boroihme, cuffed his Irish wife at the battle of Clontarf for her rude taunts about the flight of his countrymen; upon which the learned editor of the 'Wars of the Gaedhill,' &c., sarcastically remarks: 'Such was the refinement of Scandinavian Court manners at that time in Dublin.' The provocation, however, was intolerable, and beyond the endurance of Norse flesh and blood. They had no Trollope to counsel them: 'When a woman flings, fly!'

Having settled, then, the claims of the fair sex, our author proceeds to lay down rules for a polite bearing towards men. He will know how to say the right thing to the right man. His raillery (*gaman-yrdi*) should be fair and seemly. One branch of politeness, and a chief one, is to know when to use the plural and when the singular. This caution was by no means otiose, and to neglect it was to make a great hole in your manners.

Nigellus Wireker, in his picture of the manners of English students at Paris (about this time), points to certain bad habits they indulged in:—

'Fercula multiplicant et sine lege bibunt :

Washeil et drincheil, nec non persona secunda :

Hæc tria sunt vitia quæ comitantur eos.'

i.e. Their faults were gluttony, boosing, and a haughty, insular, hail fellow, well-met! manner, which led them to 'tu toi' the French.

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The father proceeds:—

‘Good breeding consists also in the choice of your apparel, both in colour and other respects; in knowing when it is proper to wear your cloak, or hat, or coif, and when to go without them.’

If the reader objects that these rules are puerile, Counsellor Manners and Chesterfield come to our rescue. The former pithily says to his son: ‘Let not thy beaver be made with a steeple crown, whilst the crowns of other men’s hats are flat, lest they that meet thee take thee for a stalking antic, or an image broken loose from an old piece of arras.’*

While my Lord might have drawn his awkward fellow from the Icelandic text: ‘His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them. They are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches.’

The salient features, nay, the finer *nuances*, of morality (*mœurs*) are next portrayed with much insight, though at times a slight confusion is made between it and politeness, between manners and morals.

There is a long and quaint episode on the Fall, wherein Lucifer, turning ‘nithering’ against his Lord, takes the shape of an asp. In those days this animal went on two legs, with body upright and the face of a woman, but with a tail behind.† And so ends our budget of extracts from ‘The Royal Mirror.’

In an age of acknowledged licentiousness, and when an essentially base code of morals prevailed, especially among the higher classes, not a syllable of a lax or immoral tendency escapes the author. While an English nobleman of the eighteenth century, in his letters to his son, did not scruple to postpone morals to manners, sincerity to complaisance, we have here a father of the twelfth century, not less noble by birth, exalted in station, and polished in utterance, who, albeit he pillories awkwardness and vulgarity as keenly and mercilessly as the Earl, never omits to extol morality and hold up virtue to admiration. Of women, though they are rarely mentioned, he always speaks with deference and never in disparagement; though a contemporary English writer, Neckam, did not scruple to call the fair ‘Fax Sathanæ.’ Again, in the chapter of state affairs, there is nothing crooked and Machiavellian; all is simple and sincere. In his monarchical ideas there is nought savouring of sycophancy and

* ‘Counsellor Manners,’ 15. ‘Chesterfield,’ i. 21.

† Among the wall paintings in the Chapter-house at Salisbury, dating, if we remember rightly from 1158, there is none more curious than the ‘Temptation,’ where the figure of the Asp in the text is repeated to the most minute detail.

king worship ; no court holy-water descends upon the sovereign. If he commits faults, he must himself smart for it ; no whipping boy is at hand, no scapegoat to bear the penalty of his sins. Night and day, from his youth upward, he must give heed to his momentous duties. And, *per contra*, the writer is equally alive to what is required of the king's subjects. A genuine patriot, he is always deeply impressed with the importance of every Norwegian endeavouring in his own person, his dealings and behaviour, to uphold the honour and fair name of his country. His motto is Σπάρτην ἔλαχες ταύτην κοσμεῖ.

A most chequered miscellany the work no doubt is, but miscellanies were the fashion of the time. Nay, this very diversity of subjects is clear gain as far as modern inquiry is concerned, though the work may suffer thereby in point of artistic unity, for to this kind of writing we owe so much of our knowledge of out-of-the-way facts, which would otherwise have been lost in oblivion. Most books in those days compassed all creation in their scope, or by way of illustration. Everything was grist that came to the author's literary mill. No historian of a country would think of commencing later than the siege of Troy ; possibly he went further back still, and started 'ab ovo Leda.' Every poetical effusion would be sure to embrace the Deluge. Again, natural wonders were always a popular topic. Our own Robert of Gloucester, in his rhymed 'Chronicle,' the most ancient professed history in the English language, is also a wonder-monger. After telling us that the vicinity of Salisbury abounded in 'wylde bestes' of the chace, and that the county of Lyncolne is celebrated for fairest men, he describes the waters of Bath, Stonehenge, and the Peak of Derbyshire.

With regard to our author's scientific knowledge, we have seen that it is by no means contemptible. Witness his inquiries into the cause of volcanoes and earthquakes, and say whether your Humboldts and Daubeneyes have probed much deeper into the cause of the mysterious underground activities.

His modest conjectures in the domain of physical science do him much credit ; if we consider that he lived in an age when astrology, the cabala, and the philosopher's stone were firmly believed in. Always sober-minded, he makes a point of weighing evidence before forming his conclusions, in the true spirit of a philosophical inquirer. If at times he indulges in the marvellous, gravely relating, on good authority, his tales of the Irish wehrwolf, of the stick petrified at one end and remaining real wood at the other, of the islands of the dead and of the living, all he can say is he has taken very great

pains to ascertain the truth, and he states exactly what he had heard.

His natural history, again, is a remarkable production, evincing a great deal of patient research, much of which, moreover, is partly corroborated by recent travellers.

In proof of our author's habit of independent thought we find him, counter to the opinion prevalent in the North, claiming the walrus for the seal tribe, rather than the cetacea; while our countryman Neckam glibly classes the hippopotamus among the fishes.

In describing 'Greenland's icy mountains,' what a grand opportunity he had for retailing such grotesque old fancies, as that snapped up by Rabelais:

'Those uncouth islands where words frozen bee,
Till by the thawe next yeare they'r voic't againe.'

But our author, on the contrary, prefers entering into an investigation whether Greenland is an island at all, and not rather part of a continent, regard being had to its Fauna; which is, in fact, a great *questio vexata* of modern science at this moment.

If our author moralises too much, it was the plague of the day with which all his contemporaries were smitten. But, matched with them, he keeps quite within moderate bounds. Compare his references to the moon with Neckam's dissertation on the spots visible in that luminary, which drivels off into the tale of the 'Man in the Moon,' and thence by an easy transition into the sin of our first parents.

We have been at pains to compare the writer of the 'Mirror' with Neckam, for the two books of the latter—'De rerum Natura,' and 'Divina Sapientia'—are, like this work, a very miscellaneous farrago, and afford a tolerable sample of the then habits and methods of thought in England.

Advancing further with our writer, his quaint pictures of Court life, its dress and etiquette, its occupations and amusements; his elaborate description of armour offensive and defensive, aboardship and ashore, form not the least interesting pages of the work. And it must be a source of regret that the original plan of depicting the life of the clergy and the peasants was not carried out.

ART. III.—*Principles of Mental Physiology, with their applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the study of its Morbid Conditions.* By William B. Carpenter, F.R.S., C.B. London, 1875.

FROM the very earliest time in which traces of scientific methods can be found, thinkers have gravitated to one or the other of two schools, which may be roughly designated as the Physical and the Intellectual. Thales, Anaxagoras, and Epicurus, whatever their mutual differences, stand out in a general strong contrast with Plato and his followers. So do Newton and Young, and the whole series of mathematicians in England and on the continent, with Malebranche, Berkeley, Hartley, Kant, Fichte. The one school is preoccupied with the phenomena of the external world; with the other the primary object of interest is the nature of Man, its inhabitant. The former delights in tracing the operation of laws which, as they gradually unfold themselves, tend more and more to simplification. Relations are discovered between groups of facts which at first seemed entirely disconnected from one another; and an expectation arises which, as it is founded upon an ever-widening experience, appears entirely conformable to reason, that so far as inanimate substances are concerned, whatever exists at any one moment is the necessary outcome of the immediately previous condition; so that the truest picture which the imagination can form of this portion of the universe will be one in which it is represented as a chain made up of an infinite number of links, both ends of which are hidden from our eyes. If animated nature (leaving Man for the present out of consideration) be also taken into account, this conception appears at first to be inappropriate. But here, again, further investigation does much to revive it. The instincts of animals appear to be as universal in their operation as the laws of gravitation; and their movements, in some instances, are confessedly undistinguishable from those of mechanical action. There naturally arises a great temptation to generalise in the direction thus indicated; to bring all animal life into the same category; and to regard the act of the hound pursuing his prey by scent through the tangled brake, as in no way differing from that of the fly-catching plant, which closes on the insects that touch it, or even from that of the stone which falls when the support that kept it up is removed. Finally, man, with his complicated nature, is thought by some to furnish no exception to an universal law of necessary evolution. The creations of Shakespeare, and the

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movement of the loggin-stone of the Land's End, in their view equally owe their origin to the unfolding of an infinite web of succession, the one modified as little by the personality of the poet as the other by the choice of the block of granite. Dr. Carpenter gives a few extracts from a book of the late Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson, which he justly regards as the most thorough-going expression of this doctrine in its extreme form. We quote one, not so much on this account, as because it seems to show plainly the path which led to it,—namely, the influence which, as Bacon remarks, the particular pursuit which may enjoy a kind of primogeniture with any thinker, always exerts upon him in the shaping of his philosophy.

'In material conditions I find the origin of all religions, all philosophies, all opinions, all virtues, all spiritual conditions and influences; in the same manner that I find the origin of all diseases and of all insanities in material conditions and causes I feel that I am as completely the result of my nature, and impelled to do what I do, as the needle to point to the north, or the puppet to move according as the string is pulled.'

The school of thought, on the other hand, whose starting-point is the investigation of man's intellectual and spiritual nature, commencing as it does with the facts of individual consciousness, is no less unwilling to contemplate any interference arising out of external laws with the absolute supremacy of individual freedom, than the materialists are to acknowledge the possibility of any arbitrary variation in them. In the earlier ages of society the facts of individual consciousness are the very first which attract, and all but monopolise, attention. Every force of nature is *personified* in the philosophy of a primitive people, no less than in their poetry and their mythology. Not only are the trees of the forest, and the brooks which run among them, identified with Dryads and Naiads, not only do Arès and Athenè symbolise the incarnation of brute force and sagacity, but the great problem (which presents itself in different shapes to every age) of reconciling to the imagination the two ideas of Liberty and Law, appears in the Homeric poems as a comparison between the strength of Fate and of Jupiter. Nothing can be more certain than that the notion of personality is a primitive one, of course for many ages altogether undeveloped and crude, but seen to be acted upon wherever there is any record of human doings, implied in every creation of the imagination which has excited human sympathies, and recognised in the language of every portion of the human race. Even when we come to later times, and professed philosophers, the old modes of thought
still

still exhibit themselves where, to our modern judgments, they are most inappropriate. Affection and Strife are the forms under which the materialist Empedocles exhibits the properties which we call attraction and repulsion.

Whatever extension may be given in the immediate future to the cultivation of the physical sciences, and however widely they may come to be substituted in the higher schools for the studies which have hitherto nourished the mental growth of the upper classes of England, there is little fear that the effects will follow which some apprehend. The favourite study of mankind always has been, and always will be, man himself—and not man as a machine, but as a living, acting, feeling, thinking being, the subject of hopes and fears, aspirations and aversions. If the Roman satirist, when he described his work—

‘Quicquid agunt homines, vitium, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli’—

could have suspected that a time would ever arrive when the various features in the picture of human corruption which he painted, would be regarded by philosophers of reputation as mere symbols expressing the reflex action of nervous currents, he would undoubtedly have given vent to his spleen at the influence of foreign *savants* in even bitterer terms than those in which he indulges. But such indignation would have been as misplaced as the terrors of some modern divines are. Every new idea creates an enthusiasm in the minds of those who have first grasped it, which renders them incapable of viewing it in its true proportions to the sum total of knowledge. It is in their eyes no new denizen of the world of facts, but a heaven-sent ruler of it, to which all previously recognised truths must be made to bow. As time goes on, truer views obtain. The new principle ceases to be regarded either as a pestilent delusion or as a key to all mysteries. Its application comes to be better defined and its value more reasonably appreciated, when both idolaters and iconoclasts have passed away, and a new generation begins to take stock of its intellectual inheritance.

The book of Dr. Carpenter is an attempt to mediate between the extreme Psychologists and Physiologists. He regards the causative power of the human will, and the self-determined condition of the individual man in the exercise of it, as primary facts of which we have the complete evidence in our own consciousness. But not the less does he accept, with certain limitations, the doctrines which the Physiological School urge

as incompatible with such a view. He frankly confesses their merits at the outset.

'What modern research seems to me to have done, is to elucidate the mechanism of Automatic action; to define with greater precision the share it takes in the diversified phenomena of Animal life, psychical as well as physical; and to introduce a more scientific mode of thought into the Physiological part of the inquiry. But in so far as those who profess to be its expositors ignore the fundamental facts of consciousness on which DesCartes himself built up his philosophical fabric, dwelling exclusively on Physical action as the only thing with which Science has to do, and repudiating the doctrine (based on the universal experience of Mankind) that the mental states which we call Volitions and Emotions have a causative relation, they appear to me to grasp only one half of the problem, to see only one side of the shield. That the principle of the conservation of Energy holds good not less in the Living body than in the Inorganic world, I was myself among the earliest to maintain. That in the most powerful muscular effort which can be called forth by the Human Will, there is no more a *creation* of Energy than in an Automatic convulsion, I believe as firmly as Professor Clifford. And that the general tendency of modern scientific research is to extend the domain of Law to every form of mundane change—the belief in the Uniformity of Causation being now assumed as axiomatic in all scientific procedure—I recognise as fully as Mr. Herbert Spencer.'—*Preface*, p. xvi.

There is no question that automatism, including in that term both mental and bodily activities, plays a very large part in the life of every one. What the limits of that part are is the real question at issue, and this it is the object of Dr. Carpenter's work to point out. The book is, in fact, a survey of the borderland between the region of Physical Causation and Moral Causation, taking its departure from the ground of the physiologist. It naturally enters largely into anatomical details, which however necessary for the establishment of the author's argument in the minds of his fellow-experts, are the reverse of attractive to the general reader. We will therefore endeavour to spare him as much of these as we can without injury to the understanding of the case.

That all our knowledge of the external world arises from the impressions made upon our senses is allowed by all philosophers of whatever school since the time of Locke; but the really important point to ascertain is, whether, in the very act of acquiring this knowledge, we have not evidence of something more than the external world—that is, of the *Ego*, the sentient subject, our own personality. It might be possible to acquiesce in a denial of this, if the whole of our existence consisted of one unvarying,

unvarying, single sensation; but as soon as ever any the least variation of this is *perceived*, personality shows itself in its simplest form, viz.—as the identical subject of two diverse sensations. Let us merely suppose these sensations multiplied and varied, each in its turn leaving its trace in the shape of a remembrance, and the result will be something analogous to what is continually experienced in a dream, where image after image springs up in an apparently arbitrary manner, the sleeper bearing no other part in it than that of the spectator of a moving phantasmagoria.

Now in this simplest form of personality there is not involved the idea either of knowing or of acting. The *Ego* is in it nothing more than the passive recipient of a string of impressions. He can have no thought either of any law by which this succession is regulated, or of any power in himself of modifying them. We will, however, proceed a step further. Let us suppose these sensations divided into several similar groups. The observation of this regular recurrence constitutes an elementary knowledge for the *Ego*. He apprehends an order by which his sensations follow one another. Now, let us suppose that these groups, though infinite so far as appears in number, are divided into several classes (which we will denote by the letters of the alphabet), so that there are several A's, several B's, several C's, and so on; and, further, that an A is always succeeded by B, sometimes but not always, also by C, and never by D. The *Ego* now increases his stock of knowledge, but it is still a communicated, not an acquired knowledge—it is the knowledge of an observer pure and simple, not of a thinker; it is the knowledge of Flamsteed, while noting and tabulating the lunar movements, not the knowledge of Newton, deducing from those movements the law of gravitation. The *Ego*, by acquiring this knowledge, has become an *ens sciens*, but as yet is in no respect an *ens agens*. And however much we may suppose the groups of sensations varied and complicated, and in consequence the aggregate of the communicated knowledge increased for the *Ego*, he remains still altogether passive, the product (except so far as consciousness is concerned) of external forces, as much as the mature plant is the product of the pains bestowed upon it by the gardener. If then the matured powers of the man are really developed out of simple sensations by a *similar* process, however wonderful and elaborate, it cannot be contested that he must be classed in the same category as the plant.

But now let us see how far the phenomena even of infancy warrant any such conclusion. Our classes of sensations, just now denoted by the letters of the alphabet, are here those which reach

reach the sentient subject, the infant, through his several senses. The physiologist teaches us that in sight, for instance, a certain impression is made on the retina of the eye, just as in photography an impression is made on prepared glass; and the first effect of this is to generate nerve-force in the optic nerve along which it is transmitted to the ganglionic centre of the latter, which forms part of the sensorium.* The olfactory and the auditory nerves perform a precisely similar function in the case of smelling or hearing. All these nerves have in themselves no sensation; their sole employment being to convey, like a telegraph, the message from without, and they may be pricked or pinched without evoking any sign of pain. It is altogether different with the nerves which minister to the power of movement, as well as convey to the *Ego* the information supplied by the senses of touch and of muscular resistance, and which, on this account, have received the name of the sensori-motor nerves. Microscopic observation exhibits them as bundles of minute fibres, of which each is isolated from the rest, like the wires in a submarine cable, by a peculiar substance known as the 'white substance of Schwann.' They are of two distinct kinds—the *afferent*, which convey to their proper ganglionic centres the sensations indicated by the touch, and the sense of muscular resistance, and the *efferent*, which, proceeding from these ganglionic centres, produce movement in the appropriate members through muscular contraction. The combination of the two is like a compound telegraphic arrangement, by which information is transmitted from the point A to the point B, and orders derived from that information (*not* the information itself) forwarded at once to a third point C. In many cases this is purely an automatic proceeding, as, for instance, when the soles of the feet are tickled, the involuntary result is a twitching convulsion of those members. But in others the volitional character is manifest, as when we find by our sensations that a weight carried on the shoulder is awkwardly placed, and therefore we vary its position to render it more tolerable.

Now, the first manifestation of volitional movement in the infant is undoubtedly obscure. He turns in his cradle towards a light; and this is doubtless an automatic result occasioned by the attraction of its brightness. But the same can hardly be said of his handling an object presented to him, which, if in its origin stimulated by an ex-

* By this term may be understood the aggregate of the ganglia in which the spine and the several nerves centre, lying under the higher hemispherical portion of the brain, the cerebrum.

ternal impulse, almost instantly assumes another character, when he places the object at different distances from his eyes, carries it to his mouth, turns it in various ways, strikes it against the side of his cradle, and endeavours to pull it to pieces. It is impossible for any one who watches these acts to conceive them to be nothing else than a sequence of phenomena, each springing out of the one preceding it by a mechanical necessity. There is manifestly a *comparison* going on of the different sensations that have been excited; and comparison in its most elementary form implies attention, that is, concentration upon some portion of whatever is presented to the *Ego* to the comparative neglect of the rest. Indeed, it seems undeniable, that even in any *single* experience of muscular resistance, there must be awakened the consciousness of a force to the exercise of which that resistance is offered; in which case the evidence of the existence of the *Ego* as an active force, cannot but be regarded as arising contemporaneously with that of the existence of the *non-Ego*—the external world, the limit of such active force.

Automatism, however, undoubtedly plays a very large part in the bodily actions, and, according to Dr. Carpenter, in mental operations also. The acts of breathing, of coughing, and of sneezing are mainly independent of the will. The muscular movements which effect them are evoked by agencies over which the will has no control. The beating of the heart is even more striking. It may be, and often is, modified by emotion, but never by a simple effort of will without the presence of emotion. It is obvious that but for this automatism, in many cases, there would be no security for the maintenance of life. The circulation of the blood would cease from mere neglect of the agency which keeps it in motion. But this Primary Automatism, as it may be called, yields in interest for the present purpose to Secondary Automatism, a name given (first by Hartley) to actions which come to be performed by habit without will, or even consciousness; but which were originally learned by volitional effort. Walking is the most obvious example of this class of actions. The power is attained gradually, and at the cost of considerable pains. The mere balancing of the body in a standing position involves the combined action of almost every muscle; and the advance of the most finished acrobat beyond this achievement is far less than that which he must have made in acquiring it. Yet it is a matter of daily experience that in walking we pay no attention whatever to what we are doing after once determining in what direction we shall proceed. Very generally we are altogether absorbed in conversation with a companion, or, perhaps,

perhaps, in meditation on some subject which happens to occupy our minds. Mr. Mill thought out the greater part of his 'System of Logic' during his daily walks between Kensington and the India House; and no one who passes through the Bank of England, during business hours, will be able to fancy that, of the hurrying crowd he sees, a single individual is bestowing a thought upon that 'co-ordination of his muscular actions,' without which it would, nevertheless, be impossible for him to carry his dividend-warrant to his banker's.

But let us suppose one of these men of business suddenly seized with blindness. He would instantly stop in his career, although just before, while hastening over familiar ground, and taking no heed of anything but the matter uppermost in his thoughts, he was utterly unconscious that his eyes were rendering him any service at all. Here, then, it is plain that not only was there a mechanical co-ordination of the locomotive muscles, but likewise co-ordination between them and the visual organs. Yet of this the merchant had not the slightest conception. From the time he set out, therefore, he has been the subject of an extremely complicated automatism, no volition having been exerted by him any more than after having put himself into a cab, volition would have been exerted by him in driving it. The *whole act* of going from place to place is, of course, volitional; but the volitional character of it does not permeate the entire sequence of motions, but is derived from the initial purpose. The merchant *wills* to go to his banker's, and he *wills* to go by walking. His *purpose* brings his eyes and limbs into action, and between them they perform the operation which he desires to see effected; but they, nevertheless, perform it automatically, his will no further interfering after having once given its command, and his attention being occupied by altogether different matters.

The important part played by the co-operation of the senses, of which we are all the time unconscious, is exhibited most clearly in some cases of accident. Thus the sensory nerve of a limb may be paralysed, while the force of the motor nerves of the same limb remains. But the latter cannot by any effort of the will be brought into action (the sense of muscular resistance being lost through the paralysis of the sensory nerve) *without the aid of the eye*. A woman thus affected found that she could not support her infant on her arm without constantly *looking at it*. The removal of her eyes for a moment, in spite of her knowledge that the child was resting on her arm, and of her desire to sustain it, was at once followed by a relaxation of the contracted muscles.

The

The reflex movements, as those are called which are produced by the motor (or efferent) nerves in response to the messages conveyed through the afferent nerves, are not necessarily accompanied by feeling.

'If the head of a frog be cut off, and the spinal cord be divided in the middle, so that the forelegs remain connected with the upper part, and the hind legs with the lower, each pair of members may be excited to movement by a stimulus applied to itself, but the two pairs will not exhibit any simultaneous motions, as they will do when the spinal cord is undivided.'

In a case of paralysis of the lower extremities, recorded by Hunter, the patient was asked whether he felt the irritation by which 'reflex movements' in his legs were produced, and replied, 'No, sir, but you see my legs do.' In two cases of injury to the spine, recorded by Dr. William Budd, in which sensibility of the legs was for a time nearly destroyed, and voluntary action entirely so, violent contractions followed the tickling of a feather in the hollow of the instep, although the patient was quite unconscious of the cause of them. It is remarkable that in these cases, as recovery (which took place very slowly) progressed, and voluntary power gradually returned, the susceptibility to the involuntary reflex movements diminished.

Dr. Carpenter holds that the will, when carrying into action a determination of the intellect, does not act directly upon the muscles which execute the mandate, but indirectly through the automatic mechanism, of which the act of walking, as we have just seen, furnishes a familiar example. The head-quarters (so to speak) of this *mechanism* is the axial cord, receiving, as it does, all the nerves of sense and giving out all the nerves of motion; and this, under different modifications, is found in all animals.

'We should form,' says Dr. Carpenter, 'a very erroneous notion of what essentially constitutes the brain of a Vertebrated animal, and of the mutual relations of the aggregate of ganglionic centres of which it is composed, if we were only to study it in *Man*. For the great relative size and complexity of his *Cerebrum* tends to conceal the fundamental importance of those ganglionic centres on which it is superposed, and which constitute no less an important part of his brain than they do of that of Fishes; although their proportional size is so much less as to lead to their being commonly regarded as merely subordinate appendages to the *Cerebrum*. The brain of a *Fish* is almost entirely composed of an aggregate of ganglia of Sense, which may be regarded as collectively constituting its *Sensorium*, that is, according to ordinary phraseology, the "seat of consciousness," but, more

more correctly, the Nerve-centre, through the instrumentality of which the *Ego* becomes conscious of Sense-impressions. Putting aside the rudimentary Cerebrum, therefore, we may regard the *Axial Cord* of the Fish (consisting of its Spinal Cord with the Sensory ganglia) as the instrument, like the gangliated cord of the insect, of its *automatic* movements; of which such as are executed through the Spinal centres do not involve Sensation, whilst in those of which the Sensory Ganglia are the instruments, Sensation necessarily participates. When, on the other hand, in ascending the Vertebrate Series from Fishes toward Man, we compare the different grades of development of the Cerebrum with the successively augmenting manifestations of *intelligence* (as exhibited in what we must regard as an *intentional* adaptation of means to ends under the direction of *experience*), we find so remarkable a correspondence as scarcely to leave room for doubt that the Cerebrum is the instrument of those Psychical operations which we rank under the general designation, *rational*. In proportion as the actions of an animal are directed by this endowment, the number of them that can be said to be *primarily* automatic becomes not only *relatively* but *absolutely* limited; although many actions (especially in Man) which were in the first instance initiated by the Will, come after long habit to be as truly automatic as if they had been so originally.' —P. 64.

After tracing the increasing relative magnitude of the cerebrum (or its analogue), as we ascend the scale of vertebrates from its lowest member, the fish, to its highest, man, Dr. Carpenter proceeds to that portion of his work which will chiefly interest the bulk of his readers—the inquiry into the mode in which this highest organ, the cerebrum, is subservient to those higher mental operations, the capacity for which specially characterises man, though among some of the other mammalia may be found (he thinks) distinct approximations to it. The general fact, that the development of the cerebrum indicates the predominance of intelligence over instinct, is universally allowed; and the principle seems to hold good to a great extent, not only when we compare different races of mankind, but even different individuals of the same race.

The anatomical distinction between the cerebral hemispheres of man and the analogous organ of other animals shows itself especially in the complexity of the arrangement of the nerve fibres of which the medullary substance is composed.

'These may be grouped under three principal divisions. The *first*, which may be distinguished as the *radiating* fibres, connect the different parts of the Cortical layer* with the Sensori-motor tract on which

* This 'Cortical layer' consists of nerve-cells spread out on the surface of the cerebrum; not as is the case with ordinary ganglia, of which latter they form a sort

which the Cerebrum is superposed; and it is probable that there are two sets of these, one *ascending* from the terminals* of the *sensory* tract of the Axial Cord to the Cortical layer, and conveying to it the result of the physical changes produced in them by the Sense-impressions which they receive; the other descending from the Cortical layer to the terminals† of the motor tract of the Axial Cord, and conveying to them the Physical results of the changes which take place in itself. These fibres, which bring the instrument of Intelligence and Will into relation with that portion of the nervous apparatus which furnishes the Mechanism of sensation and of the automatic or instinctive motions, were called by a sagacious old Anatomist, Reil, the *nerves of the internal senses*. The second set of fibres brings the several parts of the Cortical layer into mutual communication. The arrangement of these *commissural* fibres is peculiarly complex in Man. The third set of fibres, termed *intercerebral*, connects the two hemispheres of the Cerebrum together by a broad band.‡ This also is much more developed in Man than in any of the lower Mammalia. It is altogether wanting in Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds. There is a rudiment of it only in Marsupials and Rodials. Cases have occurred in which it has been nearly, or even entirely, deficient in Man; and it is significant that the chief defect in the characters of such individuals has been observed to be a want of forethought, *i.e.*, of power to apply the experience of the past to the anticipation of the future.'—P. 99.

There is no indication, in the case of man, of a transfer to the cerebrum of the proper attributes of the other nervous apparatus. Its substance is insensible, and no physical impression made upon it is felt by the subject of it. It has been removed from pigeons, the sensory ganglia being left intact; and the respondent motions to external impressions have remained unaltered. The bird seeks out the light parts of a partially illuminated room, and avoids objects that lie in its way. If thrown into the air it flies, and when sleeping at night, with closed eyes and its head under its wing, is roused by the slightest noise, just as in its normal condition.

There is, however, according to Dr. Carpenter, one characteristic of the cerebrum which is common to it and to the sensori-motor nerves—it is subject to reflex automatic action. Regarding memory, from his point of view, as the 'psychological expression of physical changes in the cerebrum,' he considers

sort of internal nucleus. It is covered by the membrane called the *pia mater*, which, being entirely composed of blood-vessels held together by a connecting tissue, causes a far larger supply of blood to the cortical layer, in proportion to its substance than to any other part of the body.

* The 'Thalami Optici.'

The 'Corpus Callosum.'

† The 'Corpora Striata.'

'traces' (so to speak) to be left in the latter by each idea which has been formed, and each emotion which has been experienced. These, however, rapidly fade away, and remain in the region of unconsciousness until recalled through the process of association. Thus the aggregate of our previous lives, rational and emotional, may be conceived of as a series of pictures on sensitive paper, soon becoming invisible, but still remaining potentially, and at once reproduced under favourable conditions. As an example of this, Dr. Abercrombie relates that a lady in the last stage of a chronic illness, at a lodging in the country, had her infant child brought to see her. After the child had grown up, without any recollection of her mother, she was taken, without knowing it to be such, into the room in which her mother had long before died. She exhibited at once marks of emotion, and explained them to her friends as occasioned by a distinct impression that she had been in the room before, and that a lady in bed there, who seemed very ill, had hung over her in tears. A very familiar instance of this reviviscence of dormant emotions, is the sense of anger or of shame which men feel when accidental circumstances recal to them some passage in their former lives in which they were grossly insulted, or in which they failed from weakness in any recognised duty; although, perhaps, for many years they may never have had the matter enter their minds.

The loss of recollection which generally follows upon stunning is a well-known phenomenon; but there are not wanting instances of an abnormal *recollection* being evoked by extraordinary circumstances. Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a man brought into St. Thomas's Hospital, in a state of stupor from an injury of the head. When partially recovered, he spoke Welsh, a language which, before the accident, he had entirely forgotten from long desuetude; but when he had quite recovered, he again completely forgot his Welsh, and got back his knowledge of English. Another case is even more remarkable. A boy at the age of four suffered fracture of the skull, and was trepanned while in a state of complete stupor. After his recovery he retained no recollection either of the accident or the operation; but at the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave 'an account of the operation, and the persons who were present at it, with a correct description of their dress and other minute particulars.'

But the ordinary experience of life furnishes a good example of the way in which a temporary loss of recollection clearly exhibits itself. In speaking any language with which we are very familiar, we act just as automatically as in the case of walking, which

which has been considered above. We *think* in the language, and words spring up spontaneously, expressing the current of ideas which pass through our minds. But the acquisition of the language, even if it be our mother-tongue, is really the result of a long series of mental acts, each of which, on physiological principles, is recorded by some change in the condition of the brain, or of some portion thereof. The structure of this portion is kept up according to the ordinary laws of nutrition; although the material particles continually change, just as the right arm of a blacksmith is maintained in a more highly-developed condition of the muscles; and facility in speaking the language is thus manifestly as completely a secondary automatic faculty as the skill of the accomplished musician, who (to use an illustration of Miss Cobbe's) will execute a piece of Bach's to perfection while carrying on a flirtation with the admirer who is turning over the leaves of her music-book. Now everyone who has travelled has experienced the manner in which a foreign language, with which he has become tolerably familiar, so as habitually to think in it, rises to his lips with considerable difficulty after long desuetude, and yet *comes back* again to him after a week or ten days. If, again, his knowledge of the language is but small, and he endeavours to accelerate the rate of his advance by resolutely living only with the natives of the country, he will soon be surprised at his own progress; but if, while doing so, his habit of *thinking in the language* be interrupted by even a very short intercourse with his own countrymen, he will be equally surprised at the change for the worse which has been thereby produced. In this case, as in the two cases above-quoted, the physiologist would account for the phenomenon on the same principle. The portion of the brain which records the language has, for a time, been brought out of connection with that which ministers to the play of ordinary thought, and yet its mechanism is preserved in working order, ready to be called into action again under favourable conditions. In the last instance, the automatic mechanism of the mother-tongue comes into collision with that of the foreign language, the stronger with the weaker, and naturally disorders the latter, which can only be restored to its recent condition by isolation (a volitional act), and fresh efforts on the part of the learner.

The impairment of the memory in old age is one of the most obvious symptoms of the commencement of general decay.

'It commonly shows itself,' says Dr. Carpenter, 'in regard to *new* impressions; those of the earlier period of life not only remaining in full

full distinctness, but even, it would seem, increasing in vividness, from the fact that the Ego is not distracted from attending to them by the continual influx of impressions produced by passing events. The extraordinary persistence of early impressions, when the mind seems almost to have ceased to register new ones, is in remarkable accordance with the law of Nutrition. It is a Physiological fact, that Decline essentially consists in the diminution of the formative activity of the organism. Now it is when the Brain is *growing* that a definite *direction* can be most strongly and persistently given to its structure. Thus the habits of thought come to be formed, and those nerve-tracks laid down which (as the Physiologist believes) constitute the mechanism of association, by the time the brain has reached its maturity; and the nutrition of the organ continues to keep up the same mechanism in accordance with the demands on its activity, so long as it is being called into use. Further, during the entire period of vigorous Manhood, the Brain, like the Muscles, may be taking on some additional growth, either as a whole or in special parts; new tissue being developed and kept up by the nutritive process, in accordance with the modes of action to which the organ is trained. And in this manner a store of "impressions" or traces is accumulated, which may be brought within the sphere of consciousness, whenever the right suggesting-strings are touched. But as the nutritive activity diminishes, the "waste" becomes more active than the renovation; and it would seem that while (to use a commercial analogy) the "old-established houses" keep their ground, those later firms whose basis is less secure are the first to crumble away,—the nutritive activity, which yet suffices to maintain the original structure, not being capable of keeping the subsequent additions to it in working order. This earlier degeneration of later formed structures is a general fact perfectly familiar to the Physiologist.'—P. 442.

There is a kind of abbreviating process in mental operations, which may serve further to illustrate the principle of the retrocession into unconsciousness of recoverable ideas. The most familiar instance of this is, perhaps, the act of composition. If the object of the writer be to produce conviction, his arguments must be at the same time logical, and suited to the capacity and modes of thought of the reader whom he addresses. They must also be set out in correct and perspicuous language. But none of these considerations are present to the practised writer during the act of composition. He has not a thought at the time of the elementary propositions on which his fabric of reasoning is built up; or of the observation of human nature, which is the foundation of his judgment as to the best way of putting his case; or of the grammatical laws which are obeyed in the construction of his style. He notes them as little as he does the formation of the letters traced by his pen. Yet it is as impossible

impossible to doubt that logical readiness, practical tact, and a graceful style are formed from the materials of a mental experience, built up in accordance with the laws of reason in its several applications, as that the printed essay or pamphlet is made up of combinations of letters of the alphabet. So do the speculations of the most advanced mathematicians imply the acceptance of the elementary geometrical truths, although we may safely believe that in the composition of the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' the illustrious author never thought of his obligations to Euclid.

The curious question now suggests itself, what is the nature of those sudden intuitions which occasionally present themselves, which, so far as can be discovered, have no connection whatever with any immediately antecedent idea? Are they independent of the general law of association, absolutely severed from the mental condition which has preceded them—Singular Points, as it were, in the great curve of our conscious existence? Or are they the cropping up, unexpectedly, of a link in a chain which has existed all the while below the plane of our consciousness, subject to the same law of association with our ordinary thoughts? The exposition of Dr. Carpenter's views on this subject forms, in our judgment, the most interesting portion of his work—the chapter on UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION. He is at some pains to remove the prejudice, which he believes to exist, on moral and religious grounds, against his explanation of the phenomenon.

'Having found reason,' says he, 'to conclude that a large part of our Intellectual Activity—whether it consist in reasoning processes or in the exercise of the Imagination—is essentially *automatic*, and may be described in Physiological language as the *reflex action of the Cerebrum*, we have next to consider whether this action may not take place *unconsciously*. To affirm that the Cerebrum may act upon impressions transmitted to it, and may elaborate intellectual results, such as we might have attained by the intentional direction of our Minds to the subject, *without any consciousness* on our own parts, is held by many Metaphysicians, more especially in Britain, to be an altogether untenable, and even a most objectionable doctrine. But this affirmation is only the Physiological expression of a doctrine which has been current among the Metaphysicians of Germany, from the time of Leibnitz to the present date, and which was systematically expounded by Sir William Hamilton,—that the Mind may undergo modifications, sometimes of very considerable importance, without being itself conscious of the process, until its *results* present themselves to the consciousness, in the new ideas, or new combinations of ideas, which the process has evolved. This "Unconscious Cerebration," or "Latent Mental Modification" is the precise parallel, in the higher sphere of

Cerebral or Mental activity, to the movements of our limbs, and the direction of these movements through our visual sense, which we put in train volitionally when we set out on some habitually repeated walk, but which then proceed not only *automatically*, but *unconsciously*, so long as our attention continues to be uninterruptedly diverted from them. It was by reflection on this parallelism, and on the peculiar structural relation of the Cerebrum to the Ganglionic tract which seems to constitute the *Sensorium* or centre of consciousness, alike for the *external* and the *internal* senses, that the Writer was led to the idea that Cerebral changes may take place *unconsciously*, if the Sensorium be either in a state of absolute torpor, or be for a time non-receptive as regards these changes, its activity being exerted in some other direction; or, to express the same fact Psychologically, that mental changes, of whose results we subsequently become conscious, may go on below the plane of consciousness, either during profound sleep, or while the attention is wholly engrossed by some entirely different train of thought.'—Pp. 515-516.

A very common form of the phenomenon of which the explanation is sought, appears when we desire to recollect—and for a considerable time try in vain to recollect—some phrase, occurrence, name, or quotation; and some time after we have given up the attempt in despair, the long-lost idea comes all at once into our minds, 'a prepaid parcel laid at the door of consciousness, like a foundling in a basket,'—to use the very happy expression of Mr. Wendell Holmes. Dr. Carpenter notes the two important facts, that the missing idea generally flashes into our minds either after profound sleep, or when the mind has been engrossed by some entirely different subject. The first of these, perhaps, led the late Sir Henry Holland to regard the phenomenon as due simply to the refreshment which the mind receives after abandoning its vain efforts; a change of occupation being in itself a restorative of mental vigour. Miss Cobbe has, in a paper in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for November, 1870, illustrated this subject in her habitual lively manner.

But mental processes of a far more elaborate character than any (whatever they may be) which result only in the recollection of a forgotten quotation, seem to be carried on without affecting our consciousness in any way.

'It seems to me,' says Sir Benjamin Brodie, 'as if there were in the mind a principle of order, which operates without our being at the time conscious of it. It has often happened to me to have been occupied by a particular subject of inquiry; to have accumulated a store of facts connected with it; but to have been able to proceed no further. Then after an interval of time, without any addition to my stock of knowledge, I have found the obscurity and confusion in which the subject was originally enveloped to have cleared away; the facts have
seemed

seemed all to settle themselves in their right places, and their mutual relations to have become apparent, although I have not been sensible of having made any distinct effort for that purpose.'

Similar experiences are recorded of distinguished authors and scientific inventors. Charlotte Brontë sometimes remained, for weeks together, unable to complete some one of her stories. Then, some morning, on waking up, the progress of the tale would lie clear and bright in distinct vision before her. Mr. Appold, the inventor of the centrifugal pump, habitually went to bed after employing the day in bringing together the facts and principles relating to the practical problem he had in hand, and its solution usually occurred to him in the early morning after sleep. The great mathematical discovery of the method of Quaternions was made by Sir W. Hamilton suddenly, after a long process of thought, while walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin:—

'To-morrow,' says Sir William, in a letter to a friend, 'will be the fifteenth birthday of the Quaternions. They started into life, or light, fullgrown on the 16th of October, 1843, as I came up to Brougham Bridge. That is to say, I then and there felt the galvanic circuit of thought close; and the sparks which fell from it were the *fundamental equations between i, j, k*; exactly such as I have used them ever since. I pulled out on the spot a pocket-book, which still exists, and made an entry, on which, *at the very moment*, I felt that it might be worth my while to expend the labour of at least ten (or it might be fifteen) years to come. But then it is fair to say that this was because I felt a *problem* to have been at that moment *solved*,—an intellectual want relieved,—which had haunted me for at least fifteen years before.'

The first form of the binocular microscope (which gives the effect of solidity by an application of the principle of combination of two dissimilar perspectives, discovered by Wheatstone) laboured under the disadvantage of considerable loss of light in producing the desired effect. It could also only be used as a binocular. Mr. Wenham endeavoured to devise a method by which, only a single prism being used, the first evil might be remedied, and by the withdrawal of the prism the second disability removed. He thought of this long; but could not hit upon the form of prism which would satisfy the conditions, and laid his microscopic studies for the time entirely on one side. About a fortnight afterwards, 'while reading a stupid novel,' the form of the prism that would answer the purpose flashed into his mind. He at once drew a diagram, and worked out the mathematical conditions, and the next day constructed his prism, which answered perfectly well, and furnished the

type upon which all binoculars in ordinary use have since been constructed.

Dr. Carpenter considers that 'Unconscious Cerebration,' or as psychologists would term it, latent Mental Modification, is not confined to intellectual operations, but extends likewise to the sphere of the Emotions. In this way he accounts for the influence which one person imperceptibly, and even unconsciously, acquires over others; although, perhaps, this would be better described as the subjection to the influence of the former insensibly growing up in the latter. The typical case of this is, of course, that one which affords so ample a field to novel-writers, where two persons of different sexes discover suddenly that they cannot live without each other. But, of course, the same principle obtains in the case of the eminent statesman who becomes popular with a whole nation; or with the subtle divine, who succeeds in turning scores of youthful votaries from the faith of their fathers; while both in the one instance and the other the understanding is not unfrequently baffled in its endeavour to trace the steps of the process upon any principle it can accept. But the only sphere of human action in which observation can possibly test the operation of unconscious cerebration is, in our opinion, the purely intellectual one. The infinite complexity of the factors entering into almost every moral act (which appears as their composite resultant) defies scientific analysis.

The hostility to the doctrine of 'Unconscious Cerebration,' to which allusion has been made above, of course has its foundation in an apprehension that the legitimate consequences of such a theory may be found to exclude the idea of a self-determining power, in the individual man,—in other words, to make Will 'the mere resultant of the general (spontaneous or automatic) activity of the Mind, and dependent, like it, upon Physical antecedents.' However widely Dr. Carpenter extends the sphere of automatic activity, he opposes himself most uncompromisingly to this view; and, in our judgment, clearly and satisfactorily confutes it by contrasting the mental condition of a rational agent in his normal condition with that of an insane person, or of one under the influence of opium, or subjected to the operations of the 'Electro-biologists.' In the case of decided insanity the self-determining power is permanently suspended; in the others, temporarily so. In all, the mind having in itself no power of altering the current of ideas which pass through it, remains as it were 'possessed' by them. The individual, while in this condition, is at the mercy of any one who contrives the means of impressing upon him *ab extra* some dominant idea which sets the
automatic

automatic machinery in motion. In the year 1850, the art of 'Electro-Biology' was brought into fashion by two Americans, who asserted that, by means of an influence only known to themselves, they could subjugate the will of others, paralyse their muscles, pervert the evidence of their senses, and even suspend all consciousness of identity. Their mode of proceeding was to place a small disk of zinc and copper in the hand of the subject of the operation. On this he was to gaze steadily, abstracting his thoughts from everything else, and bending his whole efforts to intensifying the act of gazing. Mr. Braid, of Manchester, who for some time before had been making experiments on the subject of 'Induced Reverie,' pointed out that the zinc and copper disk (which had given occasion to the name Electro-Biology) was quite unessential to the success of the operation, and that its place might be supplied by any object whatever securing a fixed gaze;—the whole secret consisting in the induction of a state of reverie by means of the steady direction of the eyes to one point for a period of time, varying according to the susceptibility of the subjects, usually from five to twenty minutes:—

'The longer the steady gaze is sustained, the more is the Will of the individual withdrawn from the direction of his *thoughts*, and concentrated on that of his *eyes*, so that at last it seems to be entirely transferred to the latter; and in the meantime, the continued *monotony* is tending, as in the Induction of Sleep or of Reverie, to produce a corresponding state of mind, which, like the body of a cataleptic subject, can be moulded into any position, and remains in that position until subjected to pressure from without. When this state is complete, the Mind of the Biologized subject seems to remain entirely dormant, until roused to activity by some *suggestion* which it receives through the ordinary channels of sensation, and to which it responds as automatically as a ship obeys the movements of its rudder; the whole course of the individual's thought and action being completely under external direction. He is, indeed, for the time a mere *thinking automaton*. His mind is entirely given up to the domination of any idea which may transiently possess it; and of that idea his conversation and actions are the exponents. He has no power of judging of the consistency of his idea with actual facts, because he cannot determinately bring it into comparison with them. He cannot of himself turn the current of his *thoughts*, because all his power of self-direction is in abeyance. And thus he may be played on, like a musical instrument, by those around him; thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, just as *they will* that he should think, feel, speak, or act. But this is not, as has been represented, because *his will* has been brought into direct subjection to *theirs*; but because, his will being in abeyance, all his mental operations are directed by such suggestions as they may impress on his consciousness.'—Pp. 552, 553.

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The weakening of volitional control is one of the most characteristic effects of the abuse of opium, even while the intellectual powers may have become unusually enhanced.

'The opium eater,' says Mr. De Quincey, 'loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations; he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare: he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mental languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love:—he curses the spells which chain him down from motion:—he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.'

The effect of the Hachish (a preparation of the Indian Hemp, used in the Levant for the purposes of intoxication) is thus described by Dr. Moreau, a French physician, who studied the subject with reference to its bearing on the phenomena of insanity:—

'We become the sport of impressions of the most opposite kind; the continuity of our ideas may be broken by the slightest cause. We are turned, to use a common expression, by every wind. By a word or gesture our thoughts may be successively directed to a multitude of different subjects, with a rapidity and a lucidity which are truly marvellous. The mind becomes possessed with a feeling of pride, corresponding with the exaltation of its faculties, of whose increase in energy and power it becomes conscious. It will entirely depend on the circumstances in which we are placed, the objects which strike our eyes, the words which fall on our ears, whether the most lively sentiments of gaiety or of sadness shall be produced, or passions of the most opposite character shall be excited, sometimes with extraordinary violence; for irritation will rapidly pass into rage, dislike into hatred and desire of vengeance, and the calmest affection into the most transporting passion. Fear becomes terror; courage is developed into rashness which nothing checks, and which seems not to be conscious of danger. The most unfounded doubt or suspicion becomes a certainty. The mind has a tendency to exaggerate everything; and the slightest impulse carries it along.'

A well-known case, related by Dr. Abercrombie, of an officer, who served in the Expedition to Louisburgh, in 1758, presents a curious parallel to the experience of electro-biology in a somnambulism of a peculiar kind. The ordinary somnambulist is generally possessed by one dominant idea, to which all his actions conform. But the individual in question, when asleep, could be completely directed by whispering in his ear, especially if

if this was done by one with whose voice he was familiar. This peculiarity rendered him the subject of many practical jokes for the amusement of his brother officers. They found him one day asleep on a locker in the cabin, and made him believe that he had fallen overboard, exhorting him to swim for his life. He immediately imitated the movements of a swimmer. Then they told him that a shark was upon him, and that he must dive for his life. This he at once did, with such force as to throw himself on to the cabin floor, which, of course, awakened him. After all the experiments, he had no recollection of his dreams, but a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue; and he used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some tricks with him.

The difference between these abnormal states and that of a man of whom the '*mens sana in corpore sano*' may be predicated, is plainly due to the self-determining power possessed by the latter,—the Will,—that which qualifies Man as an '*ens agens*,' no less than his consciousness as the identical subject of diverse impressions constitutes him an '*ens sciens*;' the two phases of personality exhibiting themselves, as we have hinted above, united in the most elementary state of human existence. To know and to act comprises the sum total of Human Capabilities. What are commonly called the Laws of Nature and the Laws of Thought are, in fact, the *limiting conditions* of knowledge and action, only discoverable by beings endued with the powers of knowing and acting, and—it should be kept in mind—discoverable by them only through the process of exercising those very powers.

It is now through the Cerebrum, the portion which, in Man, bears so large a proportion to the rest of the brain, that Dr. Carpenter supposes the Will to act upon the nervous organisation. The evidence for this is, so far as we are able to judge, at present scarcely strong enough to justify more than the pronouncing it a plausible conjecture, supported by few facts, though, it must be confessed, contradicted, so far as appears, by none. Psychologically, the self-determining power shows itself by selecting from the sequence of ideas which pass through the mind those which appear to it likely, through the process of association, to lead to the one which it seeks; as when, having forgotten the name of some person which we desire to recollect, we recall the place where we last saw him, or the persons in whose company we met him. In thinking out the solution of a problem, it is by an effort of Will that we concentrate the attention on some consideration upon which it seems probable on *a priori* grounds that the solution depends.

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The mechanism of the mind trained by habit does the rest, sometimes after many fruitless trials, just as the angler casts his fly first under one bank, and then another, of the pool which he is satisfied conceals a trout. The stream of association, always active, suggests an infinite multitude of ideas, of which those that are incongruous are dismissed at once, by the practised thinker often unconsciously, until at last the one appropriate idea rises to the consciousness, and is at once recognised. That this train of thought is accompanied by some modification or other of some portions of the nervous system there seems no more reason to question than that a parallel modification takes place when we speak or walk. Dr. Carpenter, looking at the matter from its physiological side, conceives that the self-determining act which originates it is coincident with some increased supply of blood to a portion of the blood-vessels which surround the cerebrum. A materialist would say, if he adopted the *modus operandi*, that the sense of self-determination is the reflex action of the Cerebrum in response to the increased supply of blood. But, as we have pointed out, the existence of a force from within, acting in correlation with a force from without,—the *Ego* with the external world,—is implied in every definite human consciousness.

Dr. Carpenter has very fully and clearly described the mode in which the self-determining power operates, in conjunction with the automatism of thought, in the work of the artist and the poet, as well as of the philosopher. He has also shown its operation in the decision of practical questions and the formation of moral judgments. We will not attempt to follow him in these descriptions. They are, for the most part, in our opinion, perfectly justified by facts: but the great merit of his book is the elucidation of the enormous part which a species of mental mechanism, mainly constructed by each of us from our own experiences, plays in every department of human life; while, at the same time, it becomes clearer, in proportion as this fact is more completely brought out, that Man, while using a wonderful machinery, is not himself a portion of it.

ART. IV.—1. *Papers relative to the Cape of Good Hope, presented to Parliament, 1835–1875.*

2. *History of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, from its discovery to the year 1868.* By A. Wilmot, Esq., and the Hon. John Centlivres Chase. Cape Town, 1869.

SIR GEORGE RUSSELL CLERK, writing from Bloemfontein to the Duke of Newcastle in the year 1853, uses the following words :

‘Your Grace is no doubt aware that in reviewing the former policy of the British Government, one cannot escape from the painful conviction, with reference to the interests and feelings of the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape Colony, that the measures which, with few exceptions, it has pursued towards them, and the neglect or disdain with which it has habitually regarded them, have engendered a spirit which leaves them by no means desirous of remaining anywhere under British dominion.’*

At the moment when he was expressing this remarkable opinion, Sir George Clerk was himself employed in carrying out a measure against which the Dutch population of South Africa were protesting with passionate unanimity. The same disregard was exhibited six years ago in a still more flagrant instance, when the late Government were tempted by the discovery of the Diamond Fields to reverse the policy of Earl Grey and the Duke of Newcastle ; and the opportunity was chosen of this fresh affront, when the irritation of the large majority of its inhabitants was at its highest, to force upon the Colony a system of responsible government.

The experience of Ireland in the last century might have shown us that the relations between the mother-country and its dependencies are not improved when negligence or oppression are sought to be atoned for by the concession of self-government. That severe lesson, however, seems to have been more than thrown away. The prohibitive duties against Irish manufactures were repealed before the establishment of the Constitution of 1782. The moment of the grant of a similar Constitution to the Cape Colony was selected, as if deliberately, for a proceeding which taught our Dutch fellow-subjects to regard us as a people whom neither equity nor treaties could bind.

It is to be presumed that Great Britain desires to retain the Cape of Good Hope. The reasons which led to its occupation in 1806 have lost little of their force. The Suez Canal

* Sir George Clerk to the Duke of Newcastle, August 25, 1853. Correspondence relative to the state of the Orange River Territory. 1854.

may be closed against us, and the Cape may become again the key of British India. An enemy in possession of Simon's Bay would command our ocean commerce with China and Australia; while it may be regarded as certain that South Africa, if left to itself, would be neither able nor would attempt to maintain its independence, and that the Dutch party would invite the protection of some other European Power. They are for the most part a quiet people, disinclined to political agitation, and content to remain under the British flag as long as they are fairly treated. But they remember that the country once belonged to them; that it was lost by them for no fault of their own; and that they have not received from us the consideration to which a population, whose nationality has been taken from them for political reasons, are so peculiarly entitled. And if we are to escape grave complications in the future, it is time for us to exert ourselves to recover the confidence which our last and worst act of aggression has seriously shaken.

Each colony has its own history, by which its political characteristics are determined. Events are large or small to us, as they affect our immediate interests. The mother-country, occupied with great Imperial concerns, forgets the details of the development of its dependencies. The colonist whom these details have touched more nearly does not forget. Recollections, which have disappeared from the traditions of Downing Street, are fresh and living in the farmhouses of Stellenbosch and Swellendam. If the inhabitants of these and the other Dutch districts, who now return the majority of the Cape Parliament, are to become the attached members of the British Empire, which we still hope to see them, we must try to look at their story as they look at it themselves.

The Peninsula of Table Mountain was occupied by the Dutch East India Company in 1652. The history of the Settlement was the history of all settlements of civilised men in a country inhabited by savages. There were the usual alliances with native chiefs, the usual quarrels, the usual wars. The Dutch were neither worse nor better than other European intruders in similar situations. They gradually extended their authority as far as the Great Fish River to the east of Grahamstown, the native races receding or dying out before them. At the close of the last century the population consisted of 22,000 whites, 26,000 slaves, and about 15,000 Hottentots. The Hottentots were under a law of settlement, receiving wages, but confined to special locations, and obliged to work for their livelihood. The slaves were almost entirely born and reared in the families of their owners, being descendants of Malays, or

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of negroes imported at an earlier period. The external slave-trade had been laid under restrictions which amounted nearly to prohibition. The value of a slave increasing in proportion to his capacity, he was trained generally to some useful art or handicraft. He was never worked in gangs, but enjoyed the practical comforts of a free domestic; and the Dutch Government, though slow and languid about it, professed to hope for complete emancipation at no distant time.

The conquest of Holland by Napoleon creating a sudden danger that the Cape might be seized by France, the British Government took temporary possession of it in 1795 in the name and at the request of the Stadtholder. The Young Hollanders in Cape Town had been infected by the revolution, and had French sympathies. But the British were in overpowering force. A fleet sent out by Napoleon to support them was taken in Saldanha Bay, and the Colony submitted without further resistance. At the Peace of Amiens it was restored to Holland, but in 1806 the danger recurred. Sir David Baird was despatched to recover possession. He landed through the surf at the northern point of Table Bay, and though the Dutch this time made a brave struggle for their freedom, they were defeated at Blaauwburg. Cape Town surrendered, and the Colony became again provisionally a British possession. The conquest was effected the more easily, perhaps, because the people expected that the British occupation would again be only temporary; but at the Treaty of Paris, Holland accepted other territories in exchange for her South African possessions; and in 1815 the Dutch of the Cape were finally informed that their nationality was lost, and that they were thenceforward to consider themselves British subjects. No brave men submit willingly to a transfer of allegiance to which their own consent has not been asked. The Dutch colonists regarded the country as theirs, and resented the sacrifice which had been made of them. A few of the more violent attempted a rebellion, which was severely repressed. The rest yielded to necessity, but under a silent protest which deserves rather to be respected than condemned.

The Dutch farmer or Boer of the interior of the Cape Colony may be described in a few words. In every community there are bad exceptions; and the exceptions being all that we hear of at a distance, the South African Boer has till lately been regarded in England as little better than a savage. We must learn to know his fairer side. The type is unchanging. As he was in 1806 in the Colony so he is in 1876 in the republics of the interior. He is uncultivated. He is unprogressive, but he possesses

possesses qualities which even here will be regarded as not without value.

He is domestic, but not gregarious. When he settles, he procures from six to twenty thousand acres of undulating grass plain. He takes possession in his waggon, with his wife and children, his scanty furniture, his family Bible, which is all his literature, and his sheep and cattle. He selects a spring of water as the site for his home; ten miles, perhaps, from his nearest neighbour. His house consists of a central hall, with a kitchen behind it, and three, four, or five bedrooms opening out of it, all on one floor. He builds kraals for his cattle. He fences in a garden which he carefully irrigates. And so rapid is the growth in that soil and climate, that in four or five years it will be stocked with oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and grape-vines. He encloses fifty or a hundred acres, which he ploughs and sows with wheat or Indian corn. His herds and flocks multiply with little effort. If he is ambitious, he adds a few ostriches, whose feathers he sells at Port Elizabeth. Thus he lives in rude abundance. His boys grow up and marry; his daughters find husbands, and when the land is good they remain at his side. For each new family a house is built a few gun-shots from the first. A few more acres are brought under the plough. A second generation is born. The old people become the patriarchs of the family hamlet. The younger gather round them at the evening meal, which is preceded by a long, solemn grace, as the day's work in the morning is commenced with a Psalm. The authority of age is absolute. The old lady sits in a chair in the hall, extending her hand to a guest, but never rising to receive him. The young generation, trained to obedience, fetch and carry at her command:

‘*Sabellis docta ligonibus*

Versare glebas et severæ

Matris ad arbitrium recisos

Portare fustes.’

The estate produces almost everything which the family consumes. There is no haste to get rich. There is no desire of change. The Boer has few wants but those which he can himself supply, and he asks nothing but to be let alone. The obedience which he expects from his children he expects equally from his servants. He is a strict Calvinist. The stream of time, which has carried most of us so far and fast, has left him anchored on the old ground. The only knowledge which he values is contained in his Bible. His notions of things in heaven and things in earth are very much what would have been found in Scotland in

in the days of the Covenant. He is constitutionally republican, yet of liberty in the modern sense he has no idea. He considers work the first duty of man, and habits of work the only fitting education. Native questions and all other questions he regards from this point of view. Without tenderness, without enthusiasm, and with the narrowest intellectual horizon, he has a stubborn practicality well suited for the work which he has chosen as the pioneer of African civilisation.

These are the people whom we undertook to govern in 1806, and to whose representatives we have virtually committed the control of the Cape Colony. For the first quarter of a century after the occupation we interfered little with them. They retained their laws, their religion, and their language; and as they found themselves unmolested, their impatience with the change of rule was wearing gradually away. In 1819 the British Government voted 50,000*l.* to carry out emigrants, and in the following year 6000 English, Scotch and Irish settlers were planted in the Eastern Province along the shore of the Indian Ocean. The Kafirs, who had intruded over the Fish River, were driven back to the Keiskamma, forty miles behind the old boundary. The new colonists were located in and about the neighbourhood of Grahamstown as a barrier against further invasions, and the space intervening between the Fish River and the Keiskamma was declared neutral.

After a severe struggle with bad seasons, the new settlement began to thrive. The relations between the Boers and the English farmers were perfectly satisfactory. The Eastern Province was now well inhabited. Strength gave security, and an active trade in wool began with England. The first return of trouble was in 1828, when the law of settlement was repealed which restrained the Hottentots. Perfectly sincere in their detestation of oppression, perfectly convinced that what they called freedom was essential to the improvement of the character of the coloured races, the missionaries represented at home that the Hottentots were kept in a state of predial bondage which was no better than slavery. They were released from restraint, and left free to go where they pleased. They wandered about in drunkenness and idleness. The Colony became infested with thieves, and a severe vagrant law soon became necessary, if the country was to continue habitable. A Hottentot police was formed on the Eastern Border; and such of them as professed to be Christians were collected by the missionaries in a settlement on the Kat River. Neither of these remedies answered. The Hottentot police in the late Kafir wars deserted to the enemy, taking their arms along with them. The settlement, which from the first was a nest of disaffection,

disaffection, at last openly revolted. The final result of the emancipation of the Hottentots from a condition no worse than that of our own labourers at the beginning of the present century has been the complete disappearance of the entire race; all have perished but a few hundreds, who may be found scattered in service in the various States.

The Boers, who had suffered from the loss of their Hottentot farm-servants, found themselves threatened a year or two later with the loss of their slaves. For the abolition itself they were prepared; and they would have submitted without complaint to any arrangement which would have been moderately fair to them. Of all the slave-owners in the Empire the South African Dutch had least deserved to be hardly dealt with; but the negligence with which their interests were sacrificed, and the manner in which the Emancipation Act was carried out, created a sense of indignant resentment.

The first step was to send persons about the Colony to hear the complaints of slaves against their masters. The masters knew that they had not merited a proceeding which made every family a scene of confusion and suspicion. Three millions were the value set upon the slaves in the estimate of the indemnity which was to be paid for them. The three millions were cut down to 1,200,000*l.*, and the money actually granted was made payable only at the Bank of England. The Boers petitioned that they might receive what was due to them in Treasury drafts payable in the Colony; but their request, for some official reason, was refused. Being foreigners, they had no friends or agents in London, and they were obliged to sell their certificates to contractors, who bought them up at from 20 to 30 per cent. discount. The consequence was that families whose estates were mortgaged were utterly ruined, while many wealthy Dutch settlers refused, in silent pride, to receive the miserable sum which was allotted to them. They dismissed their slaves without any indemnity at all, and began to look beyond the Northern Border of the Colony for some more distant home, where they would be safe from a philanthropy which forgot justice in the warmth of its benevolence.

The incipient discontent received a fresh impulse immediately after. The Kafir tribes had resented their exclusion from the strip of territory between the Keiskamma and the Fish River. The fast-increasing herds of the Border farmers were a perpetual temptation to them. They stole through the bush across the neutral belt, plundered the exposed stations, and retreated with the spoils into their mountains. Reprisals followed. Raids were made into the Kafir territory to recover the stolen cattle,
and

and life on both sides was continually lost. The missionaries took the side of the natives in these quarrels. They had been struck with the finer points of the Kafir character, and were unwilling to recognise its darker traits. The Kafirs are brave and honourable according to their light; but possessing at that time no personal property they did not respect it in others. They are wildly superstitious, and when their blood is up they are reckless of human life beyond any savages with whom we have ever come in contact. Chaka, the chief who desolated Natal at the beginning of the century, is supposed to have destroyed nearly a million human beings. The missionaries, sanguine and enthusiastic, saw in them nothing but an innocent and interesting race, whom the advance of the white man threatened with extermination; and in every dispute which arose they assumed the white man to have been the aggressor. Thus encouraged, and being led to believe that the British Government would not support the colonists in the event of a war, they prepared, at the end of 1834, for a general rising.* Through the merchants who traded at the mission stations, they obtained guns and powder. And on the 22nd of December (Midsummer-night in the Southern hemisphere) the Kafirs swarmed across the frontier along a line of 400 miles, burning, killing, and driving cattle. No distinction of race was made; but the Dutch suffered the most, from the tenacity with which they clung to their homes. The fugitives crowded in thousands into Grahamstown, while the black flight of human locusts swept past it almost to Port Elizabeth, carrying waste and ruin along with them.

Sir Benjamin D'Urban was then Governor and Commander-in-Chief. He hurried to the rescue, accompanied by Colonel Smith (afterwards Sir Harry Smith), the conqueror at Aliwal. The invading Kafirs were driven back out of the Colony; Hintza, the Chief of Caffraria proper, and the real contriver of the inroad, affected to desire peace, and came in to Colonel Smith as a hostage.

It was a mere ruse to draw the English forces into an ambush. The treachery was suspected. Hintza was killed in attempting to escape, and after a short, sharp war, the Kafirs submitted. Part of the stolen property was restored. The neutral territory between the Fish River and the Keiskamma was taken into the Colony. The native tribes, as far as the Kei, forty miles further, were made British subjects, and were placed under British magistrates. The murdered settlers could not be restored to life. Three hundred thousand pounds' worth of property had

* Sir Benjamin D'Urban to Lord Glenelg.—June 9, 1836.

been destroyed ; but the promptitude and energy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban gave confidence to the farmers of both races. Their common danger had tended to bind them together, and to attach both to the Government.

The first Kafir war would probably have been the last, and the Colony would have received a vigorous lift forward from the spirit which it had shown, but that at this moment there was a change of dynasty in Downing Street. Lord Aberdeen left the Colonial Office, Lord Glenelg came into it. It was a day of dreams—dreams of millenniums coming in as the reward of Reform Bills ; dreams of the regeneration of the human race—the black side of it especially—by liberty and love. Lord Glenelg took into his councils the African missionaries, and the result was a despatch upon the Kafir War, long forgotten in England, but for ever memorable in South African history.

Admitting that it was the Governor's duty to resist the invasion, Lord Glenelg blamed Sir Benjamin D'Urban for the sharpness with which he had repressed it. He stated, as the opinion of the whole Cabinet, that the Kafirs had been 'amply justified' in going to war. They naturally desired to recover the lands of which they had been unjustly despoiled, and 'had a perfect right to hazard the experiment of extorting by force the redress which they could not expect otherwise to obtain.' Sir Benjamin D'Urban had told Lord Glenelg truly that the Kafirs were a fierce, dangerous race—Lord Glenelg declined to believe it. He understood rather that they were feeble and unwarlike, inclined to peaceful pursuits, and well disposed to Christianity. Their invasion of the Colony was the natural reaction against oppression. The havoc which they had made was but an imitation of the outrages which they had themselves suffered. The death of Hintza (Lord Glenelg afterwards generously admitted his mistake) was a gratuitous murder. The colonists were entitled to no compensation and to no assistance. The newly-annexed territory was to be instantly evacuated, and the tribes which had been made British subjects were to be restored to independence.*

The principle underlying Lord Glenelg's judgment would condemn altogether the colonisation by a civilised people of any country already occupied, however sparsely, by barbarous tribes. Wherever the white and coloured races come in contact, the laws of civilised man are inevitably violated by savages who do not understand them. Equally inevitably, where there is no organised police, the colonists defend themselves and their pro-

* Lord Glenelg to Sir Benjamin D'Urban.—December 26, 1835.

perty by such means as are nearest to hand. The savage is eventually driven back, and is punished by successive losses of territory. It may be hard, but it is the rule of the world. There was no proof that the Dutch and English farmers on the Fish River had been guilty of any unprovoked excesses. They had punished cattle thefts, perhaps too severely; but a Government which, from motives of economy, had left them unprotected by an adequate police, was not in a position to animadvert with such extreme severity on the rough-and-ready methods which are the necessary alternative.

That Lord Glenelg had been misled as to the character of the Kafirs the British nation had soon painfully to learn. The Fish River bush became immediately filled by the most daring of the tribes, who had been virtually invited to repeat their aggression, and the frontier of the Kei had to be recovered in a few years at a cost of several thousand lives, and two or three millions of money. Meanwhile, it was the day of illusions. Sir Benjamin D'Urban refused to accept his rebuke without a protest. He was recalled, and Sir George Napier took his place. A Committee of the House of Commons, of which Mr. Gladstone was a member, approved Lord Glenelg's despatch, reaffirmed that the war had arisen from systematic forgetfulness of the principles of justice on the part of the colonists, and laid down as an axiom—of which it would be interesting to know Mr. Gladstone's present opinion—'that in all the British colonies, whatever might be the nature of the local legislature, the aborigines must be withdrawn from its control. A local legislature, if properly constituted, must be the representative of the opinions of the people for whom it acted, and in proportion as it was qualified for its proper functions it was unfit for the duty of protecting the aborigines.' The Cape Colonists found themselves held up before the Empire as special objects of humiliation and disgrace, and they resented the treatment which they could not admit that they had deserved. The English settlers demanded a Commission of Inquiry, which the Government refused. The indignation of the Dutch farmers displayed itself in a more serious form. Despairing now of protection, finding themselves, as they supposed, plundered and insulted by alien invaders, and believing that in their own way they could establish more wholesome relations with the native tribes than under the uncertain dominion of Great Britain, which allowed itself to be misled by interested information, they determined to seek a new home in the plains of the interior. They had already made acquaintance with the chiefs beyond the Orange River. They had ascertained that across that river lay a far

extending plateau of admirable grazing-land unoccupied by the natives, who resided themselves in the rocky ranges by which the plains are intersected and surrounded. They made treaties with the Bechuanas, the Basutos, and the Griquas, and they broke up from their old homes in the Eastern Province of the colony with a passionate unanimity without parallel in modern history. They abandoned their farms, and mounted their families and their little properties in their ox-waggons. More than a thousand families took wing at once, and were followed by successive flights, which were caught by the enthusiasm as by an epidemic. They were well received on the whole in the districts to which they migrated. The Matabeles deceived them by pretended hospitality, cut off a party of them, and plundered their camp. But the Boers gallantly defended themselves. The Matabeles were not supported by the other tribes, and the newcomers found, for the most part, a generous welcome. The testimony of Sir George Clerk, who was sent as Commissioner among them in 1853, is, on this important point, conclusive.

‘When the Dutch Boers after wandering forth, owing to dissatisfaction with the British Administration, came and settled here many years ago, they lived in peace with their native neighbours. Their occupation of the central position of this territory displaced no one except the half-human Bushmen squatted here and there, roofless, among the rocks. No other class of natives had ever cared for so arid and unproductive a tract of country. The wild Bushmen sustained themselves on the flesh of the abundant herds of large game. But advancing towards the Kafirs’ borders, the Boers found natives who willingly gave them access to better lands, because the stranger spontaneously tendered homage for it. In those days cattle-lifting was of rare occurrence, although the Boers were, as now, a pastoral community.’*

Natal (so named by Vasco da Gama, who landed there on Christmas Day, 1498), divided from the Cape Colony by independent Kafir land, is separated from the Orange River territory only by the Drachenberg Mountains, through which there are easy passes. The lower and richer portion of Natal was at this time a desert, having been completely depopulated by the ferocious Chaka. Chaka having been murdered, negotiations for another settlement were opened by the Boers with his brother and successor, Dingaan; and, at Dingaan’s invitation, several hundred of the emigrants moved down, under the leadership of the chivalrous young Peter Retief. Retief himself, with sixty of his people, was invited to Dingaan’s camp to receive

* Sir George Clerk to the Duke of Newcastle.—December 3, 1853.

the grants which he had been promised. Under circumstances of the grossest treachery, they were all massacred; and on the same day an attempt was made to surprise the rest of the party, and destroy the women and children. The surprise failed. The Boers, fighting within a ring of waggons, defended themselves against a hundred times their number. Dingaan, defeated in a bloody engagement, was soon after killed, and the Dutch became masters of Natal.

Without a settled policy, and again led away by amiable people, to whom the Dutch nature was repulsive and unintelligible, the British Government conceived that the occupation of this new country was a fresh act of aggression on the natives. The Boers of Natal desired to be recognised as independent. Sir George Napier re-claimed them as British subjects, and sent a small force to occupy Durban, the Natal seaport, and receive their submission. The Boers resisted. The English were beaten in the first fight; they lost their guns in a night engagement at the head of Durban Harbour, and for a few weeks were besieged. The 'Southampton' frigate and a regiment from Cape Town arrived in time to save them from being starved into surrender. The Dutch gave up the contest. The majority of them retired over the mountains into the Orange River territory. The rest yielded to superior force, and Natal was made a British possession—but a fresh wrong was added to the fast-growing list of injuries which began to be treasured up in the minds of the South African Hollanders.

In all these transactions the British Government seems to have forgotten that if a conquered population are to be brought into wholesome relations with their conquerors, more consideration must be shown for them than we think necessary with our own people.

Natal was annexed in 1842. By this time the fruit of the Glenelg Despatch was beginning to ripen. During the six years which followed the recall of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, 13,000 cattle were stolen by the Kafirs, and a proportionate number of colonists were murdered. Sir Peregrine Maitland came out in 1844, and for two years more the outrages on the frontier increased. In 1846, disorder developed once more into war. Maitland was recalled, and was replaced by Sir Henry Pottinger. Lord Grey was then at the Colonial Office. In his instructions to Pottinger can be traced an impatient disgust on the return upon him of an intolerable problem. The annexation of Natal had been an extension of Imperial responsibility. Lord Grey seemed desirous to contract it to the narrowest possible limits. Representative institutions were to be introduced

duced into the Colony as soon as possible. The unfitness of a local legislature to govern the natives was no longer so evident. The Colony was to manage its own affairs, whether native or properly colonial. As to further territory, Lord Grey stated that the Government had no wish to extend the dominions of the Crown in South Africa. Fresh acquisitions were not only worthless, but pernicious.* Meanwhile the entire frontier was on fire. The losses of the farmers soon amounted to half a million. The colonists, after their late rebuke, were reluctant to enlist for service. Pottinger reported himself embarrassed by the missionaries, whom he found to 'interfere improperly.' He began even to question whether the missionaries had effected any improvement in the natives whatsoever. The Kafirs lived in the same wretched huts, they ate the same food, they lolled about in the same idleness and filth and nudity as their ancestors had done for centuries. To the same effect Sir George Clerk reported from the Orange River. 'He had never heard of an instance of the conversion of any one of the native tribe to Christianity, and the British Resident there had assured him that no case of the kind had ever come to his knowledge.'† The Kafirs were beaten down at last, at the most serious cost of money and blood. Pottinger was transferred to Madras before the war was over, and Colonel Smith, now Sir Harry, with the glories of Aliwal fresh upon him, came out to finish it. His return to the Colony was understood to imply a return also to the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban. He was received on the frontier with an enthusiasm which extended, or seemed to extend, to the Kafirs themselves. The chiefs, to many of whom he was personally known, came in and placed themselves under the sovereignty of the Queen. Western Caffraria was declared British territory, and the Kei River became once more the boundary. The occupation of Natal having affirmed the principle that the Dutch emigrants had not been released from their allegiance, the Orange River settlers desired to know their real position. They wanted peace; they wanted a fixed resolution of some kind from the British Government, and the majority were ready to acquiesce in it whatever it might be. Sir Harry being universally popular, they invited him to visit them as soon as he had settled the Eastern border. He went. He was struck by what he saw. He found the country already sprinkled with pleasant farm-houses, surrounded by pleasant gardens, and a

* Earl Grey to Sir Henry Pottinger.—November 2, 1846.

† Sir George Clerk to the Duke of Newcastle.—August 25, 1853. The missionaries can now happily give a better account of their stewardship. It is impossible to speak too highly of the work done by Mr. Stuart at Lovedale.

population

population quiet and well disposed. A part of them, at least, petitioned that he would declare the province British territory. Three of the most powerful chiefs made the same request; and Sir Harry, on the 3rd of February, 1848, proclaimed Her Majesty's Sovereignty over the country enclosed between the Vaal River, the Orange River, and the Drachenberg Mountains, detailing by name the various chiefs who were made British subjects.

The proclamation left undefined the nature of the authority asserted over these chiefs, and the terms of it were dangerously vague. A party among the settlers were also dissatisfied with the re-assertion of British supremacy over them, which they hoped to have escaped. But the measure was popular with the Dutch at Cape Town, and Sir Harry flattered himself that he had given general satisfaction by what he had done. He was disagreeably undeceived. He had no sooner left the territory, than the farmers who had been driven back out of Natal rose again in arms. They escorted the Resident Commissioner, whom Sir Harry had left at Bloemfontein, across the Orange River, dismissed him, and declared themselves again independent. Sir Harry hurried back with such a force as he could hastily collect. The Boers met him on the 27th of August, at a place called Boemplatz. In the engagement which followed, Sir Harry lost more men than he ought to have done, and he himself had a narrow escape; but the farmers were, of course, beaten. The determinately irreconcilable fled over the Vaal River, under their leader, Pretorius, and established what is now known as the South African Republic. The Sovereignty, as the Orange River territory was now called, being purged of its most dangerous elements, settled peaceably down as a British province.

Again Sir Harry returned to Cape Town, not to enjoy, as he had hoped, the popularity which his services had merited, but to find himself in a political cyclone which had been occasioned by fresh imprudence on the part of the Colonial Office.

Great Britain had hitherto relieved herself of her convict population at the expense of her colonies. Each colony as it grew in importance resisted the intrusion into it of so polluted an element. Australia had now become restive, and the Government turned its eyes upon the Cape. Lord Russell felt his way in 1841 with an offer of juvenile delinquents. In 1846 Mr. Gladstone suggested that a few shiploads of convicts might be employed in making a breakwater in Table Bay. On both these occasions the opposition was so universal and so decided
that

that the proposition was immediately dropped. Lord Grey did not profit by the lesson. The Irish famine in 1847, the Irish rebellion in 1848, and the Chartist disturbances in London in the same year, had thrown upon the hands of the Government a class of convicts of whose offences they took a lenient view. Thefts committed to escape starvation implied no settled criminality. Of the Irish and Chartist rebels many were more foolish than guilty. These persons might be fitly trusted with tickets of leave, and Lord Grey decided that the Cape must receive them.

The people at Cape Town took a different view. So far from regarding political offenders as less objectionable than ordinary criminals, they pretended to have a peculiar horror of patriotic disloyalty. 'They regretted,' they said, 'that Her Majesty's Government should have attempted to force upon the Colony a set of persons convicted of offences exceeding in selfishness and meanness, in atrociousness and deliberate cruelty, any class of felons known to the law.' The vehement indignation at rebellion expressed by the Cape Town people was no doubt highly satisfactory, but Lord Grey considered that their loyalty ought to show itself in a practical form. The last Kafir war had cost the British tax-payer more than a million. The Cape Colonists, he said, were bound to render a service in return to the mother-country. He requested them to consider 'that unless several colonies would consent to receive a moderate number of convicts the effect must be to concentrate all in some one colony.*' The argument was more naive than conclusive. Lord Grey, perhaps, anticipated that it might not carry conviction, and, to prevent further discussion, he engaged the 'Neptune,' a ship of 700 tons, placed 300 convicts on board—the notorious John Mitchel among them—and despatched her to Simon's Bay.

The vanity of country is strong in Cape Town. Before this last step was known, Sir Harry had been besieged with petitions and remonstrances so vehement, that he had been obliged to promise that the convicts should not be forced upon the Colony. When it was announced that the 'Neptune' was on her way, Sir Harry's promise went for nothing, and bankers, merchants, and private tradesmen formed themselves into an association, the members of which were pledged to have no dealings of any kind with any servant of the Government, civil or military, till the project was distinctly abandoned by the authorities at home. The contractors were warned to supply no more provi-

* Earl Grey to Sir Harry Smith.—March 19, 1849.

sions either to the garrison or the fleet. The leading members of Council resigned. Others who were nominated to fill their places were rattened by the mob, and were obliged to retire also. The Governor was informed that any one who retained or accepted a seat in the Council would undoubtedly be starved.

So much passion was uncalled for and silly. Nevertheless, it endured for several months, and was carried at length to such a point of absurdity that no one could be found to take a contract to supply the police with clothes. The troops, inconvenienced as they were, behaved with remarkable forbearance. A single gentleman, with a large cattle farm, had the courage to continue a supply of meat for them. The remaining discomforts they endured.

At length the 'Neptune' arrived. There was not the slightest danger that in the face of such an opposition her obnoxious freight would be detained in the Colony. The convicts on board had been in the tropics, in a small vessel, for nearly five months, and many of them were ill. In common humanity they ought to have been allowed to land. But the sacred soil of South Africa was not to be polluted. The colonists insisted that not a man of them should set his foot on shore, not even under guard within the precincts of the Admiralty's dockyard. Sir Harry protested. They only answered that the 'Neptune' must be sent away. He said that he could not send her away till he had received orders where she was to go. This was nothing to them. The presence of the 'Neptune' in the harbour drove them wild, and fresh efforts were made of a determined kind to prevent supplies being furnished to the fleet. The whole Colony was on fire about it. Sir Harry might have overawed Cape Town. The irritation was absurd, and the conduct of the people unjustifiable, but he felt that in such a quarrel violence could not properly be used, and 'that some other opportunity must be selected of proving by force, if unhappily it must be proved by force, that the supremacy of the mother-country must not be questioned in her colonies.*' The only alternatives now open to Lord Grey were either immediate concession or a peremptory assertion of authority. He still tried to evade the dilemma. He blamed the colonists; he blamed the Governor; he blamed every one but himself. It was not till the 30th of November that he could finally resolve to yield, and thus for eight months Sir Harry had been left face to face with a virtual rebellion. At length orders arrived for the 'Neptune' to sail. The agitation dropped, but the Cape Town population had learnt the

* Sir Harry Smith to Earl Grey.—September 22, 1849.

mischievous lesson that the British Government might be defied with impunity.

The office of the Governor of the Cape was not an easy one. The political commotion was no sooner over than Sir Harry was recalled to the Border by the outbreak of the third and most severe of the Kafir wars. It commenced with a revolt of the 2000 Hottentot police, and of the Hottentot Settlement on the Kat River. The Kafirs followed, and then the Basutos, who now, for the first time, took part against us. Affairs had been mismanaged in the Orange River Sovereignty. So long as the Boers were undisturbed, there had been no quarrels with the natives. As soon as a British Resident was established at Bloemfontein he began, at the instigation of the missionaries, to interfere between superior and inferior chiefs, and fell at once into a series of petty quarrels. The Boer farmers, who desired only to be at peace with their neighbours, were ordered out on Commandos under British officers. Their cattle had been stolen in return; they had retaliated in the usual way. The adventurers under Pretorius beyond the Vaal had fallen into trouble on their own account, but the Boers of the Orange Sovereignty were acquitted of blame by the distinct declaration of the Commissioners who were sent to investigate. The precipitate interference of Sir Harry Smith had been the real cause of all that had gone wrong, and had added the formidable Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos, to the list of enemies who had now to be dealt with.

The Hottentots having joined the Kafirs, Sir Harry was obliged to apply for reinforcements from home. Irritated more than ever at fresh demands on the army and the Treasury for the ungrateful and ungracious Cape Colony, Lord Grey announced more emphatically than ever that British responsibilities must be contracted. He reminded Sir Harry that the Imperial Government had no direct interest in South Africa beyond the Table Mountain Peninsula. Peace must, of course, be restored; but at least 'the ultimate abandonment of the Orange Sovereignty must be a settled point of British policy.*'

The resolution had much to recommend it. The resources of Great Britain are strained sufficiently without the addition of an indefinitely extending South African Empire. If the policy of leaving the Boers to themselves to form a barrier between the British possessions and the interior could have been consistently adhered to, it would have been the best which could have been adopted. Lord Grey intended to adhere to it. He told Sir Harry that 'he would learn with the greatest satisfac-

* Earl Grey to Sir Harry Smith.—October 21, 1851.

tion that he had been able to withdraw the British troops from behind the Orange River.' 'If,' he said, 'you are enabled to effect that object, you will distinctly understand that any wars, however sanguinary, which may afterwards occur between the different tribes and communities which will be left in a state of independence beyond the colonial boundary are to be considered as affording no ground for your interference.'*

The purpose was as plain as words could make it. But it was acted upon, unfortunately, only to be repented of, and the result has merely been to increase the intricacies of the South African problem.

The war lingered on the Eastern frontier. Detached engagements led to slight results, while the loss of life was severe. The country is one of the most difficult in the world. From the high plateau of the interior there is a sharp descent to the Indian Ocean, through ravines and gorges densely covered with impenetrable bush. From these natural fastnesses the Kafirs made raids into the Colony, retreating with their spoils where regular troops were unable to follow them. Lord Grey's patience was overtaxed. The hero of Aliwal was recalled, and Sir George Cathcart was sent out to finish the war with fresh and peremptory instructions.

'Great Britain,' Lord Grey said, 'cannot bear the weight of these wars. If the colonists are left unsupported to rely wholly on themselves for protection against the barbarians with whom they are placed in immediate contact, they must be left also to the unchecked exercise of those severe measures of self-defence which a position of so much danger will naturally dictate. Experience shows that in such circumstances measures of self-defence will degenerate into indiscriminate vengeance, and will lead to the gradual extermination of the less civilised race. To avert this result, which has hitherto been the aim of our policy, is a high and noble object, well worthy of considerable sacrifice on the part of the British people; but it is more than is required of them by the duties of humanity that they should submit to indefinite expense. Beyond the very limited extent of territory required for the security of the Cape of Good Hope as a naval station, the British Crown and nation have no interest whatever in maintaining a territorial dominion in South Africa. I looked with confidence to the establishment of security by the civilising effects of commerce and missionary enterprise. Unfortunately, these sanguine hopes have been disappointed; and it will be a question demanding the most serious consideration whether the attempt which has thus failed can be renewed, or whether the exercise of British authority in South Africa must not be restricted within much narrower limits than heretofore.'†

* Earl Grey to Sir Harry Smith.—December 15, 1851.

† Earl Grey to Sir George Cathcart.—February 2, 1852.

We need not pursue the details of the Kafir war. After eight months of severe fighting, the Kafir chiefs again submitted. Moshesh and the Basutos only remained unsubdued; and against Moshesh Cathcart proceeded 'with an imposing force' at the end of 1852. He was less successful than he expected to be. He attacked Moshesh's stronghold at the source of the Orange River, in the heart of the South African highlands. He was not defeated, but he suffered severely in the first and only action which was fought. The prudence of the chief anticipated a second experiment. The midnight after the battle, Moshesh wrote a letter to Cathcart, saving the English Commander's honour by overrating his success. 'You have shown your power,' he said. 'You have chastised. Let it be enough; and let me be no longer considered the enemy of the Queen.' Cathcart was but too happy to extricate himself and his army on these ambiguous terms. He was as eager as Lord Grey himself to carry out the policy of abandonment, which would prevent the risk of further collision with the dangerous Basutos.

The independence of the country beyond the Vaal had been already conceded. Commissioners, sent by Sir Harry Smith, had come to an arrangement with Pretorius, on the Sand River, on the 18th of January, 1852. They 'had guaranteed to the farmers in the fullest manner the right to manage their own affairs without interference from Great Britain.' They disclaimed, on the part of Great Britain, 'all alliances whatever and with whomsoever of the coloured nations north of the Vaal River.' The Convention was signed by both parties, approved by the Governor, and transmitted to England. It was understood and expressly stated to have 'deprived the native chiefs of a support on which they had long relied.'

Of the meaning of these words Cathcart gave an immediate illustration, to which later events have given serious importance. The British Government had a treaty of old standing with one of their chiefs, Andreas Waterboer. Andreas Waterboer dying in 1853, his son, Nicholas, applied to have the treaty renewed. Cathcart refused to do it, as contrary to his engagement with the Boers.*

The sovereignty of the Queen had never been proclaimed in the country beyond the Vaal, which could therefore be

* 'A small neighbouring chief beyond the Vaal, with whom there subsisted a treaty, has recently died, and has been succeeded by his son Nicholas. Nicholas Waterboer desires to renew the treaty. I have refused, as it seems incompatible with the convention entered into with the Transvaal emigrants.'—*Sir George Cathcart to the Duke of Newcastle*. March 15, 1853.

abandoned without difficulty. To retire beyond the Orange River out of a territory which had been formally taken possession of was a more serious matter. English subjects had settled there, relying on the protection of the Crown; banking-houses had advanced capital; a large trade had sprung up in wool. The Cape Dutch took alarm when it was rumoured that their kindred in the Sovereignty were to be cast off. A petition, entreating the Crown to reconsider its resolution, was signed by almost every Dutchman in the Western Province of the Colony. They protested against 'severing a people whom a wise policy would rather seek to unite.' They expressed their conviction, which, as matters have been managed, has proved perfectly well-grounded, 'that in a very limited period the recovery of the territory would become a solemn duty, though of tremendously increased difficulty.'

It was to no purpose. The Duke of Newcastle had succeeded Lord Grey at the Colonial Office, but Lord Grey's policy was continued, and in August, 1853, Sir George Russell Clerk arrived at Bloemfontein to form a second convention with the Boers of the Sovereignty. On the spot he found the objection of the settlers to be scarcely less violent than in the Colony. It is said sometimes that these countries were abandoned in order to conciliate the Dutch. Nothing can be more untrue. They were abandoned to save Downing Street expense and trouble. The wishes of the people were never so much as thought of as deserving to be considered. To have created a strong independent State as a barrier between the Colony and the interior of Africa, *to have attached Natal to it*, and thus given it a seaboard and means of self-development, would have been a politic and prudent measure, and in the long run would have been approved in Cape Town. To fling off as worthless castaways many thousand industrious and deserving British subjects against their will and in the face of the remonstrance of themselves and their kindred, was to add one more injury and one more insult to the large list already existing, and to miss the solitary advantage which we hoped to gain of diminishing our responsibilities. The farmers of the Sovereignty urged with fairness that as long as they had been left to themselves, their relations with the natives had been perfectly amicable. British interference between the chiefs had made enemies, especially of the powerful Basutos, and it was unjust to leave them exposed to perils of which they were not themselves the occasion.

Sir George Clerk allowed the justice of the argument, but he was obliged to carry out his orders. He called an assembly of delegates from the Province, and informed them that they must be

be prepared to undertake the government of it. The delegates refused to comply. They had done nothing, they said, to forfeit the protection of the Crown. They had always been loyal; they had not asked for independence; they did not desire it; and they protested against its being forced upon them against their will.

The question was referred back to England. Sir George Clerk said that the delegates represented the opinions of only part of the people. The British occupation had produced nothing but evil and bad blood. So long as it was maintained, the avarice of English land-jobbers could not be restrained, and the country would continue a prey to nefarious speculators. Moshesh, whom he had visited, assured him that the Boers had always been good neighbours to the Basutos when 'not required by authority to place themselves in antagonism to himself.' 'They had become his enemies only through the operation of the British Administration.' As soon as Great Britain had withdrawn, all would be well. In a remarkable passage, Sir George Clerk added a sketch of the motives and history of the successive acts of territorial extension in that country:—

'One of the reasons for extending British dominions in South Africa has been to prevent the extinction of the rights of the natives. The knowledge that British dominion has been thus enlarged proves acceptable in England. The extension manifests our power, the motives our benevolence. After a while the measure becomes costly. Enquiry follows; and then it is evident the conquest has been the mere occupation of wastes almost uninhabitable, attended with constant inconvenience and dangers to the State, arising from nothing less than the extinction of the rights of the natives, to protect whom was the pretext of the extension of our authority.*

Sir George Clerk's argument decided the resolution of the Colonial Office. The Orange River Boundary had become a fixed idea—a sound idea, had it been carried out completely and adhered to consistently—as mischievous in its consequences as it was unjust and precipitate in conception, in the form in which it was dictated from Downing Street. Sir George Clerk was ordered to proceed on the precedent of the Sand River Convention. The delegates were re-assembled. The final resolution was made known to them (February 23, 1854), and the Orange River Sovereignty was reluctantly endowed with the independence which it deprecated. The Articles of the Treaty were few and brief. Sir George Clerk was in haste, and details which might have been embarrassing were slurred over. The

* Sir George Clerk to the Duke of Newcastle.—January 14, 1854.

object was declared to be 'the transfer of the government of the Orange River Territory to representatives delegated by the inhabitants to receive it.' The boundary of the Territory had been defined in 1848 as the Drachenberg Mountains, the Orange River, and the Vaal River. The native chiefs between these limits had been declared British subjects. Were they now constituted subjects of the Government to which the British authority had been transferred? The Colonial Office had not intended this. 'The native chiefs and tribes,' the Duke of Newcastle wrote to Clerk, 'will, of course, resume their former independence as soon as the rule of Great Britain terminates.' 'The relations in which they were to stand towards the independent community about to be formed,' Sir George Clerk was left to determine.*

Sir George Clerk finding the subject a tender one left it open. But the delegates refused positively to be parties to the Treaty unless the British Government would bind itself not to interfere between them and the natives, and not to enter into any treaties with the natives by which their interests would be prejudiced. And to this Clerk distinctly consented. By the first Article of the Treaty the Boers of the Territory were declared to be 'to all intents and purposes a free and independent people, and their Government a free and independent Government.' The second Article affirms that 'The British Government has no alliance whatever with any native chiefs or tribes to the north of the Orange River, with the exception of the Griqua chief Adam Kok; and her Majesty's Government has *no wish or intention* to enter hereafter into any treaties which may be injurious or prejudicial to the interests of the Orange River Government.'

Adam Kok was excepted for special reasons, with the consent of the Boers, who subsequently purchased his reserved rights from him. The words 'wish or intention' were accepted in good faith. The correspondence proves beyond a doubt that the British Government had resolved finally and definitely to withdraw behind the Orange River. They did not anticipate that a British Governor, at the first temptation, would construe those words to mean that there was no such wish or intention at the time when the Treaty was signed, but that the British Government retained its right to form and act upon such a wish should it be convenient to do so in the future. If the ambiguity was intentional, it was a fraud; if it was accidental, Englishmen sensitive for the honour of their country will regret that it should have been taken advantage of.

* Duke of Newcastle to Sir George Clerk.—November 14, 1853.

Of the remaining Articles two only require notice. The Boers undertook to permit no slavery, or trade in slaves within the Territory. The British Government undertook that the Boers whose trade must pass through the Colony or Natal should receive a remission of import duties. The second of these two engagements has never been fulfilled. The duties levied on goods imported for the Orange Free State have continued to be paid into the Colonial exchequer, and no account has been rendered of them. By the first the British Government has remained saddled with the very responsibilities which it was most anxious to avoid. The right of interference implied in the stipulation has been the occasion of perpetual bickering and bad blood; persons who dislike the Boers, and disapprove their system of native management, having ever since besieged the Colonial Office with passionate denunciations of them, in which truth and falsehood can with difficulty be separated. The Boers are a hundred years behind us in what is called civilisation. Their apprentice laws and their vagrant laws are like those which prevailed in England under the Commonwealth, and compulsory apprenticeship and forced labour as a penalty for vagrancy appear to many good people to be identical with slavery. During the British occupation there had been frequent trouble with the natives. Men had been killed, and their women and children, to save them from starvation, had been distributed as servants among the farmers. It was a practice which might be humane or wantonly cruel, according to the circumstances. On the frontier of the Transvaal, where miscellaneous ruffians of all nations had collected, an infamous trade sprang up in native children—black ivory, as they were called—who were carried into the Dutch settlement and disposed of for money as apprentices. The Orange Free State soon put a stop to these villanies. They lingered longer in the Transvaal; but at length were suppressed there also. Every instance, however, was made the worst of by persons who wished to force the British Government to resume its half-abandoned duty of protecting the native population.

England was taught to believe that the Boers were little better than wild beasts, and the independence which had been conceded was so far encroached upon that the Free States were forbidden to communicate with the Home Government, except through the Governor of the Cape.

This ambiguous position was so painful to them, that in 1858 the Volksraad of the Orange Territory petitioned to be taken back under the British flag, and Sir George Grey, then Governor of the Cape, advised strongly that their prayer should be complied

plied with. The British Government preferred to leave them without the protection which, as British subjects, they could have claimed, but without also that perfect freedom which they had been promised, and which alone would have enabled them satisfactorily to protect themselves.

Meanwhile a Constitution had been conceded to the Colony, and a representative legislature met at Cape Town in 1854. The opportunity had been ingeniously taken when the Dutch in the Colony had been irritated by the hard treatment of their kinsmen, and from the first the new system worked unsatisfactorily. The inhabitants of the two Provinces into which the Colony is divided are distinct in race, in language, and in habits. The Western Province is Dutch and agricultural; the Eastern Province is English and Scotch, and commercial. The Western Province had a majority in the Assembly; the Eastern produced the largest share of the revenue. The Eastern complained that under the existing Constitution they were unfairly treated. Two-thirds of the Customs' duties were raised at Port Elizabeth; three-fifths of the expenditure was on the roads and bridges of the West. So strong was the opposition, that had the British Government left them free to take their own course the Eastern Province would have insisted on separation, and if the West had refused to let them go they would have taken possession of their own Custom House.

The Colony having the disposition of its own revenues, the Imperial Government naturally desired to diminish the number of its troops, and to leave to the colonists the expense of defending themselves. The colonists held the Imperial Government at an advantage which they would not part with.

The native question in South Africa presents more difficulties than in New Zealand or Australia. The natives in South Africa are multiplying, not diminishing. Behind lies the inexhaustible reserve of the tribes of the enormous continent. To leave the colonists to defend themselves alone would be to tempt the natives into aggressions which could be successfully resisted only by means which British opinion would not tolerate in the Queen's dominions. In Natal, which was a Crown Colony, and most dangerously exposed, it was absolutely indispensable to keep a military force. The Cape Legislature knew, and still know, that as long as we keep a regiment at Cape Town to protect the naval station, and another regiment in Natal, we shall be compelled, whether we like it or not, to share the burden of the defence of the frontier, and that on us, and not on them, will fall the weight of a serious war, should such a misfortune occur. They were unwilling, therefore, to tax themselves

themselves unnecessarily, and were content to enjoy the advantage of representative Government while they escaped its responsibilities.

The situation soon became intolerable. The happiest solution of the difficulty would have been to have made a sanitary station at the Cape for the Indian army, where regiments suffering from the Indian climate might be alternately transferred to recover themselves. The mere presence of a large force in the Colony would have been a perfect insurance against any disturbance from the Kafirs. This plan, it is said, was once seriously thought of, and some preparations were made; but it was soon abandoned. The impatience of the Colonial Office increased, and in January 1867 the Colony was informed that the force which was to remain there was positively to be reduced to three battalions.

Sir Philip Wodehouse, then Governor, whose ability and experience entitled his advice to more weight than was unhappily allowed to it, pointed out that the Imperial Government was doing too much or too little. An adequate force must be maintained in the Colony or none at all. A weak garrison would only invite disturbances, and if danger came must be reinforced. The Colony of course might be thrown on its own resources, but the form of the Constitution must then be changed. A Governor without troops and without a responsible ministry could not govern at all. The Imperial Government must make up its mind as to what is wanted. Responsible Government was a step towards independence, and was only suited for countries advancing to independence. Was Great Britain prepared to allow the Cape to become independent, and to accept the possible consequences of such a position? Lord Granville, to whom the question was referred when he came into office under Mr. Gladstone, was prepared to face the alternative. His principle was a simple one. The Colonies must bear their own expenses. If they considered the British connection of value to them they must pay for it. If they did not, they were at liberty to separate. Whether the Cape might become independent or were fit to be independent; what the nature of the population might be; or whether the Dutch majority might not desire to resume their connection with the Low Countries, Lord Granville does not seem to have asked himself. He had perhaps forgotten that South Africa was not a colony properly, but a conquered province. In what proportions the Dutch and English stood to one another we cannot infer from his despatches that he either knew or cared to know. He informed Sir Philip Wodehouse peremptorily that the troops
were

were to be withdrawn, with the probable exception of a single regiment, which might be left for the present for the protection of the naval station. As to the Constitution, it would not work in its present state. His own opinion was in favour of responsible Government whatever might be its risks. As the Colony was said by Sir Philip Wodehouse not to wish for such a Government, an alternative might be tried. If the Colony would give the Crown more power the Crown would take it, and would continue its responsibilities. The Colony, when the alternative was laid before it, declined to part with the liberty which it already possessed. After so long an experience of the uncertainty, the caprice, the indifference to the wishes of the majority of the population which they had met with at the hands of the Colonial Office, it was no wonder that the Dutch were unwilling to return under its authority. If further evidence was needed of the impossibility of a good government for South Africa being dictated from Downing Street, it was about to be supplied in the worst mistake which had been yet committed.

It was equally impossible that the Imperial Government could continue to bear the constant expense and the indefinite responsibilities of the defence of the Colony, when it had parted with its control over its revenues and its legislation. A further development of the Constitution was therefore, as Lord Granville said, inevitable. The experiment was a new and a dangerous one. Australia and New Zealand were English colonies. In Canada the French were in a minority. The Cape was a conquered province, in which the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants were of a different race and a different language. The risk was increased by the tone in which the grant of self-government to the great Colonies was generally spoken of by the Liberal party in England. It was assumed that their complete separation from us was a matter of time merely, and that the period of separation was rapidly approaching. It was to be expected, therefore, that among the Dutch of the Cape a party would form itself in favour of independence. The distinctions between the Eastern and Western Provinces, the inability of the Cape to defend itself against an attack from the sea, and the temptation of so commanding a situation to any aggressive foreign power, about which if the Dutch and English quarrelled this power might be invited in by one party or the other, created peculiar and complicated perils. Before so momentous a step was taken as the grant of responsible government, which could not afterwards be recalled, Lord Granville ought to have considered whether the Cape station continued to be of real conse-

quence to the Empire ; and if the Cabinet decided, as it is fair to presume they would have done, that the Cape could under no circumstances be allowed to fall into the hands of a rival power, the change in the government ought to have been accompanied with certain specific stipulations.

1. The station at Simon's Bay should have been separated from the rest of the Colony, and retained exclusively under Imperial jurisdiction. Simon's Bay is the only secure and defensible harbour in the Colony, and without it no foreign power could be tempted to meddle with the Cape. It is supremely valuable to us, and is barely large enough for the purposes to which it is now applied. Yet it is left under the Colonial authorities. They may claim it, and they will claim it if their trade increases, as a commercial port. Already the Dutch papers in the Colony are arguing that if England goes to war the Colonial harbours shall be neutral. If such a resolution was arrived at by the Legislature and adopted by the Colonial ministry, the most painful embarrassments would follow.

2. Nothing would be gained by the Imperial Government from passing over the administration to the Colonists, if the garrison of the naval station was liable to be called on in extremity for frontier defence. If the direction of the native policy was committed to a legislature which in 1837 we considered unfit to be trusted with it, British troops could in no case be employed to maintain such a native policy. Yet, as matters stand, the Colonial ministry is aware that in the event of any serious misfortune public opinion in England will expect the garrison to take part in the defence. The British troops indisputably will be sent to the frontier, and the responsibility still clings to us.

3. When responsible government was granted to the Cape, Natal ought to have been reattached to it. The native question throughout South Africa is one. The great stronghold of the Kafirs lies between Natal and the Colony. If there is war on one side there will be war on the other. If a Kafir war breaks out, large reinforcements must be sent to Natal. And, as we said before, the Cape Colony will never tax itself to maintain an adequate police force on its own frontiers so long as it knows that it can count with certainty on the presence of a British army in Natal.

4. The Governor of the Cape, beyond his local functions, possesses as High Commissioner an indefinite right of interference in native questions beyond the Colonial border. This office is a relic of the policy of 1837. In the discharge of it the Governor is independent of the advice of his ministers. If the

the course which he pursues is such as his ministers disapprove or decline to support, he has to fall back upon support from home, and the Imperial Government thus remains exposed to liabilities of the most dangerous kind. The High Commissioner can lecture the two Free States, he can order inquiries and demand satisfaction; yet if satisfaction is refused, he cannot move a Colonial policeman to enforce it. An authority so powerless for good, so powerful for mischief ought either to have been abolished, or in the exercise of it the Governor should have been directed to consult his Colonial advisers.

None of these considerations appear to have touched Lord Granville. He was in a hurry to see the constitution established and the troops recalled, and he did not care to anticipate difficulties which might delay a conclusion. Oversights of this kind, however, were trivial in comparison with what followed. The establishment of Lord Grey's representative legislature had been accompanied by the convict affair, and the exasperation of the Dutch by the repudiation of the Orange River territory; with analogous ingenuity the occasion of the more momentous change was chosen by Mr. Gladstone's administration for the most deliberate act of injustice of which the Dutch of South Africa as yet have had to complain.

The annexation of the Diamond Fields is perhaps the most discreditable incident in British Colonial history.

We must return to the Orange Free State.

The disputes with the natives which we left behind on our departure, formed an inconvenient legacy to the Boers' Government. They could not renew their friendship with Moshesh; and in 1864 the Free State and the Basutos broke into war. The Boers at first had the worst of the conflict; but they persevered for four years under frightful losses—one in five of their able-bodied population having been killed. At last they conquered, and were proceeding to dictate terms of peace, when the Governor of the Cape stepped in, intercepted their supplies of ammunition, and took the Basutos under British protection. It was a distinct violation of the Convention of 1854. The British Government was doing precisely what it had bound itself not to do; but the war had excited feelings in England, and the treaty was set aside. The President, Mr. Brand, who has been lately in London, behaved with creditable moderation; and Sir Philip Wodehouse was more sensible of the imprudence of irritating the Dutch Colonial constituencies than the irresponsible advisers of the English Government. They met at Aliwal North in 1869 to arrange the dispute. A slight extension of frontier was granted to the Free State at the Basutos' expense. The

Basutos themselves were made British subjects, and the Free State was guaranteed against further aggressions from them. The Convention of 1854 was then formally renewed. The infraction of it was not to be regarded as a precedent; and the British Government again disclaimed the intention of interfering beyond the Orange River. Lord Shaftesbury and his friends complained that Sir Philip had been too lenient to the Boers.

'They seem to think,' Sir Philip wrote to Lord Granville, 'that I as the Governor of a Dutch population, with a legislature largely pervaded by the Dutch element, ought to have pushed matters to extremity with a Dutch Republic, inhabited by the nearest kinsmen of the Cape Colonists, and sown the seeds of bitter and lasting animosity.'*

The force of so extremely obvious an argument was unfortunately less apparent to Sir Philip Wodehouse's successor.

The productiveness of South Africa is marvellous in extent and variety. The soil needs only the distribution of the water of its abundant rivers to produce everything which man can desire. If agriculture is behindhand, it is only because so many other avenues to wealth are open. To cattle, sheep, and horse breeding, is now added the fabulously lucrative trade of ostrich-farming. The grass which is annually burnt from off Natal is equivalent to the food of ten millions of human beings. The mineral wonders are no less astonishing. Coal, iron, copper, cobalt, gold have been discovered one after another in profuse abundance. Copper ore, rich as the best Australian, lies scattered over the surface of Namaqua Land. Gold reefs run from the Transvaal to the rise of the Zambesi. Beyond all this, South Africa was found, seven years ago, to contain more diamonds than are known to exist in the rest of the world put together. The mines are elliptical holes, with vertical sides, punched, as it were, through the level strata of shale, which floors the interior plateau, and filled with a grey clay, in which the diamonds are embedded. One or more of these places must at one time have been broken through by the Vaal River, in the bed of which the first discoveries were made. Subsequently three of these holes were found twenty miles from the river bank, within a circle of two miles diameter, and perhaps communicating with each other underground. From the date at which the mines were opened, two millions worth of diamonds can be traced from them annually through the great houses of Port Elizabeth alone. Half as many more must

* Sir Philip Wodehouse to Lord Granville.—April 18, 1870.

have been either secreted by the natives at work in the pits, or have found their way into the world's market through other channels. So sudden and so vast has been the consequent increase of wealth in the Colony, that the revenue has been trebled, the prices of oxen, horses, and sheep have been quadrupled, and the cost of living has been as extravagant as at Ballarat on the first rush to the Gold Fields. Unfortunately the diamond country lies north of the Orange River, in the territory from which we had withdrawn, and where, as late as 1869, the very year of the discovery, we had again bound ourselves not to interfere. The farm on which the mines were opened had been occupied by a Boer, during the English occupation of the sovereignty. It was held under a title which had been issued by Major Warden, the British Resident at Bloemfontein; and the magistrates of the Free State Government had exercised jurisdiction there from the day on which we made over the territory to them. When the diggings were opened, and a rush of people came in, a regular administration was set up by the officers of the Republic, with a police and courts of justice. It ought to have been obvious that it mattered little to South Africa or to Great Britain under what authority the mines were worked. The diamonds would belong to those who found them, and the revenue from the digging licences would do no more than pay for the cost of management.

If, as was alleged at the Colonial Office, the Free State was too weak to control a large and disorderly population, the means of undoing the error (as it was now believed to have been) of the abandonment in 1854 was thrust into the hands of the British Government, for the Volksraad of the State would have petitioned for our assistance. If order could be maintained, the same result would have been arrived at in a very few years from the mere influx of so many thousand British subjects.

Sir Philip Wodehouse had most unfortunately left the Colony. General Hay, the interim Governor until a successor should arrive, allowed himself to be persuaded that the wealth of the Diamond Fields would fall to the State within the boundaries of which they stood, and that so rich a prize must not be left to the miserable Boers at Bloemfontein. It will be remembered that at the time of the abandonment the relations between the Dutch and the natives had been left undefined, the British Government only binding itself to relinquish all connection with the natives, and to leave them and the settlers to arrange matters between themselves. Boundary questions had often risen, some of which had been settled by purchase, others were still

still pending; and among the rest a difference existed with Nicholas Waterboer, the Griqua Chief (with whom Cathcart had refused to renew a treaty on the ground that it would be inconsistent with the Sand River Convention), as to the ownership of the district in which the diamonds had been found. Unquestionably the country had once been occupied by the Griquas; but there were three Griqua Chiefs—Adam Kok, Cornelius Kok, and Waterboer. The Koks, whose pretensions appeared to be the best, had sold their rights to the Free State. Waterboer had alleged that the Koks had sold what belonged to himself. The dispute would have dropped except for the discovery of the diamonds. The Free State had been in possession for a quarter of a century, and they held the district by a double title—as successors to the British by whom it had been occupied, and as having purchased it from the Koks, to prevent the possibility of dispute. The Griquas themselves were mere squatters, whose claims at best were of the most shadowy description. But the land jobbers of the frontier saw their opportunity, and a case was made out for General Hay, who was too ready to listen. The Colonial Office was informed that an ancient and faithful ally of the British Government was being plundered of his property, and was appealing to Great Britain for protection. Sir George Clerk had warned us twenty years before of the real meaning of these appeals, of the persons with whom they originated, and of the results to which they invariably led. The Convention which had been renewed but the year before, the engagement so fresh and so distinct, that we would not meddle on such occasions, ought to have been answer sufficient. If more was wanted, the imprudence of again offending and affronting the entire Dutch population of South Africa might have furnished an additional reason for hesitation. Neither of these arguments was present to the minds of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. A specious case was laid before them. The slave-dealing stories were revived. Opportunities of trade were put forward, and the desirableness of keeping open a road into the interior, which otherwise the Boers might close.

The Colonial Office consulting Sir Philip Wodehouse, who was in England. Sir Philip Wodehouse replied, that he thought that the Boers could not govern such a population as would collect at the Diamond Fields. Sooner or later British authority would have to be established there.

‘But for the present,’ he said (and every one would have said who knew the circumstances and had no sinister aim of his own), ‘*I think it will be prudent to leave things to take their course. As long as the locally constituted body can maintain a proper control no interference seems*

*seems necessary. Serious disturbances would render the intervention of a higher power indispensable. Probably it would be solicited by the people themselves.**

The caution was not attended to. The temptation of gaining a little temporary applause by securing to the British Crown the richest diamond mines in the world was too strong for the Colonial Office. Lord Kimberley hesitated for a time. He informed Sir Henry Barkly, who was going out to succeed Sir Philip Wodehouse, that the Government had no wish to extend her Majesty's dominions in South Africa. Until responsible government had been established at the Cape, they would not consent to it under any circumstances. Sir Henry was ordered to take no steps to annex the territory, or pledge the Government to its annexation without further instructions.† Again, three months later, Sir Henry was cautioned 'not to be a party to the annexation of any territory which the Cape Colony would be unable to govern and defend by its own individual resources.‡ But, under a mistaken impression that disorders had broken out at the Fields, Lord Kimberley was induced first to sanction the sending magistrates there to take the Government from the Free State in Waterboer's name. This step involved the rest, and Lord Kimberley was passing over, with one hand, the control of the most important colonial possession of the Crown to its own people, with the other he was slapping the majority of them in the face. The Dutch of the Colony would have been less angry if he had said openly that the Diamond Fields were too valuable for the Free State to be allowed to keep them. Had he gone further and said that the independence of the two Republics was inconsistent with the welfare of South Africa, and that they must return under the British flag, he would have inflicted a wound on them, but there would have been no poison in it. But the manner in which the annexation was effected was worse than the matter of it. First, the Free State was accused of slave dealing. The President challenged investigation, and the charge was withdrawn. The Free State was then charged with having robbed an innocent native chief of his property, and of producing forged documents to justify the aggression. A Court, which sat last year at Kimberley to examine the land claims, pronounced that these documents were genuine, and that Waterboer's agent had perjured himself. It matters little, however, on which side lay the justice of the case; we

* Sir Philip Wodehouse to Lord Kimberley.—October 1, 1870.

† Lord Kimberley to Sir Henry Barkly.—November 17, 1870.

‡ Sir F. Rogers to Mr. Hammond.—January 3, 1871.

had bound ourselves not to interfere, and we did interfere. We professed to be defending Waterboer against the Free State. We were no sooner in possession than we appropriated nine-tenths of the country for ourselves, and gave Waterboer and his Griquas the remaining tenth. We repeated the same process, word for word, which Sir George Clerk had described in 1854. 'The reason alleged for the extension of territory has been to prevent the extinction of the rights of the natives. The knowledge that the British dominion has been enlarged proves acceptable in England. The extension manifests our power, the motive our benevolence. After awhile inquiry follows, and then it is evident that the conquest has brought with it the extinction of the rights of the natives, to protect whom was the pretext of the extension.'

Sir Henry Barkly, meanwhile, left England in November, 1870, with a special charge to carry responsible government in the Colony. The Colony did not wish it, being afraid that the withdrawal of the troops was to follow, and being more conscious than the Colonial Office of the many questions which ought to be settled before so momentous a revolution could safely be carried into effect. Lord Granville, to carry his point more easily, consented to leave three regiments for the present, but only to give the Colony time to provide for its own defence. Sir Philip Wodehouse had learnt from Lord Granville that 'it was the settled policy of the British Government to be content with protecting the naval station at Simon's Bay, in which alone they believed Great Britain to be directly interested.' He thought such a policy a mistake, because, as he rightly said, it could not be acted upon. So long as a single regiment was continued in the Colony, British responsibility would practically remain. Sir Philip Wodehouse therefore retired, and another Governor was sent to carry out Lord Granville's views. Lord Kimberley, who succeeded Lord Granville at the Colonial Office, saw the force of the objection, but apparently did not shrink from the conclusion which it suggested.

'Her Majesty's Government,' he wrote, 'have not changed their opinion that after a time the troops must be reduced to one regiment, to be stationed at Cape Town or Simon's Bay as long as may be required for Imperial purposes. They will leave another regiment at present to give time for the organisation of a Colonial force. But it must be plainly understood that *Her Majesty's Government will not maintain permanently in the Colony ANY troops unless required for Imperial purposes*, and they reserve the discretion to remove the troops stationed there at any time if the service requires them elsewhere.'

If

If this language means, as it appears to mean, that it is a matter of indifference to Great Britain whether her connection with the Cape is to continue, or whether we keep or do not keep our hold upon Simon's Bay, we do not believe that English opinion would allow such a view to be acted upon. The dissolution of the bond would be followed instantly by a struggle of races, a native rising, and universal confusion, to be followed either by the compelled return of English authority or interference from some other quarter.

On his arrival at the Cape in December, 1870, Sir Henry Barkly made a tour up the country, crossed the Orange River, and paid the Diamond Fields a visit. His instructions were to promise nothing until responsible government had been established. 'It appeared to him, however,' he said, 'that the British Government had already gone too far to admit of its ceasing to support the cause of Waterboer.*' The diggers desired to be under the British flag, and he went as near to making a positive engagement to take the country over as the letter of his orders allowed. Lord Kimberley had been informed that the annexation would be popular in the Colony, and no suspicion of the truth occurred to him. He insisted only that the Parliament of the Cape should first pass an Act authorising the Government to annex the territory, and attaching it to the Colony when annexed.

'It is not without reluctance,' he wrote on the 18th of May, 'that Her Majesty's Government consent to extend the British Territory in South Africa; but on full consideration they conclude they ought to advise Her Majesty to accept the cession offered by Waterboer, if the Cape Parliament will formally bind itself to undertake the responsibility of governing the territory which is to be united to it.'

Time pressed or was supposed to press. The Governor represented that to wait till the Responsible Government Bill could be carried, would cause needless delay. He could not obtain from the Legislature a consent to the annexation of the Fields to the Colony. But the Dutch population was, as usual, slow and undemonstrative. He did succeed, against the judgment of the ablest members of the Assembly, in obtaining, by a majority of one, a consent that the Fields should be made British territory under Imperial responsibility, and that the Colony would assist in maintaining order there.

On this doubtful and limited sanction, the Governor unfortunately acted. The President of the Free State demanded the arbitration of some foreign Power, especially on the meaning of

* Sir Henry Barkly to Lord Kimberley.—March 8, 1871.

the Convention. Of the meaning of the Convention, the British Government claimed to be the sole interpreter. Foreign arbitration could not be heard of. As the new State was continuous both with the Free State and the Transvaal, joint Commissioners might be appointed to arrange the boundaries. And Sir Henry Barkly, on the 27th of October, 1871, without further regarding the claims of the Free State, declared Waterboer's territory to be part of the Queen's dominion, under the title of Griqua Land West. The Free State sent a remonstrance to Downing Street, but their representative could not obtain a formal hearing, and was relegated to the Governor of the Cape; and on the 21st of December, the President and Volksraad, finding redress so apparently hopeless, published their formal protest. Their independence, they said, had been forced upon them against their will. They foresaw that they might have difficulties with the native tribes, and Great Britain, in leaving them to themselves, had promised that she would not aggravate those difficulties by taking part in any question which might arise. Contrary to this engagement, Great Britain had expelled them from a province over which they had exercised jurisdiction from the day on which their independence had commenced. They had offered to submit their case to the arbitration of a friendly Power. Their proposal had been refused. They had been informed that Great Britain could not allow foreign arbitration in South Africa. They had been accused of slave dealing. They repelled the charge with indignation. They were accused of having produced forged documents. The documents which they produced they had found in the British archives when the country was made over to them. They protested against the injustice with which they had been treated, and in language now unusual, but in them natural and sincere, they committed their cause to the Most High.

Meanwhile, the Responsible Government Bill had been lost on its first introduction into the Cape Parliament. Many persons, favourable to it in principle, considered the change premature. The Eastern Province, which had felt itself already unfairly treated in the Legislature, feared that it might be overborne completely under a system of entire self-government. The Eastern men demanded that responsible government should be accompanied with federation, and that the local administration which they had once possessed should be restored to them.

The trenchant policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government would not endure delay. On the reassembling of the Cape Parliament in 1872, the bill was again introduced; and this time, by a majority of one vote only, it was carried against the almost unanimous

unanimous resistance of the English party and the Eastern Province. By the side of the Responsible Government Bill the draft of an Act was published in the 'Gazette,' for the incorporation of Griqua Land West with the Colony, which Sir Henry Barkly recommended to the early attention of the two Houses. He regretted, he said, that differences should have arisen about it with the Free State, and somewhat naively, considering the new element of discord which he had himself introduced, he expressed a hope that the acceptance of self-government by the Colony might soon be followed by a confederation of all the South African States.

The merits of the controversy were by this time understood in the Western Province. The resentment of the Dutch was awake, and the Governor was informed by his constitutional advisers that the passing of any such measure as the incorporation of the Diamond Fields in the present or any future Parliament was hopeless. To attempt it would arouse feelings both in Parliament and throughout South Africa which would be most prejudicial to the future Government of the Colony, and fatal to any administration which might be charged with it.

Thus by too eager grasping at forbidden fruit, the Imperial Government found itself embarrassed with a new Crown Colony in the interior of South Africa; the resources of the Cape Colony had been allowed to slip from its control, and a quarrel which was to deepen in intensity had arisen with the two Republics, in which the Republics had the sympathy of the majority of the Cape population. The Imperial Government had sanctioned what was universally regarded in South Africa as an act of the grossest injustice, and to persist or to retire was now equally difficult. With confessed mortification Lord Kimberley sanctioned the establishment of a separate Government at the Fields—a Government so wasteful, so incapable, and so unpopular, that at the end of three years British troops had to be sent up to prevent rebellion there; and that Government has been the occasion of mischief, social and political, which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. The limits of Waterboer's claims were so complicated that it was impossible to define them. Free State farmers did not know to what State they belonged, and a minor provisional arbitration became necessary to fix the boundaries. But here, too, endless difficulties arose. A deed of submission was no sooner drawn than changes were introduced into it, designed to oblige the Free State to acknowledge what it had throughout denied. In the midst of the correspondence it was discovered that the line originally laid down by Waterboer, and defined in the proclamation by which the

the country had been taken over, would miss, after all, the most valuable part of the Diamond territory. Old established points from which the lines were drawn were arbitrarily moved, and a new line was laid down which the Free State was required to observe. Conflicts of jurisdiction followed; damage was alleged to have been done to British subjects, and instant reparation was demanded at a few hours' notice. The tone assumed by the Governor is intelligible only on the supposition that he wished to provoke the Republic into some open act of resistance which might be an excuse for reasserting British authority over it. Yet if this was his object, it is hard to know on what force he intended to rely. Not a colonial policeman would have been allowed to act, and to have sent up a regiment from Cape Town would have provoked an instant explosion.

By the side of the quarrel with the Orange Free State, had arisen a second of the same kind with the sister Republic beyond the Vaal. On that side also it was necessary to define the boundaries of Griqua Land. The President of the Transvaal agreed to refer the question to a South African commission. The decision of the arbitrators was unfavourable to the Transvaal, but it was ascertained that the usual scandalous land jobbing had been going on in connection with the settlement of the dispute. One at least of the arbitrators was interested in the judgment, and the Volksraad refused to submit to a verdict which they declared to be tainted. Again an ultimatum followed from the Governor, with a presumed menace of coercion.

Thus in two years the occupation of Waterboer's territory had brought the British Government to the edge of war with the two Republics; and a step further in the same direction would have produced a crisis in the Colony. Nor was this the worst. The Kafirs, as we know to our cost, are numerous, enterprising, and warlike. In self-preservation the South African States have been obliged to restrict the supply of firearms to them. The safety of the Colonists, as they well know, depends on the superiority of their weapons. The Zulus have learnt already to manufacture powder and cartridges. If they were supplied generally with rifles, the danger would be appalling. The wretched little Griqua Land Government broke through the universal rule. Native labour was in requisition there. No temptation brought in natives so readily as the prospect of being able to obtain a gun, and free trade in firearms was openly allowed at the Diamond Fields. During the last five years several hundred thousand guns and rifles have found their way through the channel thus unfortunately opened into the native locations. The first untoward result was the affair at Langa-balele

balele in Natal. Langabalele's men had obtained guns at the Diamond Fields, and brought them back on their return. In Natal the possession of guns was illegal. They did not understand the distinction, and hesitated to surrender them. The whites and blacks, mutually afraid of each other's intentions, came to blows, and an entire tribe was destroyed. The war in the Transvaal has come next. The Boers, finding themselves matched against enemies as well armed as themselves, have been defeated. Whether the conflagration will spread further is the present question.

Finally, to complete the picture of the consequences to South Africa of the policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government, the Eastern Province has been scarcely less dissatisfied with the effects of the Responsible Government Bill than the Western Province with the annexation of the Diamond Fields. The Bill became law, but the Easterns failed to obtain along with it their separate Provincial Administration. They appealed to the Colonial Office. They sent home a petition signed by fourteen thousand persons, setting forth their grievances. Lord Kimberley could not disregard an application which he admitted to represent a real feeling. He could not, he said, at once advise her Majesty to sanction so serious a step as the dismemberment of the Colony; a trial must be made first of the disposition of the Legislature to do justice to the Eastern Province under the new Constitution. If the causes of dissatisfaction were not removed, it would remain for consideration whether each of the great divisions of the Colony might not be placed under a Provincial Government, subordinate to a general Legislation. For this consummation the inhabitants of the Eastern Province are now waiting. There are forces at work throughout South Africa tending to promote a general confederation, which, if not thwarted by the narrow jealousies of Cape Town politicians, may give them the control of their affairs, which they desire and deserve. If confederation proves impracticable, the dissatisfaction will remain, and will break out in some serious form.

In this condition Lord Carnarvon found South Africa when he took the seals of the Colonial Office in 1874. The annexation of the Diamond Fields had made a wound which was festering. The Free States, encouraged by the attitude of the Colony, refused to submit to the Governor. The Imperial Government found itself being pressed into a position towards them which meant either war or humiliation. The astute politicians at Cape Town were looking on, not dissatisfied. They wished to see South Africa reunited. If the Imperial Government would do the work for them, and bear the expense and unpopularity

unpopularity of forcing the Free States back under the British flag, they would themselves be ready to step in and receive them under the shelter of the Constitution. And the result would have been a Federation governed by a Legislature, in which the Dutch would then have been overwhelmingly preponderant, and embittered beyond reconciliation against the British connection. In a confederation, brought about by injustice to the Free States, the younger Dutch party in favour of independence would go at once to the front, and we should be left with the alternative of suppressing the Constitution, or of seeing South Africa slide out of our hands.

The situation was an extremely difficult one. Many thousand British subjects were settled at the Diamond Fields, and against their consent the country could not be restored to the Free State. Determined to advance no further in the direction of coercion, yet unable to see what definite steps it would be desirable to take, Lord Carnarvon proposed a Conference of Representatives from the three Colonies and the two Republics, to let him know the wishes of South Africa itself as to the future position of Griqua Land. The native question had been reopened by the affair of Langabalele, and there had been a narrow escape of a collision between the Colonial and Imperial Governments about it. Lord Carnarvon invited their assistance at the same time in a general revision of their entire method of native management, that it might be so harmonised in Natal, the Colony, Griqua Land West, and, if possible, the Republics, as to give no further occasion for British interference.

The manner in which the proposal was first received is fresh in the recollection of us all. An invitation which, if it could lead to no good, could at least do no harm, and showed at any rate a desire to consider the wishes of the country, was rudely and discourteously rejected after scarcely a day's consideration. Better evidence could not have been given of the distrust which the past policy of Great Britain had generated. South Africa has not been accustomed to disinterested action on the part of the Colonial Office, and disbelieves in its sincerity. It was immediately supposed that the Imperial Government, disgusted with the quarrel with the Republics, and afraid of a native war in Natal, was endeavouring under fair pretences to shuffle off its responsibilities upon the Colony. The Colonial Parliament allowed itself no time to reflect. One Member said the object was to undermine the independence of the Free States and make the Colony the instrument in doing it; another, that the troops were to be withdrawn; another, that in desiring the advice of a
member

member from the Eastern Province Lord Carnarvon was insidiously encouraging revolution.

In this spirit the Ministers and Parliament took up a position of resistance, and were unwilling afterwards to admit that they had been too precipitate. The response from the people of the Colony and the other States was more appreciative. They asked for explanations; and Mr. Froude, who had gone out to represent the Imperial Government at the intended Conference, took upon himself to give those explanations. He was accused of trespassing, in doing so, upon official etiquette. He may have felt that to allow the gloss which had been put upon the proposal of a conference to pass unchallenged would not only be unfair to Lord Carnarvon, but would have seriously aggravated the existing difficulties. He may have thought also that it was indispensable to call out colonial opinion in some shape or other to guide Lord Carnarvon's action. The result at any rate was that the proposal of the Colonial Office received a general welcome. Addresses of thanks were forwarded from the interior towns. The Dutch of the Western Province, little given to demonstrative forms of expression, showed in crowded meetings their satisfaction that an English Minister had at last remembered their existence. The suspicions of the leading politicians have since been removed, and there is now every prospect that the Colonial Office and the Cape Parliament will be able to work in harmony. The dispute with the Orange Free State has already been happily arranged. The Diamond Fields remain British territory. The Free State receives a compensation with which the President has declared himself satisfied, and the news that the quarrel is arranged has given universal pleasure. Griqua Land West can now be annexed to the Colony, as Lord Kimberley originally intended. Natal, it is to be hoped, may soon be united to the Colony also, if we give assurances, as we are bound to do, that a force adequate to maintain peace shall for the present be maintained there; and the confederation of the British provinces will thus be an accomplished fact.

The Republics may be left to the natural action of self-interest. We forced independence upon them; we do not and we ought not to desire to take it from them. The Dutch are a slow people, slow to form impressions, and tenacious of them when formed. The inhabitants of the Orange Free State believed that they had been wronged by England. The wrong has been repaired; but the feeling which has been generated cannot be expected at once to disappear. They are grateful. They are willing to form a close alliance with the Colony with
reciprocal

reciprocal engagements, and with this we may well be content till they themselves desire a closer union.

The Transvaal presents greater difficulties. When the conference was first proposed, the Volksraad was willing to send a representative to it. The French arbitration, which, in the interval, has given Delagoa Bay to the Portuguese, has opened to the Transvaal a road to the sea. The vast mineral wealth discovered within the provinces drew the attention of Europe and stirred the ambition of the President. Exasperated by the despatches of the Governor of the Cape, and with some sympathy in the Colony, he became the leader of the party who advocate a United South Africa under a South African flag; and on his visit to Europe he obtained encouragement both from Holland and Belgium, and from Lisbon. On his return to Pretoria, he either sought or found upon his hands a war with a powerful native chief, which has proved beyond his strength; and had not the Governor of Natal restrained Cetewayo, the Zulu king, from joining in the conflict, the Transvaal must either have been overwhelmed, or must have thrown itself upon British protection. The English who are settled there already desire our interference; and the question arises, whether in so inflammable an atmosphere as prevails in South Africa we can permit any one State to play with fire, or whether, in some shape or other, we must not interpose our authority. Lord Carnarvon can be trusted to act with the necessary caution, and not to repeat the mistake which was made with Griqua Land. Let him insist, before he commits the Imperial Government to further responsibilities, on receiving the consent and co-operation of the Ministers and people of the Cape Colony. With that consent he can do what he pleases. The Dutch of the Transvaal will not oppose the wishes of their kindred in the Western Provinces, or, if they do, their dissatisfaction will be of no consequence. Without that consent he will find himself with an interior province as large as France upon his hands, with a discontented population, with dangerous neighbours, with the necessity of maintaining an English garrison there, and with fresh disunion and irritation in the whole country. To steer wisely through these conflicting dangers may be a delicate, but it is not really a difficult task. The South-African Dutch and English are an excellent people—a little vain, perhaps, but not disposed to quarrel with Great Britain if they are treated with consideration. They are well aware of the value of the connection to them, and, with a little patience, South Africa may be made the most attached, as it is already one of the most valuable of all our colonial possessions. But we have made
mistakes

mistakes enough. Lord Carnarvon, we will hope, has turned the leaf, and begun a new chapter.

Of the soundness of his judgment, Lord Carnarvon has given admirable evidence in the selection of Sir Bartle Frere as the new Governor of the Cape Colony. Sir Henry Barkly's term of office is fully completed. He retires with the satisfaction of knowing that he achieved successfully the special work of establishing Responsible Government which he was sent out to accomplish, and that the Province of Griqua Land which he annexed is now definitively attached to the British Crown, with the consent of all the parties concerned. We have not concealed our opinion that his conduct of the dispute with the Orange Free State was impolitic; but we remember that he found the quarrel ready made on his arrival; that the evidence on which he was obliged to act was obscure and contradictory; and that antecedent to experience he was not bound to expect that the British inhabitants of the Colony would make the cause of the Free State their own. Sir Henry Barkly, however, perhaps without his fault, was identified with a political faction which endeavoured to obstruct Lord Carnarvon's change of policy. The opposition being now withdrawn, it is better in the interest of all parties that the Government should be entrusted to another hand, and in selecting Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Carnarvon could have determined upon no one whose appointment will give more universal satisfaction. The moment is a critical one. The name of the person on whom the choice of the Colonial Office would fall has been looked for with more than usual interest. The wide experience of Sir Bartle Frere, his tried ability as an administrator, his high culture and still higher character, with the special distinction which he has already earned in connection with African native races, combined at home to point to him as the fittest person for the office if he could be prevailed upon to undertake it. The same instinct has led the Cape Colonists of all parties to the same conclusion, and for the last twelve months a unanimous wish has been expressed from every part of South Africa that Sir Bartle Frere might be Sir Henry Barkly's successor. So general a recognition of peculiar fitness is signally honourable to him, and is a happy augury for the success of his Government.

ART. V.—1. *Papers and Correspondence relating to the Equipment and Fitting-out of the Arctic Expedition of 1875; including the Report of the Admiralty Arctic Committee.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1875.

2. *Further Papers*, 1876.

3. *Arctic Expedition of 1875–6. Reports of Sir George Nares, K.C.B., Captain Stephenson, C.B., and the Sledging Journals of Captain Markham, Commander Beaumont, and Commander Aldrich.*

4. *Report of Captain Allen Young, R.Y.S., Arctic Yacht, 'Pandora.'*

5. *Arctic Manual and Instructions; suggested by the Arctic Committee of the Royal Society.* London, 1875.

6. *Arctic Geography and Ethnology.* By the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society. London, 1875.

7. *Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Nordpol-Expedition in den Jahren 1872–1874.* Von Julius Payer. Wien, 1876. (*The same, translated into English.* London, 1876.)

8. *Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By Clements Markham, C.B. London, 1876. Fourth edition.

9. *Report to the President of the United States in the matter of the Disaster to the United States Exploring Expedition towards the North Pole; accompanied by a Report of the Examination of the Rescued Party.* Submitted by the Secretary of the Navy. Washington, 1873.

'JACK,' said a seaman to his comrade, when they first fell in with ice in one of M'Clintock's Arctic voyages, 'you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost.' 'I haven't seen him yet,' answered Jack in hollow tones, 'but the Captain has. From what I heard him say to the first Lieutenant, there's a old beggar called Zero a-prowling about the ship. "Down to zero" was the Captain's very words, and in my opinion, shipmate, that is where this ship is going.'

The expedition which has just returned to England with Nares and Stephenson probably know more about 'old Zero' than any other living men, for they have seen the thermometer register a lower temperature for a longer time together than has ever before been experienced. They started on the 29th of May 1875, with orders to reach the Pole, if possible, and perform certain other duties which were duly set forth for their guidance. They returned in October 1876, and though they did not reach the Pole, they achieved many of the scientific results that those most able to judge think possible or necessary, and, what is far better, have exhibited to the world a model of quiet heroism under

under privations the extreme nature of which are by no means as yet generally known. A great number of expeditions have been at various times sent out for the purpose of Arctic exploration; but this is the first, the avowed object of which was to get to the Pole; none has ever been so well equipped, and, it must in truth be added, none has ever broken down in health so completely in so short a time.

The explanation of this apparent paradox is to be found in the frightful nature of the toil which they underwent. It may safely be asserted that in no former journeys has the attempt been made to travel for any distance over ice so formidable as that of the Polar Ocean, on whose desolate shores the 'Alert' passed the winter of 1875. Every newspaper has given its account in more or less detail of the route taken by the expedition, and an amusing paper in 'Fraser's Magazine' for December last, written by the chaplain of the 'Discovery,' has acquainted us with what may be called the gossip of the voyage. We do not think it necessary to recapitulate their adventures. These are to be found in the reports of Sir George Nares to the Admiralty, and of Captain Stephenson to his chief; and also in the journals of the sledging parties under Captain Markham, Commander Beaumont, Commander Aldrich and Lieutenant Rawson. Some of these are already published, and the rest, if not formally given to the world, are already well known, and are easily procurable.

The instructions under which the expedition sailed are given at length in the 'Papers and Correspondence relating to the Equipment and Fitting out of the Arctic Expedition of 1875,' presented to both Houses of Parliament.

It will be only possible for us within the limits of space at our disposal to give a short account of some of the more prominent geographical and scientific questions upon which the expedition was instructed to report.

We have often heard the question asked, what was the use of despatching such an expedition, and we have even heard it disputed whether any object likely to be attained by it was worth the expenditure of money, labour, hardship, and perhaps life involved in the undertaking. The following pages contain such an answer as we are able to give to such inquiries. It must be understood at the outset that the reports before us deal only, or at least mainly, with the outside of things. Facts have been amassed by careful observers, but they have not yet been classified and arranged. All we can do is to deal with such details as are before us up to the present time. The deeds actually accomplished remind us somewhat of the American gentleman who

could 'dive deeper and come up drier' than any other man. The expedition has contrived just to surpass all previous explorers at all points. The 'Alert' has been further north than any other vessel in the world. Captain Markham and Mr. Parr have been nearer the Pole than any other men. The crews have passed through the longest period of darkness without seeing the sun that has ever been faced by human beings, and they have endured the most intense cold that has ever been registered. All this is very satisfactory, though some disappointment has been expressed that they did not actually attain the Pole. Nevertheless, on all hands, full justice has been done to the gallantry of officers and men, and every one gives a willing tribute of admiration to the personal bravery and self-devotion with which hardships and privations have been borne. It need hardly be said to those who are acquainted with the real objects to be attained that failure to reach the actual Pole is not of itself a matter of regret. No doubt the national vanity would have been flattered if the English flag had actually waved from a staff planted over the axis of rotation of the earth; but it would have been but an empty boast, and one for which the English people would not wish any officer to sacrifice the lives of his people or the safety of his ship.

It is only by very slow degrees and by continual steady perseverance that any reliable lines can be traced on the great blank tract which in Polar charts betrays the extent of our ignorance; and it would be as easy to fall into the mistake of undervaluing the achievements of our explorers as to err in the opposite extreme. It is true that the sledging parties of Nares and Stephenson have only laid down a few miles of coast, have corrected, within a limited area, some geographical errors committed by their predecessors, have exploded at least one theory to which some geographers fondly clung, have confirmed the results previously arrived at by other observers of Polar magnetic phenomena, and have made some interesting collections of Arctic fauna and flora. This is all. But it is as much as they could reasonably be expected to do. The extent of exploration which can be accomplished by a single expedition can be but small when a mile a day is the utmost that the strenuous exertions of a party of picked men can achieve; and even that insignificant result is gained by toil so incredibly severe as to prostrate, in the space of a few days' journey, one party after another of the finest men in our navy with fatigue and disease.

It is, indeed, a matter for inquiry whether, as the Pole is approached, some climatic influences do not exist detrimental to health and life which are not in operation in lower latitudes.

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In M'Clure's expedition, more than three years occurred before the first death from scurvy took place. In Kane's expedition, two men only died in two years. The 'Enterprise' was four winters out; the 'Investigator,' five; the 'Assistance,' 'Resolute,' and 'North Star,' three each. In Sir John Ross's expedition, the 'Victory' was out three years, during which she was two years beset by ice in the Gulf of Boothia, and in all that time only made seven miles in advance. But in each of these instances it was not till the third year that despondency and its concomitant, scurvy, attacked them. Most of these were government expeditions; and in all, the general health of the crews was excellent. Indeed, Dr. Donnet, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, who was surgeon on board the 'Assistance' in the Arctic expedition of 1850-51, declares that, of all the seas that are visited by ships of the British Navy, the Arctic is the most healthy. In the face of these facts, thus vouched by the most reliable authority, we have the startling result that one season was sufficient to break down the picked crews of the 'Alert' and the 'Discovery.'

Like noble fellows as they are, they would not have hesitated to remain if any good purpose could be served by doing so; but under the circumstances it was a matter of the commonest prudence to bring them home. It is due to Sir George Nares to say that he had no option in the matter. 'You should use your best endeavours to rejoin your consort in the navigable season of 1876, and, in company with her, return to England, provided the spring exploration has been reasonably successful.' Such were the positive instructions given to him by the Admiralty on his departure; but that is not the present point. The question is whether the picked crews of the Arctic ships were physically fit to remain out a second year; and, in point of fact, they were not. It is true that they had a winter of unprecedented length; but neither that, nor the absence of certain precautions, of which we have heard a great deal in the newspapers, are enough to account for the break-down of so fine a body of men in so short a time, unless we suppose the climate to have been in some manner, not as yet explained, injurious to health.

But to our point. Why should any Arctic expedition be undertaken at all? It is not sufficient to say that England has always taken the lead in maritime adventure, and been the pioneer in many wild lands and dangerous seas. If that were all, we might leave Polar expeditions to private enterprise, which has always been sufficient to spur our countrymen on. Love of excitement has been quite inducement enough when
danger

danger was to be faced or honour to be won; but in this instance ships have been fitted out at the expense of the State, officered by the pick of our commanders, and the step met with the cordial approbation of the English people. It must be confessed, that fear of seeing our laurels wrested from us by the generous enthusiasm of our neighbours had at least something to do with the decision arrived at by the English Government. The Austrians had sent out a most adventurous expedition, which reached a very high latitude north-west of Novaya-Zemlya; but they were unable to follow up their good fortune. Germany had done good work in East Greenland. Sweden had sent an expedition to the north of Spitzbergen, which nearly attained to the same latitude reached by Parry six-and-thirty years before. The Americans, also, despatched a number of expeditions between the years 1859 and 1873; the last, under the brave but ill-fated Hall, attained, through Smith Sound, to the highest latitude ever reached by a ship till then, and even laid claim to establish positions in the direction of the Pole far above the eighty-third parallel of latitude.

The partial success of these, turned the scale in favour of the equipment of an English expedition. The Government were already more than half inclined to the scheme, which had the support of the most distinguished Arctic explorers and men of science in England. The news of Hall's discoveries, with very inadequate means, finally determined them to proceed. Popular sentiment is a factor not to be despised in such matters, and the light in which the expedition was regarded by the Navy was shown by the fact that half the Navy List applied to be employed, and men volunteered in such crowds for the ships that the officers fortunate enough to be ultimately selected for the command were able to select the very flower of our sailors. But although the 'Alert' and 'Discovery' left our shores in the midst of a chorus of popular enthusiasm, the time of national excitement had been preceded by ten years of hesitation. The tragic fate of Franklin and his brave companions, and the hardships endured by successive parties sent to relieve him or find traces of his fate, for many years stayed the hand of those with whom rested the responsibility of ordering new expeditions. It was natural that, while that supreme tragedy was still fresh in the minds of men, they should remember rather the responsibility incurred than the glory to be won, and though many experienced officers who had taken part in the various relief expeditions were ready to venture again to the scenes of their former perils, the signal was still withheld.

It is a notable fact in the history of Arctic exploration that
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those who have once engaged in it seem to find a strange fascination in the pursuit. No one who has once ventured into the mysterious region can resist the longing that impels him to go there again; in vain the Ice King parades his terrors, in vain the dreary monotony of a five months' night casts its warning shadows over the path. An 'Old Arctic' is always ready to sally forth afresh in pursuit of the phantom Pole which has always eluded his pursuit. As regards the present expedition, it may be truly said that the time was ripe for a further attempt on the part of England. Public opinion, both popular and scientific, was in favour of it; and it was generally felt that, unless our country was content to abandon the leading place she has always held in maritime discovery, it was time for her to bestir herself.

The conditions of Arctic exploration are vastly different now from what they were when Franklin and his gallant companions set forth. Steam has made it easy to advance under circumstances which would have stopped the ships of earlier mariners. Accumulated experience has mapped out practicable highways through wilds where in Franklin's time each step in advance was the result rather of fortunate experiment than of certain knowledge. Sledge travelling has been brought almost to a science, and the equipment of an Arctic ship is as well understood as that of an ordinary surveying vessel. It was said by those who were most active in promoting the expedition that the two great risks of former voyages, starvation and scurvy, might be absolutely eliminated from the list of probable casualties. Unfortunately in the case of the latter malady the assertion has not been fulfilled, but it is undoubtedly true that, when once a proper system of relief and communication between the ships was arranged, the contingency of death by hunger did not assume any formidable proportions.

The problems presented by science for solution, which an Arctic expedition might be reasonably expected to solve, are not very numerous or very important. They might set a few doubts at rest, and put a few theories to the test of actual experiment; but they were not likely to break ground in any field of knowledge hitherto unworked; and though our explorers have done good honest work in several ways, none, probably, would be more ready than themselves to acknowledge that the part of their duty which has been performed with the greatest satisfaction, has been that of planting the English flag several miles nearer the Pole than the foot of man has ever trod before. We may assign high-sounding reasons, and

and keep up^a our dignity about the matter, but the adventurers may be well assured that their pluck and daring, far more than their scientific achievements, have gained for them the applause of their countrymen. The most valuable lesson they have taught us relates to the *morale* of our sailors; and without undervaluing, as the following pages will prove, their scientific achievements, we confess that the part of their stirring record on which we dwell with most satisfaction is that which describes the cheery good-humour kept up through the long night, when, for five long months, as in Byron's dream,

'Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day.'

We read with such unmixed satisfaction of the truly heroic endurance exhibited by the sledge parties under Markham and Beaumont that we hardly care to inquire whether any minor objects of scientific interest have been left unattained. That which was really of most value was the strict discipline kept up under conditions which seem almost fitted to disintegrate society, and reduce those who are exposed to them to a mass of selfish human beings struggling each for himself. Experience shows that English sailors can endure such tests, but it is none the less important that we should be occasionally reminded that the old stuff is still available. We are too apt to look upon that instinct of discipline which characterises the English race as a mere matter of course; that it is not so may be seen by the records of the 'Polaris' expedition after the death of Hall. Let those who doubt either the reality of the danger to be feared or the just cause we have for national pride and thankfulness at the completeness with which it has been avoided, read the significant words of Mr. Robeson, Secretary of the American Navy, in his letter to the President of the United States. 'Experience has confirmed me,' he writes, 'in the conviction that there is little of either success or safety in any trying, distant, and dangerous expedition, which is not organised, prosecuted, and controlled under the sanctions of military discipline.' Mr. Robeson had before him as he wrote the recent fate of an expedition in which, after the leader's death, the subordination of the survivors broke down, and showed utter weakness in the essentials of discipline and cohesion. Under infinitely greater hardships, our own men came out nobly.

When once the despatch of an expedition was resolved upon, the next consideration was to decide on the route which it was to pursue. On that point a great variety of information had gradually been amassed. A special committee appointed by

by the Royal Geographical Society were unanimous in favour of the route by Smith Sound. No less than five admirals, all of them distinguished in Arctic navigation, were members of this committee. Sir George Back, Collinson, Ommanney, Richards, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, and Sherard Osborn, sat upon it, as well as some distinguished non-professional persons. It is not a little curious that a society entirely unconnected with Government should be able to obtain the service of a body of men whose names add such weight to their expression of opinion on an extremely technical subject. They were, indeed, of high authority. Sir George Back was the Nestor of English explorers; he served in the first Arctic expedition of this century; he had himself explored a larger portion of the Arctic region than any other living man; and one of the finest exploits of recent times was his winter passed in the pack, and subsequent safely-accomplished return across the Atlantic with the sinking 'Terror.' Collinson and M'Clure both commanded exploring ships, and one made the North-West Passage. Ommanney, Osborn, and Richards, had all served in or commanded expeditions. M'Clintock, of all searchers, alone brought home authentic relics and records of Franklin.

The committee recommended the route by Smith Sound for three principal reasons: that of all the ways in which the Pole has been attacked it alone gives a certainty of exploring a previously unknown area of considerable extent; that it yields the best prospect of valuable discoveries in various branches of science, and that, from the continuity of the land from the eighty-second parallel, to the open sea, it promises reasonable security for the retreat of the crews, in case of disaster to the ships. These opinions were much fortified by the report of the crew of the 'Polaris,' who were the only persons acquainted with the upper waters of the sound. Admiral Inglefield did not pass the entrance; Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes wintered only a few miles inside of it; but the 'Polaris,' a mere river steamer, not by any means too well fitted for the work of Arctic exploration, was able, in one working season, to pass up the strait for a distance of 250 miles without any hindrance whatever to the highest latitude ever attained by a vessel. The committee laid great stress on the fact reported by the 'Polaris,' that there was navigable water still to the north of the highest point she reached. It now appears that this was a mistake, and that the sea to the shores of which this little vessel with its crew of twenty-five men was carried, is impassable. It will never be sailed by mortal keel till the distant day when Time shall turn his hour-glass once
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more and sweep away the paleocrystic ice into the limbo which already holds the relics of bygone glacial ages. The brave leader of that expedition lay down to die on the shores of the icy ocean. A monument, erected by British sailors, marks his grave. The survivors, deprived of his firm hand, and abandoned to distracted councils, found their way home through frightful difficulties; yet in doing so they unconsciously added another to the many reasons which already pointed out the road they pioneered as the best to follow. On their return voyage a large portion of the crew became detached from the ship and floated away helplessly on a great field of drift ice. For 187 days—from the 15th of October to the 21st of April—they remained on their dreary prison, and during that time were drifted by the current right down Davis Strait from the entrance of Whale Sound to the coast of Labrador. This added another proof to those which already existed of a southern current always setting from the Pole. In the same manner the ship 'Resolute' was driven from the north; so was the 'Fox' in the first year of M'Clintock's search for Franklin; so too was the ship 'Advance,' while on the opposite side of Greenland the German expedition of 1870, after the wreck of the 'Hansa,' drifted down from latitude of 72° to Cape Farewell. To these we may add the experience of Parry in his sledge journey from Spitzbergen northward across the Polar pack. The experience thus gained by so many concurrent observations went far to prove that those who advanced towards the Pole by way of Smith Sound need not be under the apprehension of being permanently beset, as had too often been the case with expeditions in other parts of the Polar regions.

Another reason which weighed in favour of the route by Smith Sound was the large quantity of animal life which was observed in the high latitudes where the 'Polaris' passed the winter. In the official report to the President of the United States, it is said that musk oxen were shot at intervals all the winter, during which season they were able to obtain food by scraping off the snow with their hoofs from the scanty Arctic mosses that grew upon the rocks. Wolves, bears, foxes, lemmings, and other mammals were repeatedly observed. Geese, ducks, waterfowl, plovers, and wading birds were comparatively few; there were, however, as might be expected, large numbers of ptarmigan or snow partridge.

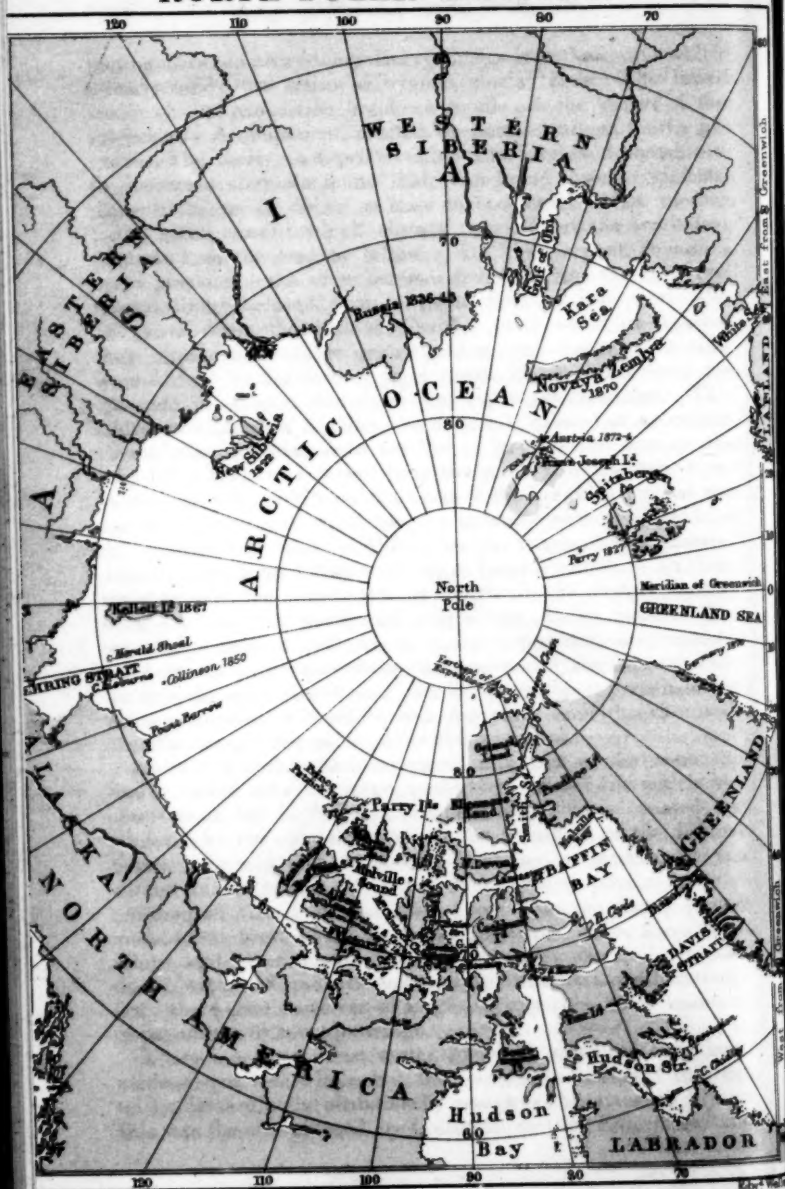
There are three other routes by which attempts have been made to reach the Pole, but they were only discussed in order to be immediately abandoned; one was by Behring Strait; this was the one pursued by Collinson in the 'Enterprise,' and M'Clure

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NORTH POLAR REGIONS.



London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

A detailed map of Greenland and its surrounding regions. The map shows the Atlantic Ocean to the west, the Arctic Ocean to the north, and the Gulf of Mexico to the south. Key geographical features include the Davis Strait, the Baffin Sea, and the Labrador Current. The map also shows the coastline of Greenland, with labels for various towns and cities. The map is oriented with North at the top, and includes a scale bar indicating distances in miles and kilometers.

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the German expedition did not encourage the despatch of the expedition by way of East Greenland. Nor was the report of the Austro-Hungarian expedition, as to the route they followed, more inviting.

In a preliminary voyage commanded by Captain Weyprecht and Lieutenant Julius Payer, the latter of whom had served with Koldewey on the east coast of Greenland, an attempt was made to follow the Gulf Stream into the supposed Polar basin by keeping to the eastward of Spitzbergen. After beating about in the latitude of 78° N., in very thick fogs and stiff contrary gales, they were driven back. They saw, however, several signs of being in the proximity of the land which they discovered in their subsequent voyage. In the following year, the steamer 'Tegethoff' was fitted out in the Elbe for more extended operations. Leaving Tromsø Harbour on July 14, 1872, they reached the coast of Novaya-Zemlya on the 29th. After battling bravely for nearly a month, the ship was beset in floating ice on the 23rd of August, near the northern coast of Novaya-Zemlya. She was never afterwards extricated; and for *two years* the intrepid navigators remained imbedded in the ice-floe, and were drifted on it to the shores of a hitherto undiscovered land, thereby making a great geographical discovery under circumstances absolutely unprecedented. The result of their voyage is given by Lieutenant Payer in a magnificent work, which we greatly regret not being able to notice in greater detail.* No more stirring chronicle of adventure was ever penned than that of the gallant Hungarian and his companions. They gave to the land they discovered the name of Franz-Joseph Land; but the sledge journeys which they organised from the basis of the ice-imbedded 'Tegethoff,' while they added largely to geographical and scientific knowledge, proved also beyond a doubt that Franz-Joseph Land offered no practicable route to the North. We have no space to follow their adventures; the only circumstance with which we are concerned being the fact, that the route selected by them was not available for Polar discoveries. It is impossible, however, to avoid recording our tribute of admiration to the heroic endurance with which, after abandoning their ship, they struggled for months across a treacherous floating desert of ice, in their return home. Dragging their boats with them to the edge of the pack, they finally embarked in them for the island of Novaya-Zemlya, where they were picked up by a Russian schooner and

* 'Die Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Nordpol-Expedition in den Jahren 1872-1874.' Von Julius Payer. Wien, 1876.

landed in Norway. The passage in which Payer describes the sad necessity that compelled them to kill the dogs, their faithful companions and willing slaves throughout the adventurous journey, when they were unable to take them into the overcrowded boats, is one of the most touching that can be conceived. An English translation of Lieutenant Payer's delightful work has been recently published, and a *résumé* of their adventures, given by Payer himself to the Royal Geographical Society, is to be found in Mr. Clements Markham's 'Threshold of the Unknown Region.'

The reader will have no difficulty in seeing that, supposing the primary object of the expedition to be the attainment of the highest possible latitude, and assuming the information of the 'Polaris' respecting land that stretched up from Cape Union, in the direction of the Pole, to be correct, there could be no hesitation as to the route which it was necessary for the expedition to pursue. But it is worthy of remark that the attainment of the Pole was now for the first time put forward as the first object of an expedition. The instructions to Sir John Franklin assigned as the main object the exploration of the Arctic regions and the advantages which would accrue to navigation from the discovery of a North-West Passage. The sailing orders for the 'Alert' and 'Discovery' point to a different goal. 'Her Majesty's Government have determined that an expedition of Arctic exploration and discovery should be undertaken, . . . the scope and primary object of which should be, to attain the highest northern latitude, and, if possible, to reach the North Pole; and from winter quarters to explore the adjacent coasts within reach of travelling parties,' &c. Our sketch would be by no means complete without a word as to the reason of this change of front.

The fact is now acknowledged that the North-West Passage as a question of practical utility must definitively be abandoned. It may be possible for a single ship, under exceptional circumstances and in some peculiarly favourable season, to pass through. The journey has been made by the crew of Sir Robert McClure's ship, but the 'Investigator' herself left her bones on the further side of the impassable barrier. No ship has hitherto sailed from ocean to ocean. Some enthusiastic navigators still think that the North-West Passage can be made. Captain Allen Young, who certainly has a claim founded upon past exploits to speak with great authority on the subject, holds to the opinion that the achievement is not beyond the limits of possibility. This mysterious region has enthralled him, more, perhaps, than any other man, with its inexplicable enchantment;

enchantment; and it is believed by his friends that he intends again to fit out his Arctic yacht to solve the problem. It is perhaps no wonder that he should entertain this belief; he stood with M'Clintock looking eastward from a cliff at the end of Bellot Strait, when only a few miles of ice separated them from open water, which his own extraordinary sledge journey afterwards proved to be connected by navigable water with the Pacific. Sir Leopold himself shared the opinion of his friend. He thought, from what he had seen of the ice in Franklin Strait, that, provided the ice block at the mouth of Bellot Strait was overcome, the chances were greatly in favour of his reaching Cape Herschel on the south side of King William Land. 'From Bellot Strait to Cape Victoria we found a mixture of old and new ice, showing the exact proportion of pack and of clear water at the setting in of winter. South of Cape Victoria I doubt whether any future obstruction would have been experienced, as but little, if any, ice remained. The natives told us the ice went away and left a clear sea every year.'*

It is hard to believe that a feat so nearly accomplished cannot be completely achieved. But as far as the despatch of government exploring expeditions is concerned, the loss of Sir John Franklin put a final end to further attempts in that direction. Every one, at least every one who belongs to the generation now in middle age, remembers that Sir John Franklin was last seen by some whalers near the entrance of Lancaster Sound, but was never heard of alive again. It was not till after the lapse of years, and the despatch of many search expeditions, that news was received of his fate. Dr. Rae, an official of the Hudson's Bay Company, was the first to give any definite information. He stated that, while engaged on a survey of the Gulf of Boothia, he had fallen in with Esquimaux who told him that a party subsequently identified with the survivors of the Franklin expedition had died of hunger near the mouth of the Great Fish River. Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in the 'Fox,' afterwards cleared up the details. We now know that Sir John himself died in the second year of his absence, after being driven down, enclosed in the ice, from Barrow Strait to a point near the Magnetic Pole. M'Clure and Collinson sought him from the west, many sought him from the waters of Baffin's Bay, but although the tracks of the explorers from the east and west, overlapped each other repeatedly in point of longitude, no one has ever yet been able to join together the two ends of the thread. The ice, piled up in land-locked channels, effectually prevents the passage of a ship.

* M'Clintock's 'Fate of Franklin.'

Less enthusiastic explorers than Captain Allen Young have long looked upon the great tract which goes by the name of the Arctic Archipelago (in our sketch map it is called by its other name, the Parry Islands) as a vast trap into which no ship can venture far with a reasonable chance of escape. There the 'Hecla' and 'Fury' were lost; there the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' were abandoned; there lies the wreck of the 'Investigator'; there, too, at one swoop, the ice closed in for ever round the five ships of Sir Richard Belcher's squadron, the 'Assistance,' the 'Resolute,' the 'Intrepid,' the 'Pioneer,' and the 'North Star.' The reason of the formation of this icy *cul-de-sac* is the meeting of the eastern tide through the Spitzbergen seas with the tide from the west through Behring Strait; a dead water, or rather ice block, is thus formed, which never opens.

But the self-same drift, which, travelling southward and westward from the Polar Sea, blocks up the North-West Passage, gives to ships going up Smith Sound, and consequently keeping to the east of the block, a sure prospect of return; for even if they were so unfortunate as to be beset, they would assuredly be drifted down enclosed in the floe by the south-going current to the open sea.

For all these reasons, the route by Smith Sound was ultimately selected. The Scientific Committee of the Geographical Society, aided by a similar committee appointed by the Royal Society, drew up a series of detailed remarks, which were afterwards embodied in official instructions to Sir George Nares, and gave the final shape to his plans and proceedings. Our readers are probably well-acquainted with their scheme, so far at least as it has been carried out by the actual proceedings of the expedition. It is sufficient to say, in general terms, that the committee recommended the equipment of two moderate-sized screw steamers, one to be stationed at a point within the entrance to Smith Sound, the other to advance as far as possible to the northward, preserving communication with the depot vessel. They proposed that sledge parties should start in the early spring, and explore the unknown region in various directions, while the scientific staff on board the respective ships would be able to prosecute researches both on shore and on the ice. They thought that in the improbable event of accidents, the expeditions could retreat to the Danish settlements in Greenland. The memorandum in which the Arctic Committee embodied their views of the advantages which would accrue to various branches of science by the renewal of Arctic exploration is, as might be expected from the eminence of the persons who composed it, of very great value. Not only did they collect

collect within the space of a short memorandum a compendium of all the results they anticipated, but both the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society undertook a larger work. They appointed editorial committees to gather together all the scattered memoranda which could be gleaned from periodicals, or from books, respecting Arctic exploration. The Royal Society, in its publication, dealt with physical matters—astronomy, terrestrial magnetism, meteorology, zoology, and botany; while the Geographical Society's publication was devoted principally to geography, hydrography, and ethnology. In fact, a whole Arctic library, more comprehensive than has ever before been compressed into so small a compass, is to be found in these two valuable, though they can scarcely be called readable, volumes. The Admiralty selected two vessels — H.M.S. 'Alert' and the whaling-vessel 'Bloodhound,' which was forthwith bought into the Navy and renamed the 'Discovery.' The Hydrographer of the Admiralty was directed to furnish an estimate of the probable expenses. The purchase of two suitable vessels, their fitting and equipment, their stores, scientific gear, victualing, and coal, he set down for the first year at 56,000*l*. The total cost for two years and a half, including wages and salaries, he put down at 100,000*l*.; adding that, should the expedition return in less than two years and a half, the expense would be proportionably diminished. The stores sent by the United States Government for the relief of the 'Polaris' were placed at the disposal of the English; the only condition being that, in the event of the stores being used, a proper inventory and appraisalment should be made by order of the commander; and that, if the pendulum should be found in its *cache* at Lifeboat Cove, it should, after use by the British expedition, be returned, together with any other instruments, and such arms, implements, and books, as might be recovered, to the United States.

The expedition was ready for sea at the end of May 1875. The 'Alert,' 'Discovery,' and 'Valorous,' which latter vessel was to accompany them to Disco with stores, left Bantry Bay on the 2nd of June, and, after meeting heavy weather during the whole of that month, arrived at Upernivik on the 22nd of July. The Governor of North Greenland supplied them with dogs, and when they started from Upernivik the two ships had sixty of these animals on board.

Upernivik may be considered the furthest limit of well-explored and accurately known waters. Thenceforth their voyage was one of discovery as well as of adventure. Although the voyage up Smith Sound presented only the ordinary difficulties

difficulties and dangers of Arctic navigation, both ships encountered their full amount of exciting adventure. One such scene, mentioned by Sir George Nares, affords an illustration of the manner in which icebergs, floating with their bases deep down in under currents, sometimes crash their way through floe ice drifting in an exactly opposite direction under the influence of wind or surface current. On the night of the 5th of August both the ships were beset in the pack opposite Cape Albert, at the mouth of Hayes Sound. They were secured in the floe about a hundred yards apart, and found themselves drifting rapidly towards an iceberg. Both ships were at once prepared for a severe nip, with rudders and screws unshipped. 'At first the "Discovery" was apparently in the most dangerous position; but the floe in which they were sealed up, by wheeling round, while it relieved Captain Stephenson from any immediate apprehension, brought the "Alert" directly in the path of the advancing mass, which was steadily tearing its way through the intermediate surface ice. The "Alert" was saved in the nick of time by the splitting up of the floe.'

On the morning of the 25th of August, after fighting their way through the ice for many days with constant labour, they discovered a large and well-protected harbour inside an island immediately west of Cape Bellot, on the northern shore of Lady Franklin Sound. Finding that this harbour was suitable in every way for winter quarters, and the abundance of the spare Arctic vegetation in the neighbourhood giving every promise of game being procurable, Sir George Nares determined to leave the 'Discovery' here for the winter, and to push forward with the 'Alert' alone. On the morning of the 1st September the 'Alert' passed up Robeson Strait, running before a strong gale nine knots and a half an hour. At noon, having carried Her Majesty's ship into latitude $82^{\circ} 24' N.$, a higher latitude than any vessel had ever before attained, the ensign was hoisted at the peak. Sir George Nares was now fairly embarked on the Polar Ocean; but he at once found himself confronted with that stupendous ice which had stopped Collinson, McClure, Parry, Franklin, and, in fact, every voyager that ever embarked upon its waters. In another hour he was standing to the westward, between the pack and the land, and before nightfall the 'Alert' had reached the extreme point of her journey.

Henceforth, whatever had to be done was to be done by the scientific men and sledging parties of the expedition.

The space into which the 'Alert' and 'Discovery' had so far forced their way is that which on an ordinary terrestrial

globe is covered by the brass hour circle; on the actual earth it is absolutely unknown. Taking the Pole as the centre of this inhospitable waste, there are only three points in the surrounding circle where the foot of man has approached it within eight degrees or 480 geographical miles. These three points are in 60° longitude east from Greenwich, where the Austrians under Weyprecht and Payer made their remarkable discoveries; in longitude 20° E., where, as far back as 1827, Sir Edward Parry got up to latitude $82^\circ 40'$; and in longitude 60° W., where both the Americans under Hall and our latest expedition have fought their way within the magic circle. But this is the limit; no human foot has ever yet got up to the parallel of 84° . Following the circumference of the 80th parallel westward from the scene of Nares' researches, we find that it passes far to the north of the vast cluster of islands among which Sir John Franklin's expedition was lost. But neither there, nor to the north of Russian America, nor of Behring Strait, nor of the long coast-line of Siberia, do we know of any land that stretches upwards towards the Pole. A glance at the map will show that within the basin of the Polar Sea, there is no indication of anything like a continent, or even a large island, in the whole space between the Siberian and American shores and the Pole. At one time it was a favourite idea with geographical theorists that the space around the Pole was an open sea. Dr. Augustus Petermann, the German geographer, was indefatigable in his attempts to uphold this belief. It was only finally set at rest by Captain Markham's adventurous sledge journey in the spring of the present year. The Polar Sea, as far as we know it, is studded with islands; and, reasoning from analogy, there are grounds for the conclusion that the remaining, or unknown portion, is similar in character to that which has been already surveyed. One of the points which it was hoped the English expedition would decide was whether there was a water communication, on the north coast of Greenland, between the Atlantic and the Polar Sea, or whether, as some supposed, Greenland is part of a Polar continent. But though accumulating evidence points to the conclusion that it is an island, the matter still lies outside the limits of positive proof.

The whole of the Polar basin westward and northward of the Parry Islands appears to be occupied by a huge field of ice, different in character from anything found elsewhere in the Arctic regions. Sir Robert McClure traced it from Behring Strait to the north-west of Banks Land, round a great curve of more than a thousand miles. Sir George Nares found it to the
north

north of Smith Sound, and gave it the distinctive name of paleocrystic ice. Admiral Sherard Osborn describes it as "a vast floating, glacier-like mass, surging to and fro in an enclosed area of the Arctic Sea." Admiral Osborn concludes that there must be land, or at least islands, between Spitzbergen and Behring Strait, because the paleocrystic ice never, even in the most furious gales, moves far away from the American shore. If there had been space for it to move north, he says, the furious south storms which sweep over the North American continent would blow it far in that direction, and bring its masses down into the Atlantic by way of Spitzbergen; whereas, as a matter of fact, it never goes more than a few miles off the American coast, leaving a narrow belt of water, and directly the gale abates, it surges back again, with its edge grounding in 12 fathoms of water.

The same phenomenon occurred along its eastern edge, where the great ice-field impinged on the archipelago at Banks Island; and Sir George Nares made a similar observation as regards the north shore of Grinnell Land, where the 'Alert' passed the winter. We quote isolated lines from a passage spread over two or three pages, remarking that the evidence thus given by Sir George is quite unconscious, as the passage under consideration relates primarily to the safety of his ship, and not to the nature of the ice. He says, 'On leaving Robeson Channel, immediately the land trends to the westward, the coastline loses its steep character, and the heavy ice is stranded at a distance of 100 to 200 yards from the shore, forming a fringe of detached masses of ice from 20 feet to upwards of 60 feet in height above water, and lying aground in from 8 to 12 fathoms.'

Sir George secured his ship inside this protecting barrier, and, two days later, during a squall from the south-west, 'the pack slowly retreated towards the north-east. . . . The gale continued all night, and drove the pack two miles off shore. . . . On the morning of the 2nd of September the wind suddenly shifted to north-west, bringing the pack rapidly in towards the land.'

These extracts strikingly confirm Sherard Osborn's description of the 'glacier-like mass surging to and fro in an enclosed area,' which we gave above.

The paleocrystic ice is of most tremendous character. Sir George Nares tells us that its motion is entirely different from that produced by the meeting of ordinary floes. 'In the latter case the broken edges of the two pieces of ice, each striving for the mastery, are readily upheaved, and continually fall over with a noisy crash. In the former, the enormous pressure, raising pieces frequently 30,000 tons in weight in comparative silence,

displays itself with becoming solemnity and grandeur.' It may be imagined what obstacles such ice presents to the advance of loaded sledges; yet over it the advance of Captain Markham towards the Pole had to be made.

The geographical question whether Greenland is or is not an island, which was presented for solution to the exploring parties of Sir George Nares, is not one of idle or even of merely scientific curiosity. It is one which practically affects the lives and well-being of all inhabitants of the temperate regions of the earth. As it can be shown that our temperate climate depends upon the nature and direction of ocean currents, any alteration in these phenomena would produce most startling effects upon our well-being. The climate of Europe itself in no small degree depends upon the atmospheric condition of the Pole: the development there of extremely low temperature necessarily leads to corresponding changes of pressure and other atmospheric disturbances, the effects of which are felt far into the temperate zone. To such an extent, indeed, is the temperature of the Equatorial regions lowered, and that of the temperate and Polar regions raised, by means of ocean currents, that, if these were to cease, and each latitude were to depend exclusively on the heat received directly from the sun, only a small portion of the globe would be habitable for the present order of human beings.

In the northern hemisphere two immense oceans extend from the Equator to the north, and between them lie two great continents, which contain by far the larger part of the inhabitants of the earth. Owing to the earth's spherical form, too much sun heat is received at the Equator, and too little in high latitudes, to make the earth a suitable habitation for the human race, unless there existed some compensating influence. The ocean alone can afford this compensation; it alone can convey heat in its bosom to distant shores. To the winds belongs the task of distributing it. They charge themselves with warmth and moisture by contact with the sea, and convey them in the form of mist and rain over the surface of the land. Upon this twofold arrangement depends the thermal condition of the earth.

There is a difference of about 80° between the mean temperature of the Equator and the Poles. The mean temperature of the Equator is about 80° , and that of the Pole a little more than 2° Fahrenheit. But, were each part of the globe's surface to depend only upon the direct heat which it receives from the sun, there ought to be a difference of more than 200° . The annual quantity of heat received at the Equator is to that received at the Pole as 12 to 5. It is the office of the ocean
to

to reduce this great discrepancy within limits compatible with human existence. If no warm water were conveyed from the Equator to the Pole, the temperature of the Equator would rise, and that of the Pole would sink. Taking the temperature of stellar space as the standard of comparison, the Equator would be 135° above and the Pole 83° below zero of Fahrenheit.* The Equator would therefore be 55° warmer than at present, and the Pole 83° colder, a condition of affairs under which, it is obvious, no human beings could live. Assuming for a moment that the warm water which produces this equalising effect is the Gulf Stream, it would follow that the stoppage of that stream would reduce the temperature of London to something very little higher than that which now exists at the Pole, and that about 40° represents the actual rise at London due to the influence of the Gulf Stream. If this be true, it is evident that to us in England the Gulf Stream makes all the difference between a moderate and an absolutely uninhabitable abode. But is it the Gulf Stream which passes into the Polar regions? Are the seas round Greenland and Spitzbergen heated by its warmth? A glance at the map will show that the Polar ice-sea, enormous in extent though it be, is land-locked, and communicates with the other oceans of the globe only through three openings, two of which hardly exceed the size of large rivers, while even the third is of no very great extent; these three openings are Behring Strait, Smith Sound, and the Greenland Sea. A strong current sets from the Pole to the southward through each of these channels. It is plain that the water of these currents is not composed of melting ice, for, if it were, the Pole would soon be free from obstruction. Whence then does it come? So large a quantity of cold water constantly flowing from the Polar regions into the Atlantic makes it certain that an equal mass flows in from south to north; and if we look at the map, it is hard to resist the conviction that this must be the Gulf Stream. Behring Strait, the only opening from the Polar region to the Pacific, is too shallow to admit of the passage of any considerable warm stream as under current. It is nowhere more than thirty fathoms in depth, and the greater part of that depth is occupied by a cold southerly current which runs through it from the Pole. But the possibility of the Gulf Stream finding its way into the Polar Sea must depend on Greenland being an island. If, as Dr. Petermann, the German geographer, who bore the principal

* The temperature of stellar space is 239° ; when therefore the proportion 12 to 5 between the Equator and the Pole is reached, the Equator will be 374° and the Pole 156° above that of stellar space; that is, the Equator would be $+135^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit, and the Pole -83° .

part in fitting out the last German expedition, still asserts, Greenland stretches away across the Pole in the direction of Behring Strait, some other theory must be devised to account for the known facts, and this is why it was hoped that Sir George Nares' expedition would have set this question at rest.

As soon as the ships were fairly frozen in, they began to prepare for the long winter. A few preliminary trials were made with the sledges, and some depots of provisions were placed in readiness for the spring operations, but the travelling parties were soon recalled, and all hands set to work to organise the routine of work and amusements which were to keep up the spirits and consequently the health of the men during 142 days of darkness.

It was during this time that the scientific officers devoted their attention to the work of their observatories. Those of the 'Alert' were a large and lofty series of snow houses, connected together by a snow gallery. Here magnetic observations were taken, the general result of which is understood to confirm those of which the scientific world are already possessed; but as they are not yet published, we can only speak of them in very general terms. The same remark applies to the meteorological, astronomical, and polariscope observations, and to those made with the spectroscope and electrometer.

A similar observatory was constructed at Discovery Bay, and there the same scientific routine was pursued as in the northern ship. Captain Stephenson, moreover, had an opportunity which Nares had not, of making a series of very valuable tidal observations. On one point only was there any notable failure; and that was one to which we look with considerable regret, though it was caused by meteorological and other physical difficulties with which it was impossible to cope. It was found impossible to use the pendulum for determining the exact value of gravitation at the Pole, and the consequent perfecting of our knowledge of the shape of the earth. There are two reasons why the Pole should be selected as the scene of such experiments, viz. that there gravitation is at its maximum, and the counteracting centrifugal force at its minimum. Gravitation is greatest at the Pole because the Equatorial diameter of the earth is somewhat in excess of the Polar diameter, and the compressed portion of a spheroid attracts a body on its surface more powerfully than the more convex portion, being more compact in mass, and the active forces collectively nearer the surface. Centrifugal force is insensible, because, as one may easily see by whirling a weight at the end of a string, centrifugal force is proportionate to rapidity of rotation;

rotation ; and as there is no rotation whatever at the Poles of the earth, gravitation is there entirely unopposed by centrifugal force.

At the Equator the rotation is very rapid ; and gravitation, violently opposed by centrifugal force, is at its minimum. It follows that gravitation increases from the Equator to the Pole in a certain definite proportion ; a body which weighs 195 lbs. at the Equator weighs 194 lbs. at the Pole ; this proportion finds mathematical expression in the statement, that the element of gravity, due to centrifugal force, varies everywhere as the square of the cosine of the latitude. Now, a pendulum swinging freely backwards and forwards is impelled by gravity alone, and as the time which a weight would take to fall through a space equal to the length of the pendulum bears a certain known proportion to its time of oscillation, we are enabled, by observing the rate of the oscillations of a pendulum of known length, to deduce from it what length of pendulum would in that place beat exact seconds, and consequently how far a body would fall in a second—in other words, the force of gravitation at that place.*

A pendulum which beats seconds in London is too slow at the Equator, and requires to be shortened. This is easy to understand when we know that gravity decreases towards the Equator. Experiments have been made with the pendulum in all parts of the world. Sir Edward Sabine carried it from the Equator to Spitzbergen, and it was hoped that the present expedition would give us the results of observations taken at the Pole itself. All preparations were made for that purpose, but the severity of the climate proved too much for the clock-work. It was not till after several attempts that the idea was finally abandoned. Captain Stephenson writes in March 1876 :—

‘ Commander Beaumont had everything ready for observations with the pendulum at the beginning of this month, being in hopes a milder temperature would have allowed the clock to go, but the very severe weather frustrated his expectations. This being the last month the clock can be rated by the transit of stars, having now perpetual daylight, he was prepared to make a great effort. It remains to be proved whether the observations can be carried out with sufficient accuracy by means of the sun alone. If this is not successful, the

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- * (1.) The oscillations of a pendulum in small arcs are all made in equal times.
 (2.) The time of oscillation is proportionate to the length of the pendulum.
 (3.) The time of oscillation is to the time in which a body would fall from a state of rest down the length of the pendulum as the periphery of a circle to its diameter.

only

only other opportunity would be in the autumn, during the few days between the re-appearance of the stars and the advent of a temperature that would stop the clock, stars of the first magnitude being visible at night during the first week in October.*

But it was not to be. The machinery of the clocks employed would not stand the severe cold; the oil froze in the works, and they would not go at all. It will easily be understood that observations on the length of a second must be conducted with minute accuracy to be of any value, and under the circumstances this was not attainable.

The collective indications of observations already made clearly show the general accuracy of the law deduced from theory as to the increase of gravity as the Pole is approached; but there are so many disturbing causes, owing to irregularities in the shape of the earth's surface that it is impossible to project from observations made in different parts of the earth such a curve as will harmonise them all. It is tolerably certain that the general result already arrived at will not be disturbed by any future operations. The earth is known to be a slightly oblate spheroid, and any correction of its form as now assumed will probably be very minute, and will be useful only in mathematical calculation of the highest refinement. We may therefore easily console ourselves for the failure of Commander Beaumont's attempt.

While we are on the subject of clocks, we may remark a curious circumstance, which was not expected. It was supposed that chronometers would not, in the severe cold of the Arctic Circle, keep their rates with sufficient accuracy to enable the longitude to be determined by their means alone. We pointed out in a recent number of this 'Review'† that the difficulty of trusting to chronometers for longitude in our Arctic expedition would arise from the circumstance that, in all probability, the expedition would arrive at its extreme point, where it would be locked fast for a time, some months after leaving the last known point of well-defined longitude, and therefore it was impossible to predict how the rates of the chronometers might be affected during those months.

This result would arise not only from the lapse of time, but from a chronometrical fact which has not yet been brought under control, namely, that when the temperature is at or about freezing-point, the rates of chronometers become unmanageable. No form of compensation hitherto tried has been able to correct this defect. The object of 'compensation' is to produce uni-

* 'Report,' p. 9, sect. 110.

† 'Quarterly Review,' No. 281, p. 164.

formity of rate in spite of difference of temperature. This is partially, but only partially, effected by the application of weights to the balance; it is a process slow and costly, and, moreover, cannot be applied in such a manner as to meet all circumstances. The difference of force in a spring proceeds uniformly in proportion to the increase of heat, and may be graphically represented by a straight line inclined, at some angle, to another straight line, which is divided to represent degrees of temperature. But the inertia of a compound balance cannot be made to decrease quite so rapidly as the heat increases; and therefore its rate of variation can only be represented by a curve, which will only coincide with the straight line representing the variation of force in the spring at two points. In other words, the compensation can only be exact for some two temperatures for which you may choose to adjust it. But this anticipated wildness in the rates of the chronometers did not take place to the extent expected in the case of the recent expedition. Owing to care and skill, they were able to keep their chronometers at a temperature so nearly even that, although by no means free from variation, they did not become unreliable. Captain Stephenson tells us* that during the winter fifty sets of lunars were observed, sixteen of which, up to the date of March 1876, were calculated. The mean of all gave a longitude which accorded with the longitude deduced from the chronometers within thirty seconds of time. Commander Beaumont ascertained the rates of the chronometers from time to time by means of the transit instruments. A variation in their rates was observed, following the changes of temperature during the winter; but notwithstanding this, and the frequent concussion experienced by the ship in working through the ice, Captain Stephenson remarked with some surprise how nearly the results deduced from the lunars accorded with those of the accumulated rates.

The sun re-appeared on the 1st of March, and the explorers were almost immediately on foot. By the end of the month all the pioneer expeditions had done their work, and on the 3rd of April the long journey sledges took their departure. Three weeks later, when Stephenson, after despatching his own parties, went up to the 'Alert' to confer with Nares, none but a few officers, who had returned from pioneer sledging journeys, and some invalids, were left on board the ships. The northern division under Markham and Parr were off in the direction of the Pole; Aldrich was surveying Grinnell Land to the west; Rawson and Egerton were away laying a depot on the north

* 'Report,' sect. 112.

shore of Greenland; Beaumont had started with heavier sledges in their track; surveying parties were away from the 'Discovery' laying down Lady Franklin Sound and Petermann Fiord; the naturalists, hunters, explorers, and photographers, were busy in their several avocations. Every one was taking advantage with feverish eagerness of the short interval of summer.

Nearly opposite to the spot where the 'Discovery' passed the winter were the winter quarters of the American exploring expedition, commanded by Hall in the year 1872. Polaris Bay, as it is called, lay just across Robeson Channel, and a considerable quantity of stores had been left there by the Americans, and were now at the disposal of Beaumont for his Greenland exploration. The 'Polaris' expedition had found that, in 1872, the ice broke up in Robeson Channel in the month of May. Beaumont was not to return till June 15; it was, therefore, necessary to provide some means for him to cross the strait in case he should arrive on its shores after the ice had begun to move. Captain Stephenson determined to have a boat conveyed across the ice to the 'Polaris' depot, there to await the return of the explorers, and a party started with that end in view. Captain Stephenson followed with light sledges, and overtook them at Hall's Rest.

The object of Captain Stephenson's personal presence on that occasion may be gathered from the following extract:—

'On the following day, the American flag being hoisted, a brass tablet prepared in England was erected at the foot of Captain Hall's grave with due solemnity. It bore the following inscription:—

' Sacred
to the Memory of
CAPTAIN C. F. HALL,
of the U.S. Ship "Polaris,"
who sacrificed his Life
in the advancement of Science,
on the 8th November, 1871.

'This Tablet has been erected by the British Polar Expedition of 1875, who, following in his footsteps, have profited by his experience.'

Captain Hall, of the 'Polaris,' was a man of iron frame and great personal courage. He had prepared himself for the work before him by long residence among the Esquimaux. He learned their language and adopted their habits, in a way that might, perhaps, have been found impossible by a man of more delicate nurture. As his friend and biographer says, 'He learned to like the repulsive food the Esquimaux lived on; fasting, when it was scarce, with the *sang-froid* of one "to the manner

manner born," and relishing the blubber, when it came, with the best of them.' He was stoutly and very powerfully built, and, according to the portraits we have seen of him, his features were as rugged as his heart was kindly. He had not the advantage of a liberal education, but he was, though not a seaman by profession, an expert navigator, and was remarkable for the neatness and precision of his astronomical observations. The main fault in his character, and, in fact, the one which at last endangered the safety of his expedition, is thus dealt with by no unfriendly hand:—

'The extent to which he was able to overlook the insolence and impertinence of those who owed him duty and allegiance is something marvellous to consider. Indeed, he carried this too far. Had he dealt more sternly with the beginnings of insubordination, we might have had a far different story to tell; but every other feeling and sentiment were swallowed up in the absorbing desire to get north.'

It is, indeed, impossible now to know what would have been the result if Hall had been able to impress his own strong hopes and belief on those who composed his expedition. Immediately after his death they broke up into parties without union or cohesion, animated, as it would seem, by an overmastering desire to return home. Upon the details of the disintegration of the expedition, and the miserable accusations and recriminations which followed it, we have no intention of dwelling; the whole matter has been subjected to searching examination in America, and we only allude to it in order to record the deliberate opinion of the naval court which examined the survivors of the expedition. The worst accusation, and one which, it would seem, poor Hall himself believed in, was that he died by poison administered by his own people. This the court emphatically rejected as untrue.

There can be no doubt that the English expedition was sent to Smith Sound partly in reliance on alleged discoveries of land reaching far above 83° in the direction of the Pole; and it will hardly be wrong to assume that, if the land laid down on the American chart had really existed, Sir George Nares' expedition would have had a more successful result. But it is worth while to inquire to what extent the discoveries inserted in American charts, on the alleged authority of the 'Polaris' expedition, are really founded on claims made by them. No such claims, certainly, were ever made by poor Hall himself. The geographical determinations made by him are singularly truthful and accurate; and it is but an act of duty to acquit one who is no longer here to speak for himself, of misleading us in a matter for which, as leader of the party, he is naturally held

held responsible. The reader will see by the annexed map what were the claims made on behalf of the American expedition, and what has now been found to be the actual state of the case. In one, the land is made to trend upwards on the west side of Robeson Channel, nearly up to the eighty-fourth parallel. Due north, running east and west across the entrance to the sound, lies land in a still higher latitude, to which the name of President's Land has been given; and away to the north-east, and forming the supposed continuation of the eastern shore of Robeson Channel, are marked capes and headlands, to which American names have been assigned. All these fiords, bays, capes, and sounds have appeared in the official charts of the American Admiralty, and were thence transferred to our own; but it now seems that they must be altogether erased. A note appears on the American chart, saying that, the original documents having been lost, the coast-line has been laid down according to the recollection of the officers and men composing the expedition. It may be so; but the information was not given by any of the recognised leaders. Hall, as we see on the face of the chart, had nothing to do with the matter. With regard to the officers composing the expedition, we find that they say almost as little as their commander. Their evidence is contained in the official report to the President of the United States, by the Secretary of the Navy, on the loss of the 'Polaris,' which is now before us.

The scientific officer of the expedition, who was sent out by the American authorities to be responsible for such like matters, was Dr. Meyer. That officer's draft chart is prefixed to the official report, and contains no names, nor anything north of Cape Union (which cape, though placed too far to the north on the American chart, was seen by the 'Polaris' expedition), but a dotted line alone indicates what, in his opinion, was the probable direction of the coast. At the close of his evidence, Dr. Meyer said, in answer to a question, 'I believe I surveyed the coast a little above 84° on the west coast; on the east coast, about $82^{\circ} 30'$.' This is the sole remark, so far as we can learn from the official report, on which the American hydrographers can have founded their work. The leader is silent. The scientific officer sends in a sketch, truly representing what he thought he saw. Who then invented the elaborate series of bays, sounds, and headlands, eighteen or twenty in number? and who gave to these imaginary localities the names by which they are marked on the official chart? It is as great a crime against the unwritten law of nations to publish false charts as it is to exhibit false lights to lure vessels to destruction.

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We know what was the claim put forth in the modest American chart when it left the hands of those who did the work and reported the results. To whose credulity, or imagination, does it owe its subsequent completed form?

The chart requires other corrections, different however both in degree and kind. It is only natural that the early surveys of Hayes and Kane should require considerable correction; but they were certainly both to blame in altering surveys originally made by Admiral Inglefield without sufficient cause. For instance, to quote Captain Nares:—

‘The two islands marked on the chart on the authority of Dr. Hayes as existing in the entrance of Hayes Sound are, as originally represented by Admiral Inglefield, in reality joined. The three capes named by the latter, north of Cape Sabine, are very prominent headlands, and readily sighted from a ship’s deck from any position north of Littleton Island. There is no sign of an inlet along the very slightly indented coast line between his Cape Camperdown and Cape Albert. His Princess Marie Bay is the inlet north of the land in the middle of the sound, but whether that be an island or a peninsula remains to be determined; and his Cape Victoria is evidently one of the headlands on the present Grinnell Land. It is necessarily an unthankful office to find fault with our predecessors; but navigators cannot be too careful how they remove from the chart names given by the original discoverers, merely because during a gale of wind a bearing or an estimated distance is a trifle wrong; and when the corrector or improver is also himself considerably wrong, and in fact produces a more unreliable chart than the first one, he deserves blame. The names given to the headlands undoubtedly discovered by Admiral Inglefield should not have been altered by Drs. Kane and Hayes, each of whom published very misleading delineations of the same coast.’

The whole body of the land on the west side of Robeson Channel also requires to be rectified. It can be no pleasure to find fault with explorers so intrepid and conscientious as Hayes and Kane, both of whom have done much to cement that good feeling between England and America which community of object and enterprise has so great a tendency to secure. Moreover, when mistakes arise, the circumstances of Arctic surveying, with its inevitable concomitants of freezing fingers, and object-glasses clouded with rapidly congealing mist, must always be taken into account. The approach of the eye to an eye-piece is sufficient to cloud it; and he must be almost more than human who does not jump somewhat hastily at an angle or an altitude when a mitten removed means frost-bitten fingers, and it is almost as difficult to read off the arc on a sextant as to work out the observation when the data are

are secured. There was on the part of Nares no anxiety to upset the allegations of the American chart. As an officer of the expedition naïvely remarked to us, 'We did not go to pick holes in the results of our predecessors, but to establish accurate positions ourselves.' A keen observer of the corrected English chart will often find evidences of the kindly care with which former mistakes have been shielded. Wherever an erroneous determination has been made by a predecessor, the name already given has, if possible, been attached to the latitude and longitude appropriated to it, while the point which was the original recipient of the name receives along with its correct definition in latitude and longitude another designation. These little courtesies are pleasing to observe, especially as they are not universal. But although it is a thankless task to correct the venial mistakes of gallant men like Kane and Hayes, who risked their lives to obtain the positions they set down, it is difficult to look with equal equanimity on the claims put forth by office men comfortably seated at home, especially when the inevitable result must be to damage, and not to increase, the reputations of those whose explorations they pretend to embody. We are more distinctly conscious of such a feeling when, as we have shown to be the case with reference to the capes and bays north of Cape Union, the surveyors make no such claim for themselves as is made in their name.

While the sledging parties were away, Mr. Hart, naturalist of the 'Discovery,' found coal near the winter quarters of his ship. To our minds this is one of the most interesting results of the expedition. It opens out a whole range of speculations as to cosmical phenomena of the most primary importance. Coal is but the accumulated decay of a luxuriant vegetation, which demanded a long period of warmth and moisture, differing in the widest degree from the climatic condition of the Pole at the present time. It has been long known that the northern part of the Parry Islands abounded with carboniferous rocks, and coal has been found and worked to a considerable extent in Greenland, but now we know that it extends almost to the Pole itself. It is, therefore, no matter of conjecture, but of certainty, that a luxuriant vegetation and considerable heat existed where we now find only the accumulated ice of ages.

It is the generally received opinion both among geologists and botanists that the flora of the coal period does not indicate the existence of a tropical, but of a moist and equable, climate. Tree ferns range as far south as New Zealand, and araucanian pines occur in Norfolk Island. A great preponderance of ferns and lycopodiums, says Sir Charles Lyell, indicates moisture, equability

equability of temperature, and freedom from frost, rather than intense heat. The atmosphere during the coal period probably resembled the climate which we endeavour artificially to represent in our hot-houses. But it is not sufficient for the production of coal that there should be a climate suitable to the growth of a luxuriant vegetation. It is almost equally essential that immediately after the decay of such vegetation it should be preserved by being covered over by a thick deposit of sand, mud, or clay. For this end it was necessary that the area on which the plants grew should be submerged, and that in a cold rather than in a warm sea.

The generally admitted theory of coal formation is this, that the coal trees grew near broad estuaries and on immense plains but little elevated above the sea-level; that after the growth of many generations of trees the plain was submerged under the sea, and in process of time covered over with sand, gravel, and sediments carried down by the streams from the adjoining land; that the submerged plain afterwards became again elevated above the sea-level, and formed the site of a second forest which after the lapse of long centuries was again submerged. The alternate process of submergence and emergence went on till we have a succession of buried forests with immense stratified deposits between, which ultimately become converted into beds of coal.

Oscillation of the land, so often repeated, has been the wonder and despair of geologists; for any theory which pretended to account for the presence of coal—in Greenland, for instance, or at the Pole—was bound as a condition of success to account not only for alternations of climate in the icy region of the north, in itself a formidable problem, but for the oscillation of the land alternately below, and above the sea-level as many times as there were thicknesses or seams in the coal, for evidently during the formation of each seam the land must have been alternately once submerged and once elevated. This, in fact, was one of the unsolved problems of geology; it was long suspected that its final solution must be referred to the astronomer, but unluckily the great masters of that science at the beginning of the present century darkened counsel by rejecting, on what now appears to be insufficient grounds, the explanation that lay ready to their hands. There are only two astronomical causes which could be supposed to materially affect the climate of the earth. One was a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the other a change in the earth's orbit. Laplace calculated the possible variation of obliquity of the ecliptic, and pronounced it so insignificant as to cause little effect on climate

climate in general, and, *à fortiori*, to have had no effect whatever on the climate of the Pole. He also, after calculating the extreme limit of variation in the form of the earth's orbit, agreed with Herschel, Lagrange, and other celebrated men, that this must also be put aside. The question was thenceforth looked upon as settled; which was an error, for they decided, as lawyers are supposed to decide, not on the merits of the case, but on the case as submitted to them.

We lately showed in this 'Review'* that physical causes now at work could have produced, and probably did produce, the alternate and repeated submersion and emergence of the earth. We will now try whether, by similar reasoning, it can be shown how alternate climates succeeded each other at the Pole. It is only necessary to deal with one Pole, for whatever happened at one Pole, the same phenomena would occur in each instance 10,000 or 12,000 years later at the other. There is a slight annual change in what is called the longitude of the perihelion; that is, the earth is not exactly in the same part of her journey round the sun, at the time of the equinox, in successive years. The consequence follows, that in process of time the equinoctial point travels right round the orbit.† As the path of the earth is an ellipse, and not a circle, and the sun occupies one of the foci, the earth at any given season is never exactly the same distance from the sun two years running. The position of the earth at the equinox, or at the solstice, for example, would shift right round the orbit in 20,000 years; so that, whatever was the position of the earth in summer, say in the Year One, by the Year 10,000 the position of the earth in summer would have shifted half round the orbit, and would occupy the position which was occupied by it in winter in the Year One.

* 'Quarterly Review,' No. 283, p. 202.

† 'Let A P represent the major axis of the orbit joining the aphelion and perihelion, and *ss'* the solstitial points, near the preceding, as they actually are at present. The winter solstice (*s*) moves away from A through *d*, but so slowly as to advance barely a degree in fifty-eight years. It would thus require 25,868 years to complete its course to A; but in the meantime the latter point moves away from *s* in the direction of *c* still more slowly, and meets it at A'; so that the time required for a revolution of the solstice *s* from aphelion to aphelion is thus reduced to 20,984 years. The equinoctial line EF, making always right angles with *ss'*, moves with the latter, its motion on the Equator being called the precession of the equinox.'—Cooley's 'Physical Geography,' p. 409.



If the North Pole were subjected to any given combination of circumstances in the Year One, the South Pole would be subjected to similar conditions about 10,000 years later. If, therefore, we can discover any combination of circumstances which at a particular time would produce a condition of perpetual ice in the northern hemisphere, and perpetual summer in the southern, we may be sure that 10,000 years later there will be perpetual summer in the north and perpetual ice in the south. And this see-saw would continue until, in the course of ages, alteration of the degree of eccentricity of the earth's orbit would remove the inducing cause. Now, there was such a combination of circumstances; in fact there have been several such combinations. There was one about 240,000 years ago, and it lasted about 150,000 years. During the whole of that time the changes from warm to cold climate every 10,000 or 12,000 years must have been of the most extreme character. During that period the climate of the Pole probably changed from the extremity of heat to intensest cold, many times. During the cold periods, the weight of ice on the glaciated hemisphere would displace, were it but two or three hundred feet, the centre of gravity of the earth; the level of the ocean would change to accommodate itself to the new centre of gravity, and there would be a submergence of the land. By degrees, after thousands of years, the ice would begin to melt, and form on the other hemisphere. The sea would return to its former level, and there would be an emergence of the land. This is the simple explanation of that emergence and subsidence of the land, within comparatively moderate periods, which have appeared to geologists to demand for their accomplishment millions upon millions of ages.

But we have to show that a cause has actually existed which could produce, through many thousand years, perpetual ice in one hemisphere and contemporaneously perpetual summer in the other. Astronomers were perfectly right in saying that no change which is astronomically possible in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit could alone produce such a condition of things; but they omitted to take into consideration the fact, that, though change of eccentricity could not directly cause such a condition, it might bring into existence causes which, operating through long periods of time, would indirectly produce it.

The earth's orbit approaches, more or less, nearly to a circle. The major axis never changes; but the minor axis varies so that, when the earth's orbit is at its highest eccentricity, the earth is roughly fourteen million miles further from the sun at aphelion than at perihelion. The earth moves more slowly at

aphelion than it does when it is near the sun; and, therefore, if the northern winter occurred in aphelion, it would not only be fourteen millions of miles further from the sun than in summer, but, as it moved more slowly, its winter would be longer. The other hemisphere with its winter in perihelion would, at the same time, be nearer the sun in winter, and get its winter over more quickly.

Year by year the aphelion winter would get colder and colder; not enough to produce what is called glaciation, but enough to make a great and general lowering of temperature; then would come into operation certain causes affecting the direction of ocean currents, to complete the work which astronomical causes had begun.

A great deal of controversy has taken place respecting the physical cause of the circulation of ocean currents. Some have attributed it to differences of specific gravity between the Polar and Equatorial water; some to difference of thermal condition between the Equator and the Poles. But evidence, in our opinion almost irresistible, points to the conclusion that the ocean circulation is due to the winds. The globe may be said to have only one sea, just as the earth has only one atmosphere. We are so accustomed to think of the Atlantic and Pacific as separate oceans, and the currents of the ocean as independent of one another, that a confusion not unnaturally results from the idea that, supposing the currents to be due to the winds, their direction must follow the direction of the prevailing winds blowing over that particular sea. The currents are, however, only members of a grand system of circulation produced by the combined action of all the prevailing winds of the globe; and though it may happen that the general system of winds may in some places produce a current directly opposite to the direction of the winds blowing over that particular sea, in general terms it may be said that the direction of the main currents of the globe agrees with the direction of the prevailing winds. For example, in the North Atlantic, the Gulf Stream bifurcates in Mid-Atlantic; so does the wind. The left branch of the stream passes north-eastward into the Arctic regions, and the right branch south-eastward by the Azores; so does the wind. The south-eastern branch of the stream, after passing the Canaries, re-enters the Equatorial current, and flows into the Gulf of Mexico; the same holds true of the wind. A like agreement exists in reference to all the leading currents of the ocean. This is particularly seen in the great Antarctic current, which, instead of turning to the left under the influence of the earth's rotation, turns to the right when it gets into the
region

region of westerly winds between 40° and 50° south latitude. Mr. Croll goes so far as to say that 'all the principal currents of the globe are in fact moving in the exact direction in which they ought to move, assuming the winds to be the sole impelling cause. So perfect is the agreement between the two systems that, given the system of winds, and the conformation of sea and land, the system of oceanic circulation might be determined *à priori*.*'

Sir George Nares, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society,† briefly but boldly expressed similar views. He said, 'The sea is the great distributor of heat. The two well-known trade winds, blowing across the warm tropical seas from the eastward, and, as they approach the Equator, gradually changing their course more to the northward and southward, till they may almost be said to meet, by the never ending pressure which they exert on the ocean surface, accumulate a head of water in front of any obstruction to their course, and this flows naturally away towards the point or points of least resistance.' That is the whole case; but it must be understood that the currents are not all on the surface. The surface currents follow the direction of the prevailing winds; the under-currents, by means of which equilibrium is restored, generally dive down beneath the surface current, and run in the opposite direction. Such is the case with the Gulf Stream, which passes under the Polar stream on the west of Spitzbergen, the latter passing in turn under the Gulf Stream beyond Bear Island. The Polar streams flow southward as surface currents as long as they remain under the influence of northerly winds. When they reach the region of south-westerly winds, they disappear under the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. And this for the simple reason that in each instance the stream, as Sir George Nares says, will take the line of least resistance. In the case of a stream going before the wind, this will be on the surface; when going against the wind, the line of least resistance will be some distance below it.

Now, we have seen how great an influence the ocean circulation exerts on the climate of the earth; we have also seen that the direction of ocean currents is determined by that of the prevailing winds. If, therefore, it should appear that astronomical causes affect the general direction of the winds, it will be evident that indirectly the same astronomical causes influence the climate of the earth. The trade winds are caused by a cold in-draught from the Poles continually rushing towards

* Croll, 'Climate and Time,' p. 214.

† See 'Times,' December 13, 1876.

the Equator, there to replace the rarefied air, which, ascending, forms an upper current north and south. If the earth were quiescent, the lower current would, in both hemispheres, blow nearly north and south respectively; but the globe revolves on its axis from west to east; its velocity, nothing at the Poles, is about a thousand miles an hour at the Equator. In passing from high latitudes to the Equator, the cold currents of air arrive progressively at regions where the earth is revolving with more and more velocity. The air, flowing from the north and south, is unable to keep up with this continually increasing rate of rotation; it lags behind, and thus forms two currents, opposite in direction to the rotation of the earth. Thus, by the combined efforts of the rotation of the earth and the difference of temperature between the Poles and Equator, two permanent winds are formed, to which the names of the north-east and south-east trades are given. Whichever Pole is the coldest, or differs most in temperature from the Equator, has most disturbance of thermal equilibrium to adjust, and sends forth the strongest wind. At present, the south is the coldest Pole, and the south-east trades deflect the Gulf Stream to the north. But suppose the reverse to be the case, and the northern winter at a period of high eccentricity to occur in aphelion: the northern winds, coming from what would then be the coldest Pole, would overpower the feebler winds of the south, and would blow far over the Equator to the southward, the warm Equatorial ocean current would be deflected, and would go to swell the Brazilian stream flowing to the south, Europe would soon sink to a temperature unfit for human life, and a glacial epoch would occur at the North Pole. At length, by the operation of the same causes, after thousands of weary years, the scene would begin to change. The precession of the equinoxes would cause the position of the earth in summer to shift; the northern lands would begin to emerge from the waters of the icy sea; the ice-floes to deposit their boulder on the lowlands; the winter to become less long and dreary; finally would come a complete reversal—the northern winter occurring at last in perihelion, the difference between its short mild winter and its long summer would almost cease to be appreciable; and while the other hemisphere was undergoing the greatest extremes of summer heat and winter cold, the northern would enjoy a climate like that of perpetual spring. Then, as in the former case, the action of the winds would begin, the south-east trades would again convey the heated Equatorial water to the Pole, and a climate suitable to the constitution of the coal plants would ensue.

It

It is by cosmical phenomena such as we have thus briefly, and necessarily most imperfectly, described—phenomena grand in their simplicity, and mighty in their action—that, in the opinion of our most trustworthy modern physicists, the alternations of climate at the Pole, and the formation of the Arctic coal measures, have been caused. But these views, though held by many able natural philosophers, have yet not been finally accepted by a portion of the scientific world. A short time ago a paper was read before a learned society, proving fully and ably that no appreciable displacement of the earth's axis of rotation could be due to any possible accumulation of ice at the Pole. So far good. But in the discussion which followed, it seemed to be assumed that, if such were the case, there was an end of any possible explanation of the tropical flora proved to exist at the Pole. Some went so far as to suggest that, if the inclination of the Polar axis to the sun had not changed, the position of the Pole on the earth must have changed, because, as was said, a Polar night of five months implies a condition of things which must have been fatal to the life of the light-loving coal-trees, which could not live in the dark. This objection, however, is not considered a valid one by Dr. Hooker, the president of the Royal Society, who declares that the difficulty is much greater to his mind of conceiving plants enduring the excitement of an Arctic day than the torpor of an Arctic night. He adds, as an illustration of his view, that, when at St. Petersburg, he saw houses containing tropical plants—palms, ferns, and the like—covered over during the winter with mats, and these again with snow, till the plants were, for months together, in almost total darkness. The temperature was much lower than the normal requirements of such vegetation, and yet, to his surprise, when summer returned, the plants awoke as if it were from long sleep, and were splendid specimens of health and growth. The difficulty arising from the length of the Arctic night was therefore not very formidable. We cannot resist the pleasure of adding that Dr. Hooker, who will universally be allowed to be the first living authority on such subjects, expressed this opinion in conversation with the writer of these pages, and kindly accompanied his remarks with permission to quote them. It may be as well to add—though we hope we have already made our meaning clear—that the alternate emergence and submersion of the land of the Pole, due to the presence of the ice-cap, is not produced by altering the inclination of the axis of rotation of the earth, as a ship would be made to float lopsided by piling weights on one side of her deck. The ice operates by altering the position of the
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centre of gravity. In a billiard ball the centre of gravity is in the exact centre of the ball; melt a few drops of lead on to its surface, and the centre of gravity of the whole mass will shift in the direction of the lead. So on the earth: the weight of the ice will shift the centre of gravity a little in the direction of the glaciated Pole; the land is rigid and cannot move; but the particles of water will group themselves round the new centre, and consequently rise upon the land.

The sledging parties of the expedition started with high hopes and in the best spirits. They were the picked men of the Navy, and formed a command of which any officer might well be proud. But almost at a stroke all the fair appearance of things was changed. In one party after another the dreadful scourge of scurvy broke out, which used once to be the terror of our Navy, but had gradually come to be regarded as one of those preventible maladies which had been made matter of past history by modern appliances and science. We need not dwell much on the terrible theme; it has been matter of discussion in public and in private, and the facts of the case are not in dispute. The sledges started without the rations of lime-juice, which by some is said to be an absolute preventive, and the chief of the expedition has, with a chivalry and candour which do him honour, whether he has failed in judgment or not, declared that such was the fact, and that the omission was made by his orders and on his responsibility. In his speech at the Guildhall he gave his reasons.

‘I will preface any remarks I may make by stating that I, as commander, am alone responsible for all connected with the conduct and diet of the Arctic Expedition. Speaking after the game has been played out, it is, of course, very easy for me and others to talk now of what we should and what we should not have done. But, acting on my lights and experience at the time, I followed the example of such men as M’Clintock, Richards, Mechem, and M’Clure, of the “Investigator,” and started off our sledges with as nearly as possible the same rations as had proved fairly successful on all previous occasions—that is, without lime-juice for issue as a ration, a small quantity for use as a medicine being carried by the sledges which were not expected to be able to obtain game. With a similar scale of diet former expeditions were more or less successful; former sledge parties returned to their ships, after an absence of more than one hundred days, without lime-juice; some of our party were stricken down after only ten days. No sledge party employed in the Arctic regions in the cold month of April has ever been able to issue a regular ration of lime-juice. Every commander has desired to continue the daily issue of lime-juice while travelling, as recommended by all the medical authorities, but all have failed in doing so during

during the cold weather. In addition to the extra weight to be dragged that its carriage would entail, there is the even more serious consideration of the time necessary in order to melt sufficient snow. At the present time the necessary cooking in the morning and evening occupies the cook for between five and six hours, in addition to his long day's work dragging the sledge. It is no easy matter to drag your house, provisions, and fuel for melting snow, and to rely solely upon the one load for about forty days. In the late expedition all the officers and men preferred tea for lunch instead of the former ration of rum, but this alteration necessitated a long halt of an hour or an hour and a half in the middle of the day's journey, the party dancing round the sledge in the meantime in order to keep themselves warm. When I state this fact, perhaps some can realise how totally unable we were to obtain even a draught of water, however thirsty we might be. After the middle of May, when the weather is warmer, lime-juice can be and was used as a ration. Of course hereafter lime-juice in some shape or other must be carried in all sledging journeys; and we earnestly trust that some means will be found to make it into a lozenge, for, as a fluid, there is, and will always be, extreme difficulty in using it in cold weather unless Arctic travelling is considerably curtailed. Owing to the thaw which sets in before the return of the sledges, in its present state it must be carried in bottles; but up to the middle of May, it remains frozen as solid as a rock, and if the bottles have not already been broken by the jolting of the sledge or the freezing of the contents, they have to be broken on purpose before chipping off a piece of the frozen lime-juice, as if it were a piece of stone.

On a matter of this importance it is not necessary either to apologise for this long extract or to add anything to it. Controversy about facts must cease when the principal person concerned has admitted and justified what some hold to be the charge against him, and which he himself declares must be the subject of careful and exhaustive inquiry. We have every reason to believe that this inquiry will be held without delay, and we have no intention to anticipate it. There is only one remark that we should desire to make: a fault of judgment may be pardoned in a commander; want of moral strength, never. Even if it should be found that Sir George failed in judgment in this matter, he has in our opinion shown the finer form of fitness for command, in his readiness to assume the responsibility of his acts.

As soon as it was known that the land described in the American charts did not exist, it was a matter of foregone conclusion that Captain Markham should fail to reach the Pole. The route over which he had to travel had already been surveyed in the spring, and it was known that, as soon as the land was left, it would be impossible to make much head

head over the paleocrystic ice. But he did all that mortal man could do, and, to say the truth, all that he was meant to do, in planting the British flag in the highest latitude ever reached by man. We can now say to our friendly rivals, *C'est à vous, Messieurs*. It has taken nearly fifty years to beat Parry by twenty miles or so. We can rest on our oars now till another nation beats Markham and Parr. The heroism of the sledge crews was magnificent. Overworked, overtired, borne down by the weight of a dreadful and depressing malady, cold, hungry—for, in their state of sickness, it was impossible for them to eat the available rations—they struggled on; they had not even the excitement of hope, for they well knew that to reach the Pole was the wildest of dreams. As one man after another fell a victim to the dreadful malady, they put him on the sledges, and went on with the additional weight. It was not till they were utterly exhausted that they turned their faces towards the ship. When within thirty miles of it, they could get no further, and Commander Parr volunteered to go off alone into the dreadful desert on the chance of reaching the ship and bringing back assistance to the sufferers. He arrived unable to articulate from exhaustion. We need hardly say that the whole of the officers on board volunteered for the relief sledges, and within an hour were on the road. Of seventeen of the finest men of the Navy who composed the original party, but five were able to walk alongside. One was dead, and the remainder in the last extremity of illness.

The case of the Greenland explorers was even worse. Commander Beaumont quitted his ship, the 'Discovery,' on the 6th of April, and arrived at the 'Alert' on the 16th, whence he made his final start, and had hardly advanced more than a few miles before his party were attacked with the same blight as had prostrated the northern division. Even on his outward journey, man after man fell sick, and had to be carried on the sledges. The 20th of May, more than a month from the time of his departure, he was still fighting his way along the coast of North Greenland.

We give almost at random a few lines from his journal. They will show what kind of trial he and his men were enduring, and under what circumstances discipline was maintained.

'In the meantime the men had been struggling on as best they could, sometimes dragging the sledge on their hands and knees to relieve their aching legs, or hauling ahead with a long rope and standing pulls. . . . Nobody will ever believe what hard work this becomes, but this may give them some idea of it. When halted for lunch,

lunch, two of the men crawled for two hundred yards on their hands and knees rather than walk unnecessarily through this awful snow. . .

And this was an advancing exploring party!

A few days later:—

‘For two days previous they had been unable to change or even reach any of their foot gear, and now Paul was as bad; and for the remainder of the time each man, as he arrived at that stage of disease, had to be dressed and prepared for the day’s journey every morning and put to bed in the evening.’

Still later:—

‘Next march, Dobing broke down altogether, and Jones felt so bad he did not think he could last much longer. Poor fellows! disappointment at the change of routes had much to do with it. This was our darkest day. We were forty miles off Polaris Bay at the very least, and only Gray and myself to drag the sledge and the sick. The thing did not seem possible. . . .

‘The work towards the end became excessively severe on account of the narrowness of the passes. The sledge had to be unloaded and the sick lowered separately in the sail. . . .

‘On the evening of the 24th we started for our last journey with the sledge, as I thought; for finding that Jones and Gray were scarcely able to pull, I had determined to reach the shore at the plain, pitch the tent, and walk over by myself to Polaris Bay, to see if there were anyone there to help us; if not, come back, and, sending Jones and Gray, who could still walk, to the depot, remain with the sick and get them on as best I could. But I thank God it did not come to this, for as we were plodding along the now water-sodden floe towards the shore, I saw what turned out to be a dog sledge and three men, and soon after had the pleasure of shaking hands with Lieutenant Rawson and Dr. Coppinger. Words cannot express the pleasure, relief, and gratitude, we all felt at this timely meeting. It did the sick men all the good in the world.’

To quote from the journal of Commander Aldrich, who led the western division, would be to repeat the same dreadful details. The party broke down, and were supported by the same pluck, and brought back alive—that is all one can say—by the help of God and the same determined courage. Surely nothing finer was ever recorded than this advance of three sledges, one to the north, another to the east, a third to the west, laden down with sick and dying men, in obedience to an order to do their best, each in their separate direction. And nothing more touching was ever penned than the narratives, full of tenderness and simplicity, in which the sailor writers tell their story.

It is the old story—too common in English annals—the organisation broke down, and individual heroism stepped in to save the honour of the day. But at what a cost!

There

There are some defeats which are more glorious than victories; some failures which are grander than the most brilliant success. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava was a useless waste of life; yet we doubt if any feat of arms in modern times ever had so fine a moral effect as that piece of heroic stupidity. In like manner, these gallant seamen have failed to reach the Pole; but they have won a proud place in their country's annals. They have done Englishmen good. Pity it is that we should have to say, as the military critic did of that other deed we spoke of but now—"C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

ART. VI.—*Macaulay's Essay on Milton; Addison's Essays on Paradise Lost; Johnson's Life of Milton; Milton et le Paradis Perdu in Etudes Critiques de Littérature.* Par Edmond Scherer. Paris, 1876.

MR. TREVELYAN'S Life of his uncle must have induced many people to read again Lord Macaulay's 'Essay on Milton.' With that Essay began Macaulay's literary career, and, brilliant as the career was, it had few points more brilliant than its beginning. Mr. Trevelyan describes with animation that decisive first success. The 'Essay on Milton' appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' in 1825:—

'The effect on the author's reputation,' says Mr. Trevelyan, and we believe truly, 'was instantaneous. Like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous. The beauties of the work were such as all men could recognise, and its very faults pleased. . . . The family breakfast table in Bloomsbury was covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every quarter of London. . . . A warm admirer of Robert Hall, Macaulay heard with pride how the great preacher, then wellnigh worn out with that long disease, his life, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning by aid of grammar and dictionary enough Italian to enable him to verify the parallel between Milton and Dante. But the compliment that of all others came most nearly home,—the only commendation of his literary talent which even in the innermost domestic circle he was ever known to repeat,—was the sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his manuscript: "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."'

And already, in the 'Essay on Milton,' the style of Macaulay is, indeed, that which we know so well. A style to dazzle, to gain admirers everywhere, to attract imitators in multitude!

A style

A style brilliant, metallic, exterior; making strong points, alternating invective with eulogy, wrapping its object in a robe of rhetoric; not, with the soft play of life, following and rendering its object's very form and pressure. For, indeed, in rendering his object in this fashion, Macaulay's gift did not lie. Mr. Trevelyan reminds us that in the preface to his collected Essays Lord Macaulay himself 'unsparingly condemns the redundancy of youthful enthusiasm' of the 'Essay on Milton.' But the unsoundness of the Essay does not spring from its 'redundance of youthful enthusiasm.' It springs from this: that the writer has not for his aim to see and to utter the real truth about his object. Whoever comes to the 'Essay on Milton' with the desire to get at the real truth about Milton, whether as a man or as a poet, will feel that the Essay in nowise helps him. A reader who only wants rhetoric, a reader who wants a panegyric on Milton, a panegyric on the Puritans, will find what he wants. A reader who wants criticism will be disappointed.

This would be palpable to all the world, and every one would feel, not pleased, but disappointed, by the 'Essay on Milton,' were it not that the readers who seek for criticism are extremely few, while the readers who seek for rhetoric, or who seek for praise and blame to suit their own already established likes and dislikes, are extremely many. A man who is fond of rhetoric may find pleasure in hearing that in 'Paradise Lost' 'Milton's conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental haram, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside.' He may glow at being told that 'Milton's thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other souls not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal.' He may imagine that he has got something profound when he reads that if we compare Milton and Dante in their management of the agency of supernatural beings—'the exact details of Dante with the dim intimations of Milton'—the right conclusion of the whole matter is this:—

'Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. It was impossible for him to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debateable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity.'

ambiguity. He has doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But though philosophically in the wrong he was poetically in the right.'

Poor Robert Hall, 'wellnigh worn out with that long disease, his life,' and, in the last precious days of it, 'discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning, by aid of grammar and dictionary, enough Italian to enable him to verify' this ingenious criticism! Alas! even had his life been prolonged like Hezekiah's, he could not have verified it, for it is unverifiable. A poet who, writing 'in an age of philosophers and theologians,' finds it 'impossible for him to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system,' who, therefore, 'takes his stand on the debateable ground,' who 'leaves the whole in ambiguity,' and who, in doing so, 'though philosophically in the wrong, was poetically in the right!' Substantial meaning such lucubrations have none; they are rhetoric. And in like manner a distinct and substantial meaning can never be got out of the fine phrases about 'Milton's conception of love uniting all the voluptuousness of the Oriental haram, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside;' or about 'Milton's thoughts resembling those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth;' the phrases are mere rhetoric. Macaulay's writing passes for being admirably clear, and so externally it is; but it is really obscure, if one takes his deliverances seriously, and seeks to find in them a definite meaning. However, there is, no doubt, a multitude of readers for whom it is sufficient to have their ears tickled with fine rhetoric; but the tickling makes a serious reader impatient.

Many readers there are, again, who come to an Essay on Milton with their minds full of zeal for the Puritan cause, and for Milton as one of the glories of Puritanism. Of such readers the great desire is to have the cause and the man, who are already established objects of enthusiasm for them, strongly praised. Certainly Macaulay will satisfy them. They will hear that the Civil War was 'the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice;' the Puritans being Oromasdes, and the Royalists Arimanes. They will be told that the great Puritan poet was worthy of the august cause which he served. 'His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility.' 'There are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the
image

image and superscription of the Most High. Of these was Milton.' To descend a little to particulars. Milton's temper was especially admirable. 'The gloom of Dante's character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise, and the glories of the eternal throne.' But in our countryman, although 'if ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton,' nothing 'had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience.' All this is just what an ardent admirer of the Puritan cause and of Milton could most wish to hear, and when he hears it he is in ecstasies.

But a disinterested reader, whose object is not to hear Puritanism and Milton glorified, but to get at the truth about them, will surely be dissatisfied. With what a heavy brush, he will say to himself, does this man lay on his colours! The Puritans Oromasdes, and the Royalists Arimanes? What a different strain from Chillingworth's, in his sermon at Oxford at the beginning of the Civil War! 'Publicans and sinners on the one side,' said Chillingworth, 'Scribes and Pharisees on the other.' Not at all a conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, but a good deal of Arimanes on both sides. And as human affairs go, Chillingworth's version of the matter is likely to be nearer the truth than Macaulay's. Indeed, for any one who reads thoughtfully and without bias, Macaulay himself, with the inconsistency of a born rhetorician, presently confutes his own thesis. He says of the Royalists, 'They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.' Is being more 'kindly affectioned' such an insignificant superiority? The Royalists, too, then, in spite of their being insufficiently jealous for civil and ecclesiastical liberty, had in them something of Oromasdes, the principle of light.

And Milton's temper! His 'sedate and majestic patience;' his freedom from 'asperity!' If there is a defect which, above all others, is signal in Milton, which injures him even intellectually, which limits him as a poet, it is the defect common to him, with the whole Puritan party to which he belonged—the fatal defect of *temper*. He and they may have a thousand merits, but they are *unamiab*le. Excuse them how one will, Milton's asperity and acerbity, his want of sweetness of temper, of the Shakspearian largeness and indulgence, are undeniable. Lord Macaulay in his Essay regrets that the prose writings of Milton should not be more read. 'They abound,' he says in his rhetorical way, 'with passages, compared with which
the

the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance.' At any rate, they enable us to judge of Milton's temper; of his freedom from asperity. Let us open the 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' and see how Milton treats an opponent. 'How should he, a serving-man both by nature and function, an idiot by breeding, and a solicitor by presumption, ever come to know or feel within himself what the meaning is of *gentle*?' What a gracious temper! 'At last, and in good hour, we come to his farewell, which is to be a concluding taste of his jabberment in law, the flashiest and the fustiest that ever corrupted in such an unswilled hogshead.' How 'sedate and majestic!'

Human progress consists in a continual increase in the number of those who, ceasing to live by the animal life alone and to feel the pleasures of sense only, come to participate in the intellectual life also, and to find enjoyment in the things of the mind. The enjoyment is not at first very discriminating. Rhetoric, brilliant writing, gives to such persons pleasure for its own sake; but it gives them pleasure, still more, when it is employed in commendation of a view of life which is on the whole theirs, and of men and causes with which they are naturally in sympathy. The immense popularity of Macaulay is due to his being pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind. It is said that the traveller in Australia, visiting one settler's hut after another, finds again and again that the settler's third book, after the Bible and Shakspeare, is some work by Macaulay. Nothing can be more natural. The Bible and Shakspeare may be said to be imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration; but as soon as the common Englishman, desiring culture, begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay. Macaulay's view of things is, on the whole, the view of them which he feels to be his own also; the persons and causes praised are those which he himself is disposed to admire; the persons and causes blamed are those with which he himself is out of sympathy; and the rhetoric employed to praise or to blame them is animating and excellent. Macaulay is thus a great civiliser. In hundreds of men he hits their nascent taste for the things of the mind, possesses himself of it and stimulates it, draws it powerfully forth and confirms it.

But with the increasing number of those who awake to the intellectual life, the number of those also increases, who, having awoke to it, go on with it, follow where it leads them. And it leads them to see that it is their business to learn the real truth about the important men, and things, and books, which interest the human mind. For thus is gradually to be acquired a stock of
sound

sound ideas, in which their mind will habitually move, and which alone can give to their judgments security and solidity. To be satisfied with fine writing about the object of one's study, with having it praised or blamed in accordance with one's own likes or dislikes, with any conventional treatment of it, is at this stage of growth seen to be futile. At this stage, rhetoric, even when it is as good as Macaulay's, dissatisfies. And the number of people who have reached this stage of mental growth is constantly, as things now are, increasing; increasing by the very same law of progress which plants the beginnings of mental life in more and more persons who, until now, have never known it. So that while the number of those who are delighted with rhetoric such as Macaulay's is always increasing, the number of those who are dissatisfied with it is always increasing too.

And not only rhetoric dissatisfies persons at this stage, but conventionality of any kind. This is the fault of Addison's Miltonic criticism, once so celebrated; it rests almost entirely upon convention. Here is 'Paradise Lost,' 'a work which does an honour to the English nation,' a work claiming to be one of the great poems of the world, to be of the highest moment to us. 'The "Paradise Lost,"' says Addison, 'is looked upon by the best judges as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius, in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty.' The right thing, surely, is for such a work to prove its own virtue by powerfully and delightfully affecting us as we read it, and by remaining a constant source of elevation and happiness to us for ever. But the 'Paradise Lost' has not this effect certainly and universally; therefore Addison proposes to 'set before an English reader, in its full beauty,' the great poem. To this end he has 'taken a general view of it under these four heads: the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language.' He has, moreover,

'endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to show how some passages are beautified by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to show how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, or distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raises his own imagination by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso which our author has imitated; but as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher,

voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than the English poet.'

This is the sort of criticism which held our grandfathers and great-grandfathers spell-bound in solemn reverence. But it is all based upon conventions, and on the positivism of the modern reader it is thrown away. Does the work which you praise, he asks, affect me with high pleasure and do me good, when I try it as fairly as I can? The critic who helps such a questioner is one who has sincerely asked himself, also, this same question; who has answered it in a way which agrees, in the main, with what the questioner finds to be his own honest experience in the matter, and who shows the reasons for this common experience. Where is the use of telling a man, who finds himself tired rather than delighted by 'Paradise Lost,' that the incidents in that poem 'have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature;' that 'though they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing?' Where is the use of telling him that 'Adam and Eve are drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration?' His own experience, on the other hand, is that the incidents in 'Paradise Lost' are such as awaken in him but the most languid interest; and that the afflictions and sentiments of Adam and Eve never melt or move him passionately at all. How is he advanced by hearing that 'it is not sufficient that the language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime;' and that Milton's language is both? What avails it to assure him that 'the first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so;' that 'this action should have three qualifications, should be but one action, an entire action, and a great action;' and that if we 'consider the action of the "Iliad," "Æneid," and "Paradise Lost," in these three several lights, we shall find that Milton's poem does not fall short in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing?' The patient whom Addison thus doctors will reply, that he does not care two straws whether the action of 'Paradise Lost' satisfies the proposed test or no, if the poem does not give him pleasure. The truth is, Addison's criticism goes on certain conventions: the conventions, that incidents of a certain class *must* awaken keen interest; that sentiments of a certain kind *must* raise melting passions; that language of a certain strain, and an action with certain qualifications, *must* render a poem attractive and

and effective. Disregard the convention; ask solely whether the incidents *do* interest, whether the sentiments *do* move, whether the poem *is* attractive and effective, and Addison's criticism collapses.

Sometimes the convention is one which in theory ought, a man may perhaps admit, to be something more than a convention; but which yet practically is not. Milton's poem is of surpassing interest to us, says Addison, because in it 'the principal actors are not only our progenitors but our representatives. We have an actual interest in everything they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake, in all their behaviour.' Of ten readers who may even admit that in theory this is so, barely one can be found whose practical experience tells him that Adam and Eve do really, as his representatives, excite his interest in this vivid manner. It is by a mere convention, then, that Addison supposes them to do so, and claims an advantage for Milton's poem from the supposition.

The theological speeches in the third book of 'Paradise Lost' are not, in themselves, attractive poetry. But, says Addison,

'the passions which they are designed to raise are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity. . . . He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will, and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer.'

But nine readers out of ten feel that, as a matter of fact, their religious sentiments of 'divine love and religious fear' are wholly ineffectual even to reconcile them to the poetical tiresomeness of the speeches in question; far less can they render them interesting. It is by a mere convention, then, that Addison pretends that they do.

The great merit of Johnson's criticism on Milton is that from rhetoric and convention it is free. Mr. Trevelyan says that the enthusiasm of Macaulay's 'Essay on Milton' is, at any rate, 'a relief from the perverted ability of that elaborate libel on our great epic poet, which goes by the name of Dr. Johnson's "Life of Milton."'

This is too much in Lord Macaulay's own style. In Johnson's 'Life of Milton' we have the straightforward remarks, on Milton and his works, of a very acute and robust mind. Often they are thoroughly sound. 'What we know of Milton's character in domestic relations is that he was severe and arbitrary. His

family consisted of women; and there appears in his books something like a Turkish contempt of females as subordinate and inferior beings.' Mr. Trevelyan will forgive our saying that the truth is here much better hit, than in Lord Macaulay's sentence telling us how Milton's 'conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental haram, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside.' But Johnson's mind, acute and robust as it was, was at many points bounded, at many points warped. He was neither sufficiently disinterested nor sufficiently flexible, nor sufficiently receptive, to be a satisfying critic of a poet like Milton. 'Surely no man could have fancied that he read Lycidas with pleasure, had he not known the author!' Terrible sentence for revealing the deficiencies of the critic who utters it!

A completely disinterested judgment about a man like Milton is easier to a foreign critic than to an Englishman. From conventional obligation to admire 'our great epic poet' a foreigner is free. Nor has he any bias for or against Milton because he was a Puritan—in his political and ecclesiastical doctrines to one of our great English parties a delight, to the other an offence. But a critic must have the requisite knowledge of the man and the works he is to judge; and from a foreigner—particularly, perhaps, from a Frenchman—one hardly expects such knowledge. M. Edmond Scherer, however, whose 'Essay on Milton' lies before us, is an exceptional Frenchman. He is a senator, of France and one of the directors of the 'Temps' newspaper. But he comes originally from Geneva, that home of large instruction and lucid intelligence. He was in youth the friend and hearer of Alexandre Vinet,—one of the most salutary influences a man in our time can have experienced, whether he continue to think quite as Vinet thought or not. He knows thoroughly the language and literature of England, Italy, Germany, as well as of France. Well-informed, intelligent, disinterested, open-minded, sympathetic, M. Scherer has much in common with the admirable critic whom France has lost—Sainte-Beuve. What he has not, as a critic, is Sainte-Beuve's elasticity and cheerfulness. He has not that gaiety, that radiancy, as of a man discharging with delight the very office for which he was born, which, in the 'Causeries,' make Sainte-Beuve's touch so felicitous, his sentences so crisp, his effect so charming. But M. Scherer has the same open-mindedness as Sainte-Beuve, the same firmness and sureness of judgment; and having a much more solid acquaintance with foreign languages than Sainte-Beuve, he can much better appreciate a work like 'Paradise Lost' in the only

only form in which it can be appreciated properly—in the original.

We will commence, however, by disagreeing with M. Scherer. He sees very clearly how vain is Lord Macaulay's sheer laudation of Milton, or Voltaire's sheer disparagement of him. Such judgments, M. Scherer truly says, are not judgments at all. They merely express a personal sensation of like or dislike. And M. Scherer goes on to recommend, in the place of such 'personal sensations,' the method of historical criticism—that great and famous power in the present day. He sings the praises of 'this method at once more conclusive and more equitable, which sets itself to understand things rather than to class them, to explain rather than to judge them; which seeks to account for a work from the genius of its author, and for the turn which this genius has taken from the circumstances amidst which it was developed;' the old story of the 'man and the milieu,' in short. 'For thus,' M. Scherer continues, 'out of these two things, the analysis of the writer's character and the study of his age, there spontaneously issues the right understanding of his work. In place of an appreciation thrown off by some chance comer, we have the work passing judgment, so to speak, upon itself, and assuming the rank which belongs to it among the productions of the human mind.'

The advice to study the character of an author and the circumstances in which he has lived, in order to account to one's self for his work, is excellent. But it is a perilous doctrine, that from such a study the right understanding of his work will 'spontaneously issue.' In a mind qualified in a certain manner it will, not in all minds. And it will be that mind's 'personal sensation.' It cannot be said that Macaulay had not studied the character of Milton, and the history of the times in which he lived. But a right understanding of Milton did not 'spontaneously issue' therefrom in the mind of Macaulay, because his mind was that of a rhetorician, not of a disinterested critic. Let us not confound the method with the result intended by the method—right judgments. The critic who rightly appreciates a great man or a great work, and who can tell us faithfully, life being long and art short and false information very plentiful, what we may expect from their study and what they can do for us, he is the critic we want, by whatever methods, intuitive or historical, he may have managed to get his knowledge.

M. Scherer begins with Milton's prose works, from which he translates many passages. Milton's sentences can hardly know themselves again in clear modern French, and with all their inversions and redundancies gone. M. Scherer does full justice

to the glow and mighty eloquence with which Milton's prose, in its good moments, is instinct and alive; to the 'magnificences of his style,' as he calls them:—

'The expression is not too strong. There are moments when, shaking from him the dust of his arguments, the poet bursts suddenly forth, and bears us away in a torrent of incomparable eloquence. We get, not the phrase of the orator, but the glow of the poet, a flood of images poured around his arid theme, a rushing flight carrying us above his paltry controversies. The polemical writings of Milton are filled with such beauties. The prayer which concludes the treatise on Reformation in England, the praise of zeal in the Apology for Smectymnus, the portrait of Cromwell in the Second Defence of the English People, and, finally, the whole tract on the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing from beginning to end, are some of the most memorable pages in English literature and some of the most characteristic products of the genius of Milton.'

Macaulay himself could hardly praise the eloquence of Milton's prose writings more warmly. But it is a very inadequate criticism which leaves the reader, as Macaulay's rhetoric would leave him, with the belief that the total impression to be got from Milton's prose writings is one of enjoyment and admiration. It is not; we are misled, and our time is wasted, if we are sent to Milton's prose works in the expectation of finding it so. Grand thoughts and beautiful language do not form the staple of Milton's controversial treatises, though they occur in them not unfrequently. But the total impression from those treatises is rightly given by M. Scherer:—

'In all of them the manner is the same. The author brings into play the treasures of his learning, heaping together testimonies from Scripture, passages from the Fathers, quotations from the poets; laying all antiquity, sacred and profane, under contribution; entering into subtle discussions on the sense of this or that Greek or Hebrew word. But not only by his undigested erudition and by his absorption in religious controversy does Milton belong to his age; he belongs to it, too, by the personal tone of his polemics. Morus and Salmasius had attacked his morals, laughed at his low stature, made unfeeling allusions to his loss of sight; Milton replies by reproaching them with the wages they have taken and with the servant-girls they have debauched. All this mixed with coarse witticisms, with terms of the lowest abuse. Luther and Calvin, those virtuosos of insult, had not gone farther.'

No doubt there is, as M. Scherer says, 'something indescribably heroical and magnificent which overflows from Milton, even when he is engaged in the most miserable discussions.' Still, for the mass of his prose treatises, *miserable discussions* is the final

final and right word. Nor, when Milton passed to his great epic, did he altogether leave the old man of these 'miserable discussions' behind him:—

'In his soul he is a polemist and theologian; a Protestant Schoolman. He takes delight in the favourite dogmas of Puritanism—original sin, predestination, free-will. Not that even here he does not display somewhat of that independence which was in his nature. But his theology is, nevertheless, that of his epoch, tied and bound to the letter of Holy Writ, without grandeur, without horizons, without philosophy. He never frees himself from the bondage of the letter. He settles the most important questions by the authority of an obscure text, or a text isolated from its context. In a word, Milton is a great poet with a Salmasius or a Grotius bound up along with him; a genius nourished on the marrow of lions, of Homer, Isaiah, Virgil, Dante, but also, like the serpent of Eden, eating dust, the dust of dismal polemics. He is a doctor, a preacher, a man of didactics; and when the day shall arrive when he can at last realise the dreams of his youth and bestow on his country an epic poem, he will compose it of two elements, gold and clay, sublimity and scholasticism, and will bequeath to us a poem which is at once the most wonderful and the most insupportable poem in existence.'

From the first, two conflicting forces, two sources of inspiration, had contended with one another, says M. Scherer, for the possession of Milton—the Renaissance and Puritanism. Milton felt the power of both:—

'Elegant poet and passionate disputant, accomplished humanist and narrow sectary, admirer of Petrarch, of Shakspeare, and hair-splitting interpreter of Bible-texts, smitten with pagan antiquity and smitten with the Hebrew genius; and all this at the same time, without effort, naturally; an historical problem, a literary enigma!'

Milton's early poems, such as the 'Allegro,' the 'Penseroso,' are poems produced while a sort of equilibrium still prevailed in the poet's nature; hence their charm, and that of their youthful author:—

'Nothing morose or repellent, purity without excess of rigour, gravity without fanaticism. Something wholesome and virginal, gracious and yet strong. A son of the North who has passed the way of Italy; a last fruit of the Renaissance, but a fruit filled with a savour new and strange!'

Milton arrived at the latter years of his life, a life which in its outward fortunes darkened more and more, *alla s'assombrissant de plus en plus*, towards its close. He arrived at the time when 'his friends had disappeared, his dreams had vanished, his eyesight was quenched, the hand of old age was upon him.' It was then that, 'isolated by the very force of his genius,' but full of

of faith and fervour, he 'turned his eyes towards the celestial light' and produced '*Paradise Lost*.' In its form, M. Scherer observes, in its plan and distribution, the poem follows Greek and Roman models, particularly the '*Æneid*.' 'All in this respect is regular and classical; in this fidelity to the established models we recognise the literary superstitions of the '*Renaissance*.' So far as its form is concerned, '*Paradise Lost*' is, says M. Scherer, 'the copy of a copy, a tertiary formation. It is to the Latin epics what these are to Homer.'

The most important matter, however, is the contents of the poem, not the form. The contents are given by Puritanism. But let M. Scherer speak for himself:—

'*Paradise Lost* is an epic, but a theological epic; and the theology of the poem is made up of the favourite dogmas of the Puritans—the Fall, justification, God's sovereign decrees. Milton, for that matter, avows openly that he has a thesis to maintain; his object is, he tells us at the outset, to "assert Eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to man." "*Paradise Lost*," then, is two distinct things in one—an epic and a theodicy. Unfortunately, these two elements, which correspond to the two men of whom Milton was composed, and to the two tendencies which ruled his century, these two elements have not managed to get amalgamated. Far from doing so, they clash with one another, and from their juxtaposition there results a suppressed contradiction which extends to the whole work, impairs its solidity, and compromises its value.'

M. Scherer gives his reasons for thinking that the Christian theology is unmanageable in an epic poem, although the gods may come in very well in the '*Iliad*' and '*Æneid*.' Few will differ from him here, so we pass on. A theological poem is a mistake, says M. Scherer; but to call '*Paradise Lost*' a theological poem is to call it by too large a name. It is really a commentary on a biblical text—the first two or three chapters of Genesis. Its subject is a story, taken literally, which many of even the most religious people nowadays hesitate to take literally; while yet, upon our being able to take it literally, the whole real interest of the poem for us depends. Merely as matter of poetry, the story of the Fall has no special force or effectiveness; its effectiveness for us comes from our taking it all as the literal narrative of what positively happened.

Milton, M. Scherer thinks, was not strong in invention. The famous allegory of Sin and Death may be taken as a specimen of what he could do in this line, and the allegory of Sin and Death is uncouth and unpleasing. But invention is dangerous when one is dealing with a subject so grave, so strictly formulated by theology, as the subject of Milton's choice. Our poet felt this, and

and allowed little scope to free poetical invention. He adhered in general to data furnished by Scripture, and supplemented somewhat by Jewish legend. But this judicious self-limitation had, again, its drawbacks:—

‘If Milton has avoided factitious inventions, he has done so at the price of another disadvantage; the bareness of his story, the epic poverty of his poem. It is not merely that the reader is carried up into the sphere of religious abstractions, where man loses power to see or breathe. Independently of this, everything is here too simple, both actors and action. Strictly speaking, there is but one personage before us, God the Father; inasmuch as God cannot appear without effacing every one else, nor speak without the accomplishment of his will. The Son is but the Father’s double. The angels and arch-angels are but his messengers, nay, they are less; they are but his decrees personified, the supernumeraries of a drama which would be transacted quite as well without them.

‘Milton has struggled against these conditions of the subject which he had chosen. He has tried to escape from them, and has only made the drawback more visible. The long speeches with which he fills up the gaps of the action are sermons, and serve but to reveal the absence of action. Then, as, after all, some action, some struggle, was necessary, the poet had recourse to the revolt of the angels. Unfortunately, such is the fundamental vice of the subject, that the poet’s instrument has, one may say, turned against him. What his action has gained from it in movement it has lost in probability. We see a battle, indeed, but who can take either the combat or the combatants seriously? Belial shows his sense of this, when in the infernal council he rejects the idea of engaging in any conflict whatever, open or secret, with Him who is Allseeing and Almighty; and really one cannot comprehend how his mates should have failed to acquiesce in a consideration so evident. But, I repeat, the poem was not possible save at the price of this impossibility. Milton, therefore, has courageously made the best of it. He has gone with it all lengths, he has accepted in all its extreme consequences the most inadmissible of fictions. He has exhibited to us Jehovah apprehensive for his omnipotence, in fear of seeing his position turned, his residence surprised, his throne usurped. He has drawn the angels hurling mountains at one another’s heads, and firing cannon at one another. He has shown us the victory doubtful until the Son appears armed with lightnings, and standing on a car horsed by four Cherubim.’

The fault of Milton’s poem is not, says M. Scherer, that with his Calvinism of the seventeenth century Milton was a man holding other beliefs than ours. Homer, Dante, held other beliefs than ours:—

‘But Milton’s position is not the same as theirs. Milton has something he wants to prove, he supports a thesis. It was his intention, in his poem, to do duty as theologian as well as poet; at any rate, whether

whether he meant it or not, "Paradise Lost" is a didactic work, and the form of it, therefore, cannot be separated from the substance. Now, it turns out that the idea of the poem will not bear examination; that its solution for the problem of evil is almost burlesque; that the character of its heroes, Jehovah and Satan, has no coherence; that what happens to Adam interests us but little; finally, that the action takes place in regions where the interests and passions of our common humanity can have no scope. I have already insisted on this contradiction in Milton's epic; the story on which it turns can have meaning and value only so long as it preserves its dogmatic weight, and, at the same time, it cannot preserve this without falling into theology—that is to say, into a domain foreign to that of art. The subject of the poem is nothing if it is not real, and if it does not touch us as the turning-point of our destinies; and the more the poet seeks to grasp this reality, the more it escapes from him.

In short, the whole poem of 'Paradise Lost' is vitiated, says M. Scherer, 'by a kind of antinomy, by the conjoint necessity and impossibility of taking its contents literally.'

M. Scherer then proceeds to sum up. And in ending, after having once more marked his objections and accentuated them, he at last finds again that note of praise, which our readers will imagine him to have quite lost:—

'To sum up: "Paradise Lost" is a false poem, a grotesque poem, a tiresome poem; there is not one reader out of a hundred who can read the ninth and tenth books without smiling, or the eleventh and twelfth without yawning. The whole thing is without solidity; it is a pyramid resting on its apex, the most solemn of problems resolved by the most puerile of means. And, notwithstanding, "Paradise Lost" is immortal. It lives by a certain number of episodes which are for ever famous. Unlike Dante, who must be read as a whole if we want really to seize his beauties, Milton ought to be read only by passages. But these passages form part of the poetical patrimony of the human race.'

And not only in things like the address to light, or the speeches of Satan, is Milton admirable, but in single lines and images everywhere:—

"Paradise Lost" is studded with incomparable lines. Milton's poetry is, as it were, the very essence of poetry. The author seems to think always in images, and these images are grand and proud like his soul, a wonderful mixture of the sublime and the picturesque. For rendering things he has the unique word, the word which is a discovery. Every one knows his *darkness visible*.'

M. Scherer cites other famous expressions and lines, so familiar that we need not quote them here. Expressions of the kind, he says, not only beautiful, but always, in addition to their beauty, striking one as the absolutely right thing (*toujours justes*)

justes dans leur beauté), are in 'Paradise Lost' innumerable. And he concludes:—

'Moreover, we have not said all when we have cited particular lines of Milton. He has not only the image and the word, he has the period also, the large musical phrase, somewhat long, somewhat laden with ornaments and intricate with inversions, but bearing all along with it in its superb undulation. Lastly, and above all, he has a something indescribably serene and victorious, an unfailing level of style, power indomitable. He seems to wrap us in a fold of his robe, and to carry us away with him into the eternal regions where is his home.'

With this fine image M. Scherer takes leave of Milton. Yet the simple description of the man in Johnson's 'Life' of him touches us more than any image; the description of the old poet 'seen in a small house, neatly enough dressed in black clothes, sitting in a room hung with rusty green, pale but not cadaverous, with chalk stones in his hand. He said that, if it were not for the gout his blindness would be tolerable.'

But in his last sentences M. Scherer comes upon what is undoubtedly Milton's true distinction as a poet, his 'unfailing level of style.' Milton has always the sure, strong touch of the master. His power both of diction and of rhythm is unsurpassable, and it is characterised by being always present, not depending on an access of emotion, not intermittent; but, like the grace of Raphael, working in its possessor as a constant gift of nature. Milton's style has the same propriety and soundness in presenting plain matters, as in the comparatively smooth task for a poet of presenting grand ones. His rhythm is as admirable where, as in the line

'And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old——'

it is unusual, as in such lines as—

'With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms——'

where it is simplest. And what high praise this is, we may best appreciate by considering the ever-recurring failure, both in rhythm and in diction, which we find in the so-called Miltonic blank verse of Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth. What leagues of lumbering movement! what desperate endeavours, as in Wordsworth's

'And at the "Hoop" alighted, famous inn,'

to render a platitude endurable by making it pompous! Shakespeare himself, divine as are his gifts, has not, of the marks of the master,

master, this one : perfect sureness of hand in his style. Alone of English poets, alone in English art, Milton has it ; he is our great artist in style, our one first-rate master in the grand style. He is as truly a master in this style as the great Greeks are, or Virgil, or Dante. The number of such masters is so limited, that a man acquires a world-rank in poetry and art, instead of a mere local rank, by being counted to them. But Milton's importance to us Englishmen, by virtue of this distinction of his, is incalculable. The charm of a master's unfailing touch in diction and in rhythm, no one, after all, can feel so intimately, so profoundly, as his own countrymen. Invention, plan, wit, pathos, thought, all of them are in great measure capable of being detached from the original work itself, and of being exported for admiration abroad. Diction and rhythm are not. Even when a foreigner can read the work in its own language, they are not perhaps easily appreciable by him. It shows M. Scherer's thorough knowledge of English, and his critical sagacity also, that he has felt the force of them in Milton. We natives must naturally feel it yet more powerfully. Be it remembered, too, that English literature, full of vigour and genius as it is, is peculiarly impaired by gropings and inadequacies in form. For the English artist in any branch, if he is a true artist, the study of Milton may well have an indescribable attraction. It gives him lessons which nowhere else from an Englishman's work can he obtain, and feeds a sense which English literature, in general, seems too much bent on disappointing and baffling. And this sense is yet so deep-seated in human nature—this sense of style—that probably not for artists alone, but for all intelligent Englishmen who read him, its gratification by Milton's poetry is a large though often not fully recognised part of his charm, and a very wholesome and fruitful one.

As a man, too, not less than a poet Milton has a side of unsurpassable grandeur. A master's touch is the gift of nature. Moral qualities, it is commonly thought, are in our own power. Perhaps the germs of such qualities are in their greater or less strength as much a part of our natural constitution as the sense for style. The range open to our own will and power, however, in developing and establishing them, is evidently much larger. Some moral qualities are certainly connected in a man with his power of style. Milton's power of style, for instance, has for its great character elevation ; and Milton's elevation clearly comes, in the main, from a moral quality in him—his pureness. 'By pureness, by kindness!' says St. Paul. These two, pureness and kindness, are, in very truth, the two signal Christian virtues, the two mighty wings of Christianity, with which it winnowed and renewed,

renewed, and still winnows and renews, the world. In kindness, and in all which that word conveys or suggests, Milton does not shine. He had the temper of his Puritan party. We often hear the boast, on behalf of the Puritans, that they produced 'our great epic poet.' Alas! one might not unjustly retort that they spoiled him. However, let Milton bear his own burden; in his temper he had natural affinities with the Puritans. He has paid for it by limitations as a poet. But, on the other hand, how high, clear, and splendid is his pureness; and how intimately does its might enter into the voice of his poetry! We have quoted some ill-conditioned passages from his prose, let us quote from it a passage of another stamp:—

'And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem, either of what I was or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly that modesty whereof here I may be excused to make some beseeeming profession; all these uniting the supply of their natural aid together kept me still above low descents of mind. Next (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life if it so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learnt what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves had sworn. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up both by his counsel and his arm to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity.'

Mere fine professions are in this department of morals more common and more worthless than in any other. What gives to Milton's professions such a stamp of their own is their accent of absolute sincerity. In this elevated strain of moral pureness his life was really pitched; its strong, immortal beauty passed into the diction and rhythm of his poetry.

But we did not propose to write a criticism of our own upon Milton. We proposed to recite and compare the criticisms on him

him by others. Only we have been tempted, after our many extracts from M. Scherer, in whose criticism of Milton the note of blame fills so much more place than the note of praise, to accentuate this note of praise, which M. Scherer touches, indeed, with justness, but hardly, we think, draws out fully enough or presses firmly enough. As a poet and as a man, Milton has a side of grandeur so high and rare, as to give him rank along with the half-dozen greatest poets who have ever lived, although to their masterpieces his 'Paradise Lost' is, in the fulfilment of the complete range of conditions which a great poem ought to satisfy, indubitably inferior. Nothing is gained by huddling on 'our great epic poet,' in a promiscuous heap, every sort of praise. Sooner or later the question: How does Milton's masterpiece really stand to us moderns, what are we to think of it, what can we get from it? must inevitably be asked and answered. We have marked that side of the answer which is and will always remain favourable to Milton. The unfavourable side of the answer is supplied by M. Scherer. "Paradise Lost" lives; but none the less is it true that its fundamental conceptions have become foreign to us, and that if the work subsists it is in spite of the subject treated by it.

The verdict seems to us to be just, and to be supported by M. Scherer with considerations natural, lucid, and forcible. He, too, has his conventions when he comes to speak of Racine and Lamartine. But his judgments on foreign poets, on Shakspeare, Byron, Goethe, as well as on Milton, seem to us to be singularly uninfluenced by the conventional estimates of these poets, and singularly rational. Leaning to the side of severity, as is natural when one has been wearied by choruses of ecstatic and exaggerated praise, he yet well and fairly reports, we think, the real impression made by these great men and their works on a modern mind disinterested, intelligent, and sincere. Our readers, we hope, have been interested in seeing how Milton and his 'Paradise Lost' stand such a survey. And those who are dissatisfied with what we have given them may always revenge themselves by falling back upon their Addison, and by observing sarcastically that, 'A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.'

ART. VII.—*Mohammed and Mohammedanism: Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in February and March, 1874.* By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A. 2nd Edition, revised and enlarged. London, 1876.

IN the present struggle in Eastern Europe the element of religious antagonism is the most important factor in the problem. The question, originally one of race and government, has become to a great extent one of religion. As Muslims, the Turks, of course, use the Sheriat, or law embracing or based upon the Cor'-án and its commentaries, and this is declared by many persons in Western Europe to be utterly inapplicable to Christian subjects. Here, then, is the real difficulty; is Mohammedanism so plastic as to be adapted to the reforms which it is universally admitted, even by the Turks themselves, are required, or must it be eliminated altogether from Europe? If an affirmative answer be given to the latter proposition, and such a view be even partially adopted by the great Powers, then there is no solution of the difficulty but a religious war, and such a war as the world has never yet seen. But we venture to believe that this terrible alternative is not inevitable, and we shall endeavour, in the course of this article, to show the reason why it is not. Far be it from us to suggest that the crude system, and often, it must be confessed, barbarous traditions of Islam, are comparable with the divinely inspired truths and the saving morality of Christianity. But we would earnestly endeavour to point out that such a new crusade as that instituted by Mr. Gladstone and his friends must inevitably lead to the most disastrous results; while the exercise of Christian charity, leading us to look for such good as may be found in Mohammedanism, rather than to seek for what evil it contains, will tend to preserve that peace which it is eminently the mission of Christianity to promote. To Englishmen, especially, a rigid adherence to this principle is of paramount importance. As supporters of a loyal attempt to redress wrongs, and to insist upon the firm and impartial administration of justice, we should have the sympathy of all people, and the gratitude of the Muslims as well as of the Christian subjects of the Porte. But as agitators for a blind unreasoning crusade against Islam itself, we should only be following the example of the Emperor Nicholas, who declared to the Duke of Wellington, 'that he would willingly place himself at the head of a *croisade* to drive the Turks into Asia,'* and we should justly incur the enmity of all Moham-

* 'Despatches of the Duke of Wellington' (New Series), vol. iii. p. 187.

medans of every race. Now, our Indian Empire contains many millions of Mohammedans, who, we know, have already shown an active sympathy with their Muslim brethren in Turkey; and, if we are to believe the statement recently made by an Indian gentleman in the 'Times,' the sons of the highest Muslim families in India are prepared to come to the aid of the Sultan, and serve personally under his banner. But this sympathy is a purely religious one; and the enthusiasm here indicated would never extend itself to the Turkish Government simply as a Government, or to the Osmanlis simply as Turks. Such indiscreet utterances as Mr. Freeman's oft-quoted 'Perish the interests of England, perish our dominion in India,' although qualified by the words 'rather than we should strike one blow, or speak one word on behalf of the wrong against the right,' are sure to be quoted and remembered without such qualifying clause; and the impression conveyed by them, particularly in India, is most dangerous. If our dominion in India is of vital importance to our national prosperity, it is indisputable that our dominion would be gravely threatened by anything tending to arouse a spirit of disaffection in our Mohammedan fellow-subjects. Sir George Campbell, it is true, in his 'Handy-Book on the Eastern Question,' asserts, in so many words, that 'the idea of any religious connection between the Sultan of Turkey and Indian Mohammedans; that he is, or ever has been, the religious head of any one of them, is absolutely and entirely untrue.' The words of such an authority are entitled to consideration, but we need not here discuss the position of the Sultan of Turkey in his capacity of Khalifeh, as we shall have occasion to define the privileges and responsibilities of that office further on. Still we must be very careful to avoid carrying this feeling of security too far, and we may take it for granted that Indian Muslims sympathise with Turkish Muslims, just as readily as Russian Christians sympathise with Servian Christians.

The Eastern Question presents two distinct phases, the political and the religious; and the former cannot be approached so long as the latter is misunderstood. A few years ago it would have been impossible to find a work of sufficiently frank and liberal views, combined with historical accuracy, to afford the information necessary for investigating the subject, and arriving at a just conception of what Mohammedanism really is; but we at the present time are more fortunate, and, amongst all the productions of recent scholars, no book is, perhaps, more thoroughly suited to the purpose than the one the title of which stands at the head of the present article.

Mr.

Mr. Bosworth Smith's lectures at the Royal Institution were directed against the popular misconceptions of Mohammed's character and mission; but in the course of his apology he has developed an entirely new view of Islam, and has treated the question in an altogether different spirit from any of his predecessors. The author is not an Orientalist in the technical sense of the word, but he has made such careful use of the ample materials existing for the study of his subject, that his treatment of it loses nothing in accuracy from this fact, while his views are undoubtedly broader than they could have been had he been hampered with the minute knowledge of a specialist. They will be best explained in his own words. His object—

'is not so much to dwell upon the degradation of the female sex in most Muslim countries—for that is admitted on all hands—as to show what Mohammed did, even in his time, to raise the position of women, and to point out how his consistent and more enlightened followers may best follow him now; not so much to dwell upon the horrors of the Slave Trade—for these, too, are universally recognised—as to show those Musalmans who still indulge in it that it forms no part of their creed, that it is opposed alike to the practice and precepts of their Prophet; and that, therefore, if they are less to blame, they are only less to blame than those Christians who, in spite of a higher civilisation, and an infinitely higher example, indulged in it till so late a period. My object,' he continues, 'is not so much to dilate on the evils of the appeal to the sword, still less to excuse it, as to point out that there were moments, and those late in the life of the warrior prophet, when even he could say, "Unto every one have we given a law and a way;" and, again, "Let there be no violence in religion." My object is, lastly, not so much to dwell on the fables, and the discrepancies, and the repetitions, and the anachronisms which form the husk of the Koran, as to show how they sink into insignificance before the *vis viva*, which is its soul. . . . In a word, my object is—with all reverence be it said—not to localise God exclusively in this or that creed, but to trace Him everywhere in measure; not merely to trust Him for what shall be, but to find Him in what is.'—*Preface*, p. xiv.—xvi.

One great outcome of the modern scientific method of dealing with such questions is that tolerance of which Mr. Bosworth Smith's book is so admirable an exponent, and which alone renders the discussion of the comparative merits of religious systems possible. The immense political advantage of the diffusion of this idea cannot be too much insisted upon. If we are to approach a people with whom we have intimate relations, either as rulers or allies, or with whom we seek for mere commercial intercourse, it is clear that when we unreasonably brand their religion—that is to say, their morality, law, and

and justice—as false and absurd, we set up at the very outset a barrier of mutual distrust which nothing can ever throw down.

Unrevealed religion has the same relation to morality that grammar has to language. It is the formulated expression of the beliefs and experiences of society, and of the laws that such experiences have proved to be necessary. We can no more say that the command to abstain from crime and practise virtue preceded the abstention or the practice, than we can say that the paradigm of the verb or noun, or the formulated rule of syntax, preceded the invention of the word or phrase.

We must not forget that whether or no a man acts in a certain way because his religion tells him to do so, he almost invariably refers his own action to the influence of such religion, and that comes to the same thing in the end. To understand the religion of a people, then, is to understand the principles of their actions, and without this no mutual confidence or friendship is possible.

That Mohammedanism is a religion in this sense of the word, and one that demands the most respectful consideration, the author of these Lectures makes very clear:—

‘Glance for one moment at its marvellous history. Think how one great truth working in the brain of a shepherd of Mecca gradually produced conviction in a select band of personal adherents; how, when the Prophet was exiled to Medina, the faith gathered there fresh strength, brought him back in triumph to his native place, and secured to him for his lifetime the submission of all Arabia; how when the master mind was withdrawn, the whole structure he had reared seemed, for the moment, to vanish away like the baseless fabric of a vision, or like the mirage of the desert whence it had taken its rise; how the faith of Abu Bakr and the sword of Omar recalled it once more to life, and crushed the false prophets that always follow in the wake of the true one, as the jackals do the trail of a lion; how it crumpled up the Roman empire on the one side, and the Persian on the other, driving Christianity before it on the West and North, and Fire Worship on the East and South; how it spread over two continents, and how it settled in a third, and how the tide of invasion carrying it headlong onward through Spain into France, it at one time almost overwhelmed the whole, till Charles the Hammer turned it back upon itself in his five days’ victory at Tours; how throughout these vast conquests, after a short time, to intolerance succeeded toleration, to ignorance knowledge, to barbarism civilisation; how the indivisible empire, the representative on earth of the Theocracy in Heaven, became many empires with rival Khalifs at Damascus and Bagdad, at Cairo, Cairoan, and Cordova; how horde after horde of barbarians of the great Turkish or Tartar stock were precipitated on the dominions of the faithful, only to be conquered by the faith of those whose arms they overthrew, and were compelled henceforward

by its inherent force to destroy what they had worshipped, to worship what they had destroyed; how when the news came that the very birthplace of the Christian faith had fallen into their hands, "a nerve was touched," as Gibbon says, "of exquisite feeling, and the sensation vibrated to the heart of Europe;" how Christendom itself then became for two hundred years half Mohammedanised, and tried to meet fanaticism by counter-fanaticism—the sword, the Bible, and the Cross, against the scymitar, the Koran, and the Crescent; how, lastly, when the tide of aggression had been checked, it once more burst its barriers, and seating itself on the throne of the Cæsars of the East, threatened more than once the very centre of Christendom.' —Pp. 25–27.

That Mohammedanism has been consistently misunderstood, and that some such work as the present has long been needed, is equally clear.

Nothing can be more instructive and more curious than the sketch which Mr. Smith gives of the various opinions respecting Mohammed, and the religion of which he is the founder, which have been held by the Christian world from medieval times down to our own day. In the earlier romances the fanatical iconoclast of Arabia is himself turned into an idol; the Caliph of Cordova is made to swear 'by Jupiter, by Mohammed, and by Apollyon;' human sacrifices are supposed to be offered to him; and the very name of Mahommedanism, 'Mahomerie'—or in its English form, 'mummery'—has come down to us as a synonym for foolish Pagan and superstitious rites. It is odd to note how words of originally simple and harmless meaning are, in the course of time, invested with new and offensive significations. 'Pagan' and 'Heathen,' like the Arabic *Kafir*,* originally meant no more than the simple villager, the dweller on the heath, to whom the elaborate ritual of the town was unknown. 'Infidel,' meaning one who would not take a thing on trust, was soon made to signify one who could not be trusted. 'Unbeliever'—an innocent term enough in its obvious sense—has, with its synonym 'miscreant,' come to be considered one of the worst forms of reproach; while, to come back to our immediate subject, Mahound (Mahommed) is one of the master fiends in every school-boy's demonology. Shakespeare in unqualified terms identifies him with the devil himself:—

'The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,
Modo he's called and Mahu' (i.e. Mahoun.)

The Crusades, although they brought the West into such close connection with the East, do not appear to have added

* Connected with *Kefr*, a village, as *παῖδας* with the Greek *παῖς*.

much to the real knowledge of the Saracens or of their religion, or to have corrected the prevalent misconceptions of the character of its founder. The rude, unlettered soldiers of the Cross, it is to be feared, benefited but little by their intercourse with their refined and chivalrous foemen, of whom Saladin is so fair a type; and the contemporary crusading accounts exhibit the grossest ignorance, combined with the most offensive vituperation. The history of the Crusades, indeed, contains a lesson that is most pertinent to our subject. Then, in spite of the popular opinion to the contrary, history proves to us that most of the chivalry, refinement, and intellectual enlightenment was on the side of the Saracens; and that the Crusaders, except their blind faith in Christianity, which in most cases meant rather a blind faith in some monkish talisman carried about the person and worshipped as a fetish, had very few good qualities indeed.* But just as it is obvious that this difference is in nowise to be attributed to the difference between Mohammedanism and Christianity, so it is clear that the comparative morality of Turkey and Europe is not entirely to be explained by the difference of creed. The fact is, that at the time of the Crusades, the ruling Mohammedans were chiefly of Arab or Persian origin, and possessed a high civilisation, and a great regard for literature and science; while the Christians of the middle ages were too deeply immersed in ignorance and superstition for them to exhibit the virtues which the true observance of the Christian faith alone can give, but which a mere profession of the creed can never bestow. Now the sides are changed, and in Turkey and Syria the ruling race come of a barbarous Mongol horde; and, as the recent atrocities in Bulgaria and Servia have shown, the least scratch upon the Osmanli skin shows the incorrigible Tartar savage beneath; while, on the other hand, no one can deny that Europe has advanced immensely in all the arts that ennoble humanity. Thus we have at two different epochs of history, civilisation and enlightenment on the one hand, and barbarism and ignorance on the other, alternately accompanying Mohammedanism and Christianity. If it was the religion that made the man, and not the man that gave the colour to the religion, the Mohammedans could never have been capable of exhibiting this phase of enlightenment; and we are driven again to the conclusion, upon which Mr. Smith insists, that Islam, in common with many other systems outside of Christianity, has in it many elements of good; and that it depends upon the soil in which

* See the chapter on Saladin in Besant and Palmer's 'Jerusalem.' 1871.

they are planted whether they bear fruit or not. Nor have the medieval misconceptions of Islam been corrected, even by the advanced knowledge of more recent times, so far, at least, as the masses of the population are concerned. Witness the following hymn, written by Charles Wesley, and still sung, according to Mr. Smith, by Nonconformists at their religious services : *—

‘The smoke of the infernal cave
Which half the Christian world o’erspread,
Disperse, Thou heavenly Light, and save
The souls by that impostor led—
That Arab thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroyed Thy Asian fold.

‘Oh may Thy blood, once sprinkled, cry
For those who spurn Thy sprinkled blood !
Assert Thy glorious Deity,
Stretch out Thine arm, Thou triune God !
The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrines back to hell.’

In fact, as Mr. Smith remarks, ‘no single writer, with the one strange exception of the Jew Maimonides, till towards the middle of the eighteenth century, treats of him (Mohammed) as otherwise than a rank impostor and false prophet.’

But let us turn from these misconceptions of Mohammed’s character and mission, and inquire for ourselves what they really were. To do this we must glance briefly at the place and circumstances of the birth of his religion.

Of what Mohammed’s surroundings were we can form a good idea, not only from the exact accounts which historians have left us, but from our knowledge of Arab character and Arab life, which have scarcely changed from the Patriarchal times down to the present day. Living in the pure and invigorating air of the desert, far from the turmoil of men and cities ; unacquainted with luxury, and possessing in his camels, sheep, and tents, all that he absolutely required for his subsistence, the Arab was, and still is, a free, simple, vigorous child of nature. Like all peoples who live in constant communion with nature, poetry was a passion as well as an innate talent with him, and by furnishing him with an easy vehicle for the recording of thoughts and events, by giving him in fact a literature, although an unwritten one, redeemed him from many of the

* The Wesleyan authorities have lately informed the public that this and other objectionable hymns have been expunged from their hymnology ; but the fact remains undisputed that it has for years been included in it.

faults of unlettered savagery. 'The Arabs' registers are the verses of their bards,' says their own proverb, and the number of these which have been preserved afford invaluable materials for the study of their history and character. Their poetry was the natural outcome of their mode of existence, and the very metres and rhythms which they employ breathe the desert air. Just as the Scandinavian poet, in his daily life amidst brawling torrents and dashing cascades, threw his thoughts insensibly into language that flowed in harmony with these voices of nature around him, so the Arab, in the stillness of the desert, thought aloud as he journeyed on, and insensibly threw his thoughts into language whose rhythm was guided by the pace of his camel or himself. It may not be out of place to give here a slight sketch of what this poetry was, as the literary and poetical taste of the Arabs played no unimportant element in the acceptance and spread of Islam.

The Song of Solomon is most nearly akin to an Arabic *Casidah*, or 'Ode.' The similarity is especially remarkable in the long digressions, and realistic details into which a chance metaphor will lead the poet. In chap. iv. ver. 4, of the former, for instance, occur the words: 'Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.' Here the sacred poet likens the neck of his beloved to a tower for straightness and symmetry, and the mention of a tower, recalling to his mind the tower of David, leads him to a description of that building, the details of which are a mere digression, and quite foreign to the metaphor. With this let us compare a passage from the 'Mo'allakah of Antarah,' one of those seven prize poems which have come down to us as specimens of the compositions which won the prize at the national gatherings at Ocadh, and the distinction of being inscribed in letters of gold, and hung upon the door of the Kaabeh at Mecca.

Likening his mistress's breath to a fragrant meadow, the Arab bard proceeds:

'Or like an untouched meadow, where the rain
Hath fallen freshly on the fragrant herbs
That carpet all its pure untrodden soil;
A meadow where the frequent rain-drops fall
Like coins of silver in the quiet pools,
And irrigate it with perpetual streams;
A meadow where the sportive insects hum
Like listless toppers singing o'er their cups,
And ply their forelegs, like a man who tries,
With maimed hands, to strike the flint and steel.'

Here

Here the detailed description of the meadow and of the flies is in like manner a digression, and in no wise necessary to the elaboration of the metaphor. But the similes, comparisons, phrases, and figures, employed by the Hebrew poets, are precisely such as are met with in the poems of the Arabs, and furnish additional proof that the Semitic character, thought, and mode of life has undergone little if any change with the lapse of centuries.

So passionately fond of liberty is the Arab that he will not brook the trammels of government or even of society. The individual Bedawi bows to no authority but his own will; and if a tribe acknowledge a Sheikh or elder as a head, it promises no allegiance to him as ruler or lord, but only cedes to him the right of representing it in its dealings with strangers, and gives him the somewhat equivocal privilege of occupying the most exposed part of the camp, and of entertaining all comers at his own expense. A certain strong feeling of clanship among the members of individual tribes—an irrepressible love of plunder and freebooting, leading to constant petty wars and prolonged vendettas—and a superstitious belief in a debased form of Sabæanism—were the chief characteristics of the people in the midst of whom Mohammed was born.

The requirements of commerce necessitated some general gatherings of the tribes, and the territory of Mecca, where was situated the most honoured shrine of Sabæan worship, was naturally the locality in which they would occur. Accordingly, an annual fair was held at Ocadh, where literary contests also took place; and these, like the Olympic games amongst the Greeks, served to keep alive a certain feeling of national unity among the different tribes. Two results followed from this state of things, which have an important bearing on the success of Mohammed's mission. In the first place, the tribe of the Kureish, from which he sprang, were located on the site of the Ka'abeh, the chief temple of national worship just referred to, and they therefore became the natural guardians of the sacred edifice, and so acquired a kind of prescriptive superiority over other tribes. Secondly, as all the tribes met in the territory of the Kureish to try their respective skill in poetry and oratory, the language of this particular tribe became necessarily the standard dialect, and absorbed into itself many of the idioms and locutions of the rest. Thus we see that local, tribal, and social circumstances were all in favour of the development of any great idea originating with the Kureish.

The picture we have just drawn of the Arab is a bright and favourable one; but there is, unfortunately, a dark side to it. Morally

Morally and intellectually, they were in a state of revolting barbarism; the primitive simplicity of Sabæanism—the worship of the Hosts of Heaven—had degenerated into a gloomy and idolatrous polytheism; drunkenness, gambling, divination by arrows, polygamy, murder, and worse vices were terribly rife amongst them.

Even at the present day female children are considered rather a disgrace than a blessing by the Bedawi Arabs, and a father never counts them in enumerating his offspring. Before Mohammed's time the same dislike existed in a more repulsive form still, and the practice of burying daughters alive, *wa'd al benât*, as it was called, was very prevalent. 'The best son-in-law is the grave,' said one of their own proverbs, and the father was in most cases the murderer. It is narrated of a certain Othman, that he never shed tears except on one occasion, when his little daughter, whom he was burying alive, wiped the grave-dust from his beard. Against this inhuman practice Mohammed directed all the thunders of his eloquent indignation, and set before their eyes the terrors of the last day, 'when the female child that hath been buried alive shall be asked for what crime she was put to death.'

The Ka'abeh, their chief sanctuary, contained no fewer than three hundred and fifty idols; amongst them the famous black stone, said to have fallen from heaven, and to have been originally white, though now blackened by the kisses of devout but sinful mortals.

Simon Assemani, a learned Italian Orientalist of the last century, suggests, and with much show of reason, that the chief deity worshipped by the ancient Arabs was identical with the Dionysus or Bacchus of the Greeks. Herodotus tells us that 'the Arabs worship Bacchus and Urania' (lib. iii., cap. 8), and Assemani supposes the former to be identical with Seba, son of Cush (Gen. x. 27). Seba is the name under which the Arabs are constantly spoken of in the Hebrew of the Old Testament; and the name Bacchus is not very far removed from the Aramaic *Bar-Khus*, the son of Cush. The idea is, moreover, strengthened by the epithet *Sabi*, Sabos, or Sabazius, given to Bacchus by the Greeks, and by the cry of *εὐοὶ Σάβωι*, with which he was hailed. At any rate, the connection between the Semitic and classical mythologies is much greater than has been generally supposed; and the numerous bilingual inscriptions in Greek and Phœnician, which have been lately deciphered, prove that the identity of individual deities was recognised by these two peoples. Moreover, such legends as those of Tammúz and Adonis, of Bel and the Dragon, Perseus (Phœnician *Reçef*) and

and Andromeda, and our own St. George and the Dragon, offer very striking parallels. In spite, however, of their gross idolatry, the original purely monotheistic principle which underlies Sabæanism kept continually cropping up amongst the Arabs of the Ignorance, and prepared the way for the Unitarian dogma of Islam. There were, as well as the Sabæan or idolatrous Arabs, a number of Jewish tribes and colonies in Arabia, and Christianity was also professed by many of the tribes.

It was in the midst of a people such as we have described that Mohammed appeared. Briefly stated, his personal history is as follows.

He was born on the 20th of April, A.D. 575, and belonged to the house of Hâshim, one of the leading families of the Kureish, the chief of the Meccan tribes. His father 'Abdallah having died before his birth, and his mother Aminah dying while he was yet young, he was brought up by his grandfather 'Abd-al-Muttalib, who, on his deathbed, entrusted the orphan to the care of his uncle Abu Tâlib. His early years, like Moses and David before him, he spent in tending flocks and herds in the wilderness; and this solitary mode of life, combined with a nervous, excitable temperament, no doubt greatly influenced his character, and developed those visionary aspirations which were so remarkably realised in his subsequent career.

His own property being small, even for an Arab lad, he sought and obtained employment as managing man to a rich widow, named Khadîjah, whom he subsequently married. Khadîjah was fifteen years older than himself; but during the twenty-four years of their married life, Mohammed, contrary to the usual practice of his people, took no other wife. Whether this moderation proceeded from affection for his spouse and benefactress, or from the fact that Khadîjah kept the control of her property, and would not allow him to spend it in contracting other alliances, we can scarcely decide, and would fain, with Mr. Bosworth Smith, give Mohammed the benefit of the doubt. It is certain, however, that after the death of Khadîjah his amours were so frequent and unrestricted as to cause scandal even among his followers, and to lead him to commit his gravest mistake, that of adducing fresh revelations to sanction them.

Up to the age of forty Mohammed's career was an uneventful one; but then occurred the crisis of his life. He had always been subjected to fits of an epileptic nature, and in one of these he believed that he had a direct call from Heaven, through the angel Gabriel in person, to become a prophet of the Lord, and to preach His unity and the sinfulness of idolatry. The story
has

has been so often told that we need not repeat it here ; suffice it to say that he was, in all probability, at first convinced of the reality of his vision, and that it was a genuine enthusiasm which led him, as he shortly after did, to denounce 'those who gave companions to God,' and to declare that 'there was no God but *the* God, and that Mohammed was the Prophet of God.' The monotheistic idea was not new to the Meccans, but it was distasteful, and particularly so to the Kureish, whose position as one of the first among Arab tribes, and whose worldly prosperity arose from the fact that they were the hereditary guardians of the national collection of idols kept in the Sanctuary at Mecca. Mohammed's message, therefore, sounded like a revolutionary watchword, a radical party-cry, which the conservative Meccans could not afford to despise, and which they combated very energetically. The Prophet, therefore, in the first place, met with but little success. Khadíjah accepted her husband's mission without hesitation, so did her cousin Waraka ; and Zeid, 'the Inquirer,' a man who had spent his life in seeking for the truth, and in fighting against this same idolatry that was so repugnant to Mohammed's ideas, at first gave in his adherence to the new doctrine. For three years, however, only fourteen converts were added to the Muslim Church.

In spite of mockery, and even persecution, Mohammed still persisted in his preaching, until

'the Kureish, the guardians of the Kaabeh, perceived, like the silver-smiths at Ephesus, that, if this went on, their position would be endangered, and their gains gone. Finding that bribes and threats and entreaties were alike powerless to deter him, they expostulated with Abu Taleb, his guardian. Abu Taleb in his return expostulated kindly with his nephew. "Should they array against me the sun on my right hand and the moon on my left," said Mohammed, "yet, while God should command me, I would not renounce my purpose."—p. 119.

Yet for ten years more he preached unsuccessfully ; at length, unable to contend against the persecutions of his fellow-townsmen, he was compelled to advise his fifteen followers to seek refuge in Abyssinia. This they did, and the Kureish sent to the Najáshí, or king of the country, demanding the surrender of the exiles ; but, on being summoned before the monarch and his Christian counsellors, Ja'áfer, one of the number, made so noble a defence and exposition of their faith that the demand was refused.

To add to Mohammed's troubles, Khadíjah, his faithful wife, and Abu Tálib, his protector, both died. Friendless, persecuted, and threatened with assassination, he was compelled to
fly

fly to Yathrib (afterwards called *el Medina*, or *the city par excellence*), where he had previously received offers of asylum. Pursued by the vengeful Kureish, he and Abu Bekr, the companion of his flight, hid for three days in a cave, and were only saved from discovery and death by a circumstance which Muslims regard as providential, if not miraculous. The pursuers approached the cavern—

“We are only two,” said his trembling companion. “There is a third,” said Mohammed; “it is God Himself.” The Kureish reached the cave: a spider, we are told, had woven its web across the mouth, and a pigeon was sitting on its nest in seemingly undisturbed repose. The Kureish retreated, for it was evident that the solitude was unviolated; and by a sound instinct, one of the sublimest stories in all history has been made the era of Mohammedan chronology.’—p. 123.

We have quoted Mr. Bosworth Smith’s account of this incident *verbatim*, because it would be scarcely possible to describe it in terser or better language. But we must confess that we do not quite endorse the opinion that it is one of the sublimest stories in all history. Indeed, we rather think that we have met that pigeon before, and certainly since, in the well-known story of King Charles in the oak.

Arrived at Medina, a great change comes over the Prophet:—

‘The revelations of the Koran are more and more suited to the particular circumstances and caprices of the moment. They are often of the nature of political bulletins, or of personal apologies, rather than of messages direct from God. Now appears for the first time the convenient but dangerous doctrine of abrogation, by which a subsequent revelation might supersede a previous one.’—p. 134.

It was at Medina, also, that he promulgated the most dangerous doctrine of all, that of the right to enforce his religion by the sword. Here, too, he began to give rise to those scandals which have ever since been the most powerful weapons in the hands of his opponents. In contracting, as he did, numerous and not always convenient marriages, and especially in adducing ‘revelations’ relaxing his own restrictions upon polygamy exceptionally in his own behalf, Mohammed’s conduct after this period was more than equivocal, and taxes even all Mr. Bosworth Smith’s ingenuity to defend him. The question is really important only so far as it affects the character of the religion; for no one would venture upon such a task as proving the personal character of the Prophet, however noble it might have been, to be immaculate.

‘The chief blots in his fame are not after his undisputed victory, but during his years of chequered warfare at Medina, and, such as they

they are, are distributed very evenly over the whole of that time. In other words, he did very occasionally give way to a strong temptation; but there was no gradual sapping of moral principles, and no deadening of conscience—a very important distinction. One or two acts of summary and uncompromising punishment, possibly—one or two acts of cunning, and, after Khadija was dead, the violation of one law which he had from veneration for her imposed on others, and had always hitherto kept himself, from no very long bill of indictment against one who always admitted he was a man of like passions with ourselves, who was ignorant of the Christian moral law, and who attained to power after difficulties and dangers and misconceptions, which might have turned the best of men into a suspicious and sanguinary tyrant.’—pp. 142, 143.

The next question that arises is, how could a comparatively obscure citizen of an Arabian town succeed in an enterprise of such magnitude, and bring about such astonishing results?

The secret of Mohammed’s success was, primarily, enthusiasm combined with patriotism. Whether he believed to the full in his divine mission and revelations or not matters but little; but it is certain that he did believe in himself as working for the good of his fellow-countrymen. He took the political and religious institutions of his country as he found them, and he strove to eradicate what was bad and to develop what was good. He knew that so long as the various tribes wasted their strength in internecine war there was no hope of their ever becoming a power; but he knew their character and temperament well enough to perceive that any scheme for bringing about national unity must fail if it involved the necessity of their submitting to any master whatever. He therefore sought to bind them together by what we may call their common religious feeling, but which really meant, as it too often does, common interests, common customs, and common superstitions. At Mecca all was ready to his hand: the Ka’abeh contained all the gods of the different tribes, the annual fairs and *eisteddfodau* (to borrow a Welsh name that exactly expresses the character of these gatherings), were held in the territory, and it was here that the historical and religious traditions of the race were circulated and kept alive. All the elements of centralisation were there, and it only wanted such a master-spirit as Mohammed’s to turn their thoughts towards the common idea which should induce them to unite.

A prophet who starts in his career with no better stock-in-trade than visionary enthusiasm or deliberate imposture has but a poor chance. Museilima, Mohammed’s rival, has left nothing behind him but his *sobriquet* of El Kezzáb, ‘the Liar,’ and a few bitterly satirical parodies on some verses of the Corán, which are still occasionally

occasionally quoted by the less reverential of Muslims. El Mukanna', the 'Veiled Prophet' of Khorassan, earned no more immortality than an occasional mention in Persian poetry, and the honour of being the hero of an English popular poem. Mutanebbi, 'the would-be prophet,' as his name signifies, who flourished in the tenth century of our era, was an Arab of the Arabs, and one of the greatest poets of his age. He, too, set up as a prophet, but with so little success that he had to retire from the business at an early period of his career. It was probably his wonderful facility in language that induced him to imitate Mohammed's example, and rely upon the 'miraculous' eloquence of his language in support of his pretensions to inspiration. He, however, missed the opportunities which Mohammed had; he was no great reformer himself, and there was no urgent need of a reform at the time. Moreover, he was entirely destitute of religious feeling, and even in his early poems so blasphemous and sneers at holy names that his most devoted commentators are frequently at a loss to find excuses for him.

We need not instance the host of more modern pretenders. Báb, in Persia, enjoyed a partial success—earned the truly prophetic reward of martyrdom. He even numbers some followers at the present day; but his success is owing more to the fact that he tried to fan into a flame the latent spark of national feeling in Persian breasts than to the fact of his having written an entirely new and original Cor'an. Amongst ourselves Mormonism is perhaps the most striking instance of a religion, founded on deliberate imposture, holding its ground for any length of time. But even here we can trace its success to the communistic ideas and sensual longings which unfortunately too often influence the uneducated mind.

In forming our estimate, therefore, of Mohammed's character and of the religion which we are accustomed to call by his name, we must discard the theories of imposture and enthusiasm equally with that of divine inspiration. Even the theory of his being a great political reformer does not contain the whole truth; and although it is certain that his personal character exercised a most important influence on his doctrine, yet it is not by any means evident that it even moulded it into its present shape.

At the outset of his career he turned to the Jews, imagining that as he claimed to restore the original religion of Abraham, and appealed to the Jewish Scriptures for confirmation of his teaching, they would support him. Disappointed in this quarter, he treated them with more bitter hostility than any other of his opponents. Being as it is nearly allied both to Judaism and Christianity, and forming to a certain extent a compromise between

tween the two, it is worth while to inquire into the exact relation which Islam bears to these creeds.

The essence of Mohammedanism is its assertion of the unity of God as opposed to Polytheism, and even to Trinitarianism. He is a living, personal, omniscient, omnipotent God, as the Hebrew prophets describe him. The central truth of Islam, then, was nothing new; it was, as Mohammed said of it, the ancient faith of Abraham, and it was upon that faith that the greatness of the Jewish nation was founded; nay, it was the truth which Christ himself made more fully known and understood.

One great difference, however, between Judaism and Mohammedanism is that the former is not a proselytising religion, while the latter emphatically is so. All the laws and ordinances of the Pentateuch, all the revelations of the Old Testament, are for the Jew alone, and the Gentile was excluded with jealous care from the enjoyment of any of the divine privileges until Christianity proclaimed that revelation was for the world at large. The Arab, on the contrary, was enjoined to propagate his religion. 'There is no God but God,' and man must be 'resigned to His will,' and if he will not, he must be made to be so; this is what *Islâm* or 'resignation' really means.

But, it may be asked, why, if Mohammed preached nothing more than the central truth of Judaism and Christianity, did he not rather accept one or other of these creeds, than found a new one? To answer this question, we must regard Judaism and Christianity not as they are understood now, but as they existed in Arabia in Mohammed's time. Judaism was effete, Christianity corrupt, and only a debased form of it professed. The Hebrew nation had fallen, and Magian superstitions and Rabbinic inventions had obscured the primeval simplicity of the Hebrew faith and marred the grandeur of its law. The Christians were forgetful alike of the old Revelation and of the new, and neglecting the teachings of their Divine Master, were split up into numerous sects—'Homoousians and Homoiousians, Monothelites and Monophysites, Jacobites and Eutychians,' and the like—who had little in common but the name of Christians, and the cordial hatred with which they regarded each other.

Mohammed certainly wished his religion to be looked upon as a further fulfilment of Christianity, just as Christianity is the fulfilment of Judaism. He regards our Lord with particular veneration, and even goes so far as to call Him the 'Spirit' and 'Word' of God; 'the Messiah, Jesus, the son of Mary, is only the Apostle of God and His Word, which he cast upon Mary and a Spirit from Him' (Sura 4, v. 169). The reservation, 'is *only* the Apostle,' &c., is directed against the misconception

ception of the Christian doctrine which was then prevalent in Arabia, and which was the only one with which Mohammed was acquainted. With the Arab Christian, the Trinity meant nothing more nor less than tritheism, and these three the Father, Virgin-Mother, and Son.

If, with these views before him as the professed belief of Christians—with the childish legends of the Gospels of 'the Infancy' and of St. Barnabas related to him as the true Gospel—Mohammed could still show such reverence and admiration for Christ and His work, as he undoubtedly does, we surely have no right to brand his doctrine as damnable and unchristian:—

'Mohammed,' observes Mr. Smith, 'offered to the Arabs an idea of God less sympathetic and less loveable, indeed, but as sublime as the Christian, and perhaps still more intense, and one, as it turned out, which they could receive. Christianity was compelled to leave its birthplace—the inhabitants and subsequent history of which is scarcely affected, except indirectly—to find its proper home in the Western world, among the inhabitants and progressive civilisation of Greece and Rome. The lot of Mohammedanism has been different: "it is the religion of the shepherd and the nomad, of the burning desert and the boundless steppe." So admirably suited was it to the region in which it was born, that it needed no foreign air or change of circumstance to develop it.'—p. 283.

Such being the facts of its origin and existence, and such the nature of the creed, Mr. Smith demands for it a more generous recognition by Christians:—

'Islam ought not to be treated with a merely contemptuous or distant recognition, or to be inserted, *tanquam infamiae causâ*, "Jews, Turks, Infidels and Heretics," in a collect, once a year, upon that day of all others upon which the universality of Christ's self-sacrifice is brought before us.'—p. 259.

The early mediæval writers did treat Mohammedans as sectaries rather than Pagans; John Cantacuzene, the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, wrote against 'the Saracen Heresy,' and Dante placed Mohammed in his 'Inferno' not as a heathen but as a heretic; 'and is there any reason,' asks Mr. Bosworth Smith, 'why our notion of Christianity should be less comprehensive than that of the patriot Greek Emperor, or of the Christian poet?'

Islam is chiefly characterised by its intense hatred of idolatry, which is evinced in 'horror of all objective symbols, in the simplicity of its liturgical forms, in the absence of a priestly caste, and therefore of all belief in such doctrines as those of apostolical succession, inherent sanctity, indissoluble vows, the duty of confession or powers of absolution' (pp. 265, 266).

In its iconoclasm, its rigid observance of religious duties, its complete

complete blending of religious and worldly duties, it bears a strong resemblance to the Puritanism of the English Commonwealth; and this likeness is shown even in the nomenclature which Musulmans affect. Amongst the Puritans the names selected for children were either those of some Scriptural personage, or some phrase implying fervour in the cause of God. So in Muslim families such names as Mohammed and Ali replace the Emmanuel, John (Jean Baptiste), &c., amongst ourselves; while Mohammedan history is full of such names as 'The Ruler by the order of God,' 'He who relies on God,' 'The Aider of the religion of God,' and such cognomens as *Násir ud dín*, 'The Aider of or Victorious in the faith,' are sufficiently familiar in the present day. To this same Puritanical spirit may be also traced the irresistible valour and success of the early Khalifs and their followers, as well as the great way made in more recent times by the uncompromising tenets of the Wahhábis.

The rest of Islam, all that makes up the system beside the great doctrine of the Unity of God and the necessity for submission to Him, is a mere selection from, and modification of, then existing beliefs and superstitions.

The doctrine of a future life which it inculcates, though not universal among the Arab tribes, existed amongst them, as it has done with every other nation, even the most barbarous. It is, indeed, the mainspring of all religion. The desire innate in man that he should not altogether perish, naturally develops into hope, and this hope Revelation so easily and authoritatively satisfies. Indeed, nothing but Revelation can do so; Science can go no further than to say, 'Man may have an hereafter, but he has no right to expect it.' Prayer, too, is similarly the expression of a desire that things may go on as we wish them, and is a natural aspiration common to all creeds and peoples. As such it naturally found a place in Islam. Fasting and almsgiving—the one as a physical, the latter as a moral discipline as well as proceeding from a generous impulse of the heart—were incorporated into Mohammedanism for similar reasons. Pilgrimage, the last great ordinance of Islam, could scarcely be banished from any land, much less from Arabia. The vulgar crowd flock to the scene of a murder or an accident, and gaze on the surroundings with something of the awe which the events inspire. So, too, the scenes hallowed by the presence of some great public benefactor or great spiritual leader, come to be regarded by his followers with something of the devotion felt for the master himself. The pilgrims of Jerusalem, Mecca, Hurdwar, or Lourdes, only obey a common impulse of human nature.

At Mecca Mohammed found a shrine to which, as well as at which,

which, devotion had been paid from time immemorial: it was the one thing which the scattered Arabian nation had in common—the one thing which gave them even the shadow of a national feeling; and to have dreamed of abolishing it, or even of diminishing the honours paid to it, would have been madness and ruin to his enterprise. He therefore did the next best thing, he cleared it of idols and dedicated it to the service of God. What the Ka'abeh or 'Square building' was, Mr. Smith tells us. It was—

'a shrine of immemorial antiquity, one which Diodorus Siculus, a hundred years before the Christian era, tells us, was even then the "most ancient, and was exceedingly revered by the whole Arab race." The traditions of the Kaabeh ran back to Ishmael and Abraham, nay, even to Seth and Adam; and as its name, "Beit allah," shows, it might in its first rude shape have been erected by some such ancient patriarch as he who raised a pillar of rough stone, where in his sleep he had seen the angels ascending, and called it "Bethel or Beit Allah: this is the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven."—Pp. 166, 167.

It is a curious thing that the rite of circumcision is not mentioned in the Cor'an; but there is no doubt that Mohammed insisted upon it as an antidote to more cruel and dangerous practices.* As for the angelism and demonology of the Cor'an, they are a mixture of local superstitions and Persian and Jewish tradition. The system was certainly not due to Mohammed's invention, but was evolved out of what he had heard from Jewish and Christian sources, and regarded as revelation, being coloured by his own local beliefs.

The mission of Mohammed, then, appealed forcibly to the Arabs on many grounds. Compared with the prevalent idolatry of the time, the idea as presented was so grand, so simple, and so true, that reason could scarcely hesitate between the two systems, unless, as in the case of the Kureish, self-interest were thrown into the scale. Side by side with the corrupted religion of the Jews and Christians, as we have just described them, it appeared more spiritual and more divine, and presented the truths of both religions without the blemishes. It harmonised with the traditional Semitic belief, Arab as well as Jewish, of the coming of a Messiah, or at least of a Prophet, who should reveal the Truth at last, and set right the order of things which had spiritually and temporally gone so wrong. And lastly, it made no call on their credulity; it only asked them to believe what they might well accept as self-evident, and it only laid claim to one miracle, that of the marvellous eloquence of its

* See note to vol. ii., page 110, of Burton's 'Mecca and Medina.' 2nd Edition.
delivery,

delivery, and this neither friends nor foes could deny. It must not be forgotten that this claim of the Cor'án to miraculous eloquence, however absurd it may sound to Western ears, was and is to the Arab incontrovertible.

In order to understand the immense influence which the Cor'án has always exercised upon the Arab mind, it is necessary to remember that it consists not merely of the enthusiastic utterances of an individual, but of the popular sayings, choice pieces of eloquence, and favourite legends current among the desert tribes for ages before his time. Arabic authors speak frequently of the celebrity attained by the ancient Arabic orators, such as Sheibán Wáíl, but unfortunately no specimen of their works have come down to us. The Cor'án, however, enables us to judge of the nature of their speeches which took so strong a hold upon their countrymen, and the following chapter, which in the original is to an Arab ear the very acme of sublimity, may be taken as a fair specimen :—

‘ By the sun and his noon-day brightness ;
 By the moon when she followeth him ;
 By the day when it revealeth him ;
 By the night when it veileth him ;
 By the heaven and what built it ;
 By the earth and what spread it ;
 By the soul and what fashioned it ;
 And inspired it with its vice or virtue ;
 He prospereth who purifieth it ;
 He faileth who defileth it ;
 Thamúd in its rebellion called (the Prophet) liar ;
 When the wretch of the tribe rushed up ;
 And the Apostle of God said to them “ it is God’s
 she-camel, wherefore give it to drink ; ”
 But they called him liar, and they hamstringed it,
 And their Lord destroyed them in their sin, and
 levelled the tribe,
 And He doth not fear the result.’

In the original of this chapter the disconnected form of the composition is, to an Oriental, more than atoned for by the elegance of the phrases and the exquisitely rhythmical cadence of each sentence. The subject-matter, too, is well worth notice : the first seven verses are oaths by the various powers of heaven and earth, that those only are happy who keep the soul free from stain ; at the same time it is insinuated that the Creator instils into the human soul the good or evil which is found there. The last portion of the Súra alludes to a legend, referred to several times in the Cor'án, of a certain Nebí Sáleh, who was sent as a prophet

prophet to the people of Thamúd, and whose divine mission was attested by the miraculous production of a she-camel out of the rock. This legend, in all probability, grew out of the history of Moses; the 'she-camel with milk' representing the water that issued from the rock to feed the thirsting tribes. The legend is actually current in the peninsula of Sinai, and the Arabs there to the present day show the *Athar Nágat en Nebí*, 'the footprint of the Prophet's she-camel,' as well as the tomb of Nebi Saleh, 'the righteous Prophet,' himself.*

Perhaps the most beautiful and characteristic passage in the whole Cor'án is that known as the *Ayet el Kursí*, or 'Verse of the Throne':

'God, there is no God but He, the living, the eternal. Slumber doth not overtake Him, neither sleep; to Him belongeth all that is in heaven and earth. Who is he that can intercede with Him save by His own permission? He knoweth that which is past and that which is to come unto them, and they shall not comprehend anything of His knowledge but so far as He pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth, and the upholding of both is no burden to Him. He is the Lofty and the Great.'

And in the same Sura, as the author of the Lectures points out, is the summary of the morality of the book:—

'There is no piety in turning your faces towards the east or the west, but he is pious who believeth in God, and the last day, and the Angels, and the Scriptures, and the Prophets; who for love of God disburseth his wealth to his kindred, and to the orphans, and the needy, and the wayfarer, and those who ask, and for ransoming; who observeth prayer and payeth the legal alms, and who is of those who are faithful to their engagements when they have engaged in them, and patient under ills and hardships and in time of trouble; these are they who are just, and those who fear the Lord.'

As a whole the Cor'án is disconnected, as might be expected from the manner in which it was compiled:—

'Dictated from time to time by Mohammed to his disciples, it was by them partly treasured in their memories, partly written down on shoulder-bones of mutton, on bits of wood or tablets of stone, which being thrown pell-mell into boxes, and jumbled up together like the leaves of the Cumæan Sibyl after a gust of wind, were not put into any shape till after the Prophet's death, by order of Abu Bakr. The work of the editor consisted simply in arranging the Suras in the order of their respective length, the longest first, the shortest last; and though the book once afterwards passed through the editor's hands, this is substantially the shape in which the Koran has come

* Palmer's 'Desert of the Exodus,' p. 50.

down to us. Various readings which would seem, however, to have been of very slight importance, having crept into the different copies, a revising Committee was appointed by order of the Khalif Othman, and an authorised edition having been thus prepared "to prevent the texts differing, like those of the Jews and Christians," all previous copies were collected and burnt.—Pp. 176, 177.

The Bible and Cor'án can scarcely be compared. The former with its two distinct revelations, its books of different date, purport, and language, has a composite character quite different from that of the Mohammedan scriptures, which claim to be a Cor'án, i.e. 'a Reading' in plain Arabic.

The *tefsír*, or 'interpretation of the Cor'án,' plays an important part in Islam, as with this is connected that which forms the real fabric of the religious system, the Sunneh, or secondary law based upon the sayings traditionally ascribed to the Prophet. This study was the first, and indeed the only kind of literature encouraged by the early followers of Mohammed; and although it may not at first sight appear a profitable or even an interesting one, it is in reality to these commentaries that we are indebted for the preservation and transmission to posterity of many strange doctrines and many passages of ancient history, which would have otherwise been irretrievably lost to the world. In this point of view they are even more valuable than the Rabbinical Talmuds themselves; for in the latter case we have traditions corrupted by the speculations of schoolmen, while in the case of the Coranic Commentaries we have for the most part the popular legends of the unlettered Bedouin of the desert. Mohammed himself unwittingly points out this distinction when he speaks of the Jews and Christians as *Ahl el Kitáb*, or 'People who have the Scriptures,' and delights to designate himself as *en nebíy el ummí*, 'the illiterate prophet' (p. 240).

The alleged verbal inspiration of the Coranic text introduced many complications between questions of theology and grammar, and the Moslem doctors, therefore, proceeded to inquire minutely into the structure and vocabulary of their language; while parallel with these studies went that of the 'Sayings of Mohammed,' the secondary or oral traditional law of Islam. The result of this has been the production of one of the most elaborate grammatical systems and the richest lexicographical literature in the world.

We now come to the consideration of the manner in which the various important problems of society are dealt with by Islam, such as the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, master and slaves. The Cor'án, like the New Testament, accepts the institution of slavery as a fact so well established, that

that it does not seem to consider it necessary either to sanction or forbid it. It, however, did set itself to ameliorate the condition of the slave.

In the Cor'án the word 'slave' is scarcely used, the usual paraphrase being 'those whom your right hands possess,' and particularly referring to 'prisoners of war.' Such captives, if they became Muslims, were *ipso facto* free; and the Muslim scriptures everywhere enjoin the greatest kindness and consideration towards those who remain in slavery. Concubinage with a female captive it did allow, but the woman who had borne a child to her master could never be separated from it, and became free at the master's death.

These humane provisions, as Mr. Smith points out, are 'such as no European or American power ever enrolled in its code of laws till the wave of total abolition swept over Christendom.' The freed slave in Muslim countries, too, suffers no social degradation from his antecedents; he is accepted as at once the equal of those around him, and, as history has frequently shown, may rise to the highest rank and offices.

Slavery, indeed, as Mohammed left and regulated it, was by no means an unmixed evil. Slavery as it exists now, in spite of treaties and conventions, can hardly be so favourably regarded. The wretched traffic in girls to fill the harems of sensual pashas, the horrible system by which the guardians of these disreputable dens are supplied—chiefly from establishments on Egyptian territory, and with the connivance of the Khedive—these, the real horrors of slavery, are a disgrace to humanity; but it must be borne in mind that they are not so much the product of Islam as of the gross barbarism and brutality of the Turks.

The greatest blot upon Mohammedanism is polygamy, which, by keeping women in a state of degradation and by fostering sensuality, has rendered the practice of family virtues impossible, and tended more than anything else to the degeneration of Eastern races. But, as the work before us insists, Mohammed was not responsible for this; and although he was forced to permit the continuance of the custom, which patriarchs, judges, prophets, and kings had perpetuated, yet he materially modified it, and placed upon it some most salutary restrictions. He restricted, above all, the unlimited license of divorce which prevailed before his time; he abolished the horrible practice of murdering their daughters, for which the Arabs were infamous; and by all these, according to his lights and those of the age in which he lived, he did much to elevate the position of women amongst his people:—

'The Arabs of the Ignorance, who believed in any form of a future life, denied all share in it to women, and Mohammed has been thought by many to have done the same; but the Koran says, "whoso doeth good works and is a true believer, whether male or female, shall be admitted into Paradise." An old woman once came to the Prophet begging him to intercede with God that she might be admitted into Paradise. "No old woman finds admittance there," replied Mohammed. She burst into tears; when Mohammed smiled, and with the kindly humour which was characteristic of him, said, "No old woman, for all will there be young again."

This leads us to another very important question, that of the Mohammedan view of Paradise and the influence which it exercises upon Mohammedan society. In dealing with this, Mr. Bosworth Smith maintains that Mohammed's view was no more sensual than that taken by other nations, viz. that Paradise is but the happiness of the present life intensified, and that in defining it any people must necessarily express themselves in terms drawn from their experiences of pleasure here. Thus Mohammed promises to the good Muslim, after death, what to the wanderer in the thirsty desert must seem the acme of enjoyment—cool, shady gardens with bubbling fountains and running streams; with the companionship of black-eyed houris (their name and attributes borrowed, by the by, from the Persian), and certain luxurious necessities, such as perfumes, cushions, carpets, &c. Similarly the Red Indian dreams of a happy hunting-ground beyond the clouds, and the Norseman thought that after death he should drink ale for ever from the skulls of his enemies slain in battle.

The question, however, is scarcely what did Mohammed mean by his descriptions, but what effect have they had upon his followers, and how are they actually interpreted by the mass of Mohammedans at the present day? If the Prophet pictured the joys of Heaven in glowing colours, he was no less circumstantial and vivid in his description of the torments of Hell; and it is clear that these vivid pictures contributed greatly towards inspiring the valour of the early propagators of the creed, and while it is certain that they tend to make the Muslim of the present day earnest in his religious exercises, it is very doubtful whether the sensuality of his Heaven makes him a whit the more sensual, any more than the gloominess of his Hell makes him gloomy and miserable.

On this, as on most other points in the inquiry, Mr. Bosworth Smith appears to have formed a very sound opinion. The following passage, for instance, contains a very just and sensible summary of, and apology for, the morality of Islam:—

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'Perhaps there is no remark one has heard more often about Mohammedanism than that it was so successful because it was so sensual, but there is none more destitute of truth; as if any religion could owe its permanent success to its bad morality! I do not say that its morality is perfect or equal to the Christian morality. Mohammed did not make the manners of Arabia, and he was too wise to think that he could either unmake or remake them all at once. Solon remarked of his own legislation that his laws were not the best that he could devise; but that they were the best the Athenians could receive; and his defence has generally been accepted as a sound one. Moses took the institutions of primitive society as he found them—the patriarchal power, internecine war, blood feuds, the right of asylum, polygamy and slavery—and did not abolish any one of them; he only mitigated their worst evils, and so unconsciously prepared the way in some cases for their greater permanence, in others for their eventual extinction.'—Pp. 232, 233.

There are three more points in Mohammedanism of grave importance, and these also are dealt with in these Lectures with great power and ingenuity, viz. Miracles, Fatalism, and Jehād, or Waging Holy Wars.

Mohammed did not rest his claim to be considered as a divinely-inspired messenger upon miracles; indeed, numerous passages of the Cor'an expressly deny the power of working them. The thirteenth Súra, for instance, says:—'The unbelievers say, Unless a sign be sent down with him from his Lord, we will not believe. But thou art a preacher only, O Mohammed.' In pointing out as he does the inability of miraculous signs to convince where moral evidence has failed, Mohammed was approaching much more nearly than is supposed to the teaching of Christ himself, who repeatedly reproves his hearers for demanding a sign, and who said, 'That if a man believed not Moses and the Prophets, not even would he repent though one rose from the dead.' With regard to the second point, the fatalism of Islam, the author seeks not so much to show that the doctrine is not held by Muslims, as to prove that it does not necessarily belong to the spirit of the creed. He argues, very plausibly, that 'it is not possible for any religion to reconcile the conflicting dogmas of the foreknowledge of God and the free-will of man.' The fact is that the doctrine of Omnipotence and Omniscience naturally leads to fatalism, but that, though men accept it in theory, they almost invariably reject it in practice. To quote the words of the Lectures:—

'The prayers that he (Mohammed) enjoined five times a day are still offered with full confidence in their efficacy by all devout Musalmans; and the cry of the Muezzin, before daybreak, from a myriad mosques and minarets—"Prayer is better than sleep, prayer is

is better than sleep"—is a living witness, wherever the influence of the Prophet of Arabia has extended, more vivid than the letter of the Koran itself, overpowering even the lethargy and quietism of the East, to Mohammed's belief in God's providential government of the world and in the freedom of man's will.—p. 196.

The third point is that of the *Jehád*, or war for the sake of religion. Premising that the religion which Mohammed taught was one of fear of and obedience to God rather than of love for Him in the Christian sense, Mr. Bosworth Smith says:—

'Though he must in any case have foreseen that it was impossible to force men to love God, it may have crossed his mind that it was possible to force men to abstain from idolatry, to acknowledge God with their lips, to fear and to obey Him, at all events, in their outward acts.'

And this appears to strike at the root of the question.

In his character of Founder of a Religion, Mohammed's life at Mecca was not inconsistent with his profession; but as an exile at Medina, and as General-in-Chief of the Arabs and founder of an empire he was driven by the very force of his position to appeal to the sword. As the author of the Lectures says, 'We should not, as too many, especially Christians, do, condemn the Prophet for the drastic energy of the leader, and the leader for the shortcomings of the Prophet.' That the position in which Mohammed found himself after his flight, 'the exigencies of his exiled followers—the need of sustenance, the appetite for plunder, the desire of revenge, and the longing for their homes, no less than the impending attack of the Kureish—drove the Prophet for the first time to place himself at their head, and for temporal purposes to unsheath the sword,'—all this may be very true, and it may be equally true that Christian nations and Christian priests have punished heresy or convinced unbelief by appealing also to the sword; but, according to the old adage, 'two wrongs do not make one right,' and we fear that, in spite of the able apology which the author of these Lectures makes for the wars of Islam, it will be always held to detract from the character of that religion as a divine institution that it relied rather upon the power of the sword to advance it than upon the power of its innate truth to enforce conviction.

That Mohammedanism was literally a Church Militant, fighting under one sole head—Mohammed, or his lawful *Khalifeh* or 'Successor'—was a great element in its success. The absolute merging of both spiritual and temporal power in this one man, the *Khalifeh*, made the movement much more vigorous.

While they were fighting in hot enthusiasm for God and the faith, with 'Paradise before them and Hell and the devil behind them,'

them,' as Mohammed himself told them, they were irresistible. But when they had conquered, and when the Khalifs, from being simple Arab leaders became lords paramount of a rich empire, they found themselves unfitted by habit and education to enjoy the wealth within their grasp. Their Persian and Greek subjects, however, soon lent their aid to enable them to surmount the difficulty and to teach them the arts of luxury and indulgence.

Theoretically, the doctrine of the *Jehád* is a most dangerous one for Christianity, but practically it is harmless. The word of the Khalifeh, if backed up by a *fatwá* or 'legal opinion' of the Sheikh ul Islam as Primate of the Musulman Church, would be in theory sufficient to cause a *levée en masse* of Mohammedans against Christians. Fortunately, however, the Ottoman pretender to the Khalifate and the Turkish Sheikh ul Islam could only influence a limited section of the Mohammedan world, and political exigencies in other Muslim states would soon call forth *fatwás* from other authorities which would stultify any such movement.

Not long ago, in India, a question was raised and discussed by various learned Muslim lawyers which might have had a tremendous result for ourselves. It was nothing less than the question whether *Hindustan* was a *dár ul harb*, or 'enemies' country,' that is, whether the *Jehád* was in active or potential existence there, and consequently whether or no Muslims could, consistently with their faith, preserve their allegiance to their Christian rulers. The decision was given almost unanimously in favour of peace and loyal submission to the existing rulers; and the chief argument adduced in support of this view is a convincing proof of the truth of Mr. Smith's theory, that not only is the *spirit* of Islam favourable to peace and progress, but that such spirit really does actuate its professors now. The practice of Mohammed himself was adduced, namely, that when he had laid siege to a town, or declared war against a tribe or people, he invariably delayed his operations until sunset, that he might ascertain whether the *izán*, or 'call of prayers,' was heard amongst them. If it were, he refrained from the attack, maintaining that where the practice of his religion was allowed by the rulers of the place he had no grievance against them. This one argument, and the fact that the name of our most gracious Sovereign is now inserted in the *Khutbeh*, or 'Friday bidding prayer,' in all mosques throughout India, is a sufficient proof that Islam is not antagonistic either to religious or political toleration, and that the doctrine of *Jehád*, or holy war, is not so dangerous or barbarous an one as is generally imagined.

Having thus briefly discussed the origin of Islam, and the
nature

nature and tendency of its principal doctrines, the question naturally arises, by what means has it attained to its present position as the professed religion of nearly a hundred and fifty millions of human beings?

Mohammedanism is usually regarded as a stationary and unelastic creed. It professes to contain all that is required for the regulation of human life and human thought; its founder distinctly told his followers that there was no prophet after himself; it was based upon the ideas and customs of a Semitic nation hitherto isolated from the rest of the world. How, then, is it that Mohammedanism is found at the present day to satisfy the political and intellectual requirements of so many peoples of such various habits, traditions, and nationalities?

To answer this question satisfactorily we must inquire, first, what Islam really is; and secondly, under what circumstances it was introduced to the individual nations now professing it.

The fact is that Mohammedanism almost at its outset divided into two distinct religions, represented by the rival sects of Sunneh and Shiah. The former adhere rigidly to the precepts of the Arabian prophet, as contained in the written Cor'an and the Hadith or oral traditions. The latter admit foreign ideas which are in reality utterly at variance with the spirit of Islam. They have adopted as the esoteric doctrine of Islam the mystic system of Sufism, which, originating in Persia, brings them into direct contact with the religion of India, and thus with that of the whole Aryan family.

'Islam has in the course of centuries and by long contact with Hindu idolatry naturally made compromises with it. Some of the Musalman saints are revered by the Hindus as well as by the Musalmans; and these last have in their turn accommodated the accessories of their Pilgrimages, of their Fasts and their Feasts, to the tastes of the Hindus; to a religion, that is, which speaks more to the senses than to the reason, to the imagination than to the soul.'—p. 291.

Mohammedanism, then, has in it elements of eclecticism which, in spite of the narrow limits which it has prescribed for itself, render it capable of being adapted to and assimilated with other forms of religion. Just as it has admitted amongst its doctrines the primitive Magian theosophy and mythology of Persia; and, in utter disregard of the Prophet's *dictum*, 'there is no monkery in Islam,' has established orders of mendicant dervishes and contemplative recluses which rival in number those of the Romish church or Greek churches; so in India, it has assimilated itself with the Pantheistic mythology of that country, and has adopted all the Brahminical observances of caste.

caste. The Cor'an repeatedly and explicitly says that it is lawful to eat with those who have the Scriptures, *i.e.*, with Jews and Christians; the restrictions even upon wine and unlawful foods are propounded in terms so lax and vague that it requires but little sophistry to evade them; but for all this, by far the greater number of Indian Musalmans shrink with horror from so much as touching a Christian's cooking utensils; and would shudder, as much as any Hindoo, at killing a cow.

The fact is, that no matter what be the form of religion adopted by a race, the aboriginal traditions and prejudices are seldom if ever eradicated. The Muslim Bedawi Arab still turns towards the sun to pray, and prostrates himself in adoration before the new moon. The Chinese Muslim worships his ancestor by a tablet hung up in the very mosque. The rigidly Calvinistic negro Christian, as was proved in many instances during the recent disturbances in Jamaica, carries his fetish in his bosom still. The Italian peasant worships the gods of ancient Rome, under the style and title of Christian saints; and we ourselves, respectable, church-going, pagan-hating Christians though we be, keep the feast of the nativity of our Lord with rites and emblems borrowed from our rude pagan ancestors. What we should do, then, in order to understand the exact influence of Islam upon any individual race or people is, first to investigate the nature and origin of the creed itself, and next to observe how much of the native faith or superstition the particular phase of it exhibits.

Mr. Bosworth Smith gives us a most interesting account of the spread of Islam in Africa, where it is making grand strides. He is, however, a little too favourable in his estimate of the effects of Islam in civilising barbarous races. What he attributes exclusively to the religious idea, is much more often the result of the patriarchal social idea which prevails amongst Muslim races.

'Christian travellers,' he says, 'with every wish to think otherwise, have remarked that the negro who accepts Mohammedanism acquires at once a sense of the dignity of human nature not commonly found even amongst those who have been brought to accept Christianity.'—p. 38.

A great deal of the success of Mohammedanism is, no doubt, due to the social equality which it both preaches and practises—the exclusively Arabic element which the system contains.

'In India, for instance, Mohammedans make converts by hundreds from among the Hindus, while Christians with difficulty make ten; and this partly, at least, because they receive their converts on terms of entire social equality, while Europeans, in spite of all the efforts of missionaries

missionaries to the contrary, seem either unwilling or unable to treat these converts as other than inferiors. . . . The "negro" convert to Islam is received at once as an equal by the Arab, or the Moorish, or the Mandingo missionary, who has brought him his message; he is enrolled in a fraternity which has influenced half the world and in which negroes themselves have played no inconsiderable part. . . . The Christian negro, on the other hand, with few exceptions, still feels at an immeasurable distance from those Europeans to whom indeed he owes the message of love; but who, as a race, for centuries past have enslaved and sold him.'—*P. 246-248.*

Mohammedanism is antagonistic to many of the vices to which the negro is most prone. Drinking, for instance, brings out the very worst qualities of the savage nature, and the suppression of this vice is, no doubt, one of the chief benefits conferred by Islam upon Africa. As, Mr. Smith says:—

'when we reflect upon the havoc wrought by the "desolating flood of ardent spirits" poured into Africa by European merchants, what Christian should not rejoice that what a native African well calls a "Total Abstinence Association," extends now, owing to the spread of Islam, right across Central Africa from the Nile to Sierra Leone?'—*p. 53.*

But if Africa owes this boon to Mohammedanism, she owes, as the author fairly states, a much greater debt of gratitude to Christianity, and to England in particular, for the suppression of the slave-trade.

While agreeing with Mr. Smith that Mohammedanism has done great things for Africa, and raised many a tribe from the depths of ignorance and pagan superstition, with all their attendant brutalities and vice, yet we cannot altogether accept his more than implied conclusion that it is to the pure and noble principles of Islam alone to which such changes for the better are due. The negro possesses many sound, good qualities, amongst which good nature, and the faculty for forming strong and loyal attachments, are conspicuous; but he is also passionate, cruel, and prone to sensual indulgence, especially, as we have said, to the vice of drinking. A religion, therefore, which at least moderates his passions, instils into his mind an unqualified horror for all the rites and sanguinary observances of paganism, and which keeps him from the use of intoxicating liquors, must of necessity raise him morally, physically, and intellectually. But it is scarcely logical to deduce thence that the system which has worked so well with him is in itself an unmixed good, and capable of universal application.

If Mohammedanism has raised the degraded races of Africa to a higher position in the scale of humanity, and introduced learning,

learning, agriculture, and good government into places where they were hitherto unknown, let us give it all due credit; but to be fair we must not blind ourselves to the evils which have followed in its wake elsewhere. Look, for instance, at Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and Persia. How many thousands of miles of country, once under cultivation and teeming with population, are now unproductive desert and unpeopled? How many ruined towns and perished vineyards do we not find scattered over the Tih, Moab, the Hauran, &c., where Christian industry had once converted an arid desert into a blooming garden? The fact is that Mohammedanism, when it is brought for the first time into contact with a rude, uncivilised, and pagan people, exhibits itself in its best aspect, for it is in precisely the same circumstances as those in which it achieved its first and decided success. When, however, it is forced upon or brought into contact with a people of advanced civilisation, or even when the civilisation that it has initiated has reached a certain point, then the narrowness, the intolerance, the cruelty, and the sensuality of the creed lead to a speedy decadence of morality and national prosperity. Nor is it fair to compare the present condition of the Christian communities in the East with their Muslim neighbours, and argue thence that Christianity is less suitable for Eastern countries than Islam. We must not forget that in nearly all Eastern countries the Muslims are the feudal lords and the Christians the vassals, and grievously oppressed vassals they usually are; and a state of serfdom is scarcely the best adapted for bringing out the finer qualities of human nature. Ancient Greece surpassed all other nations in the liberal arts and sciences—its laws and its philosophy are models for our own time; but it was owing to the unqualified freedom of the Greek peoples that they attained such a position, certainly not to the religion which they professed, much as their paganism has been misunderstood.

Mr. Smith points out one fact which is of the utmost and gravest importance to ourselves. Islam is making marvellous progress in India. This being the case, it is obvious that our first duty as rulers of the country is to understand the system which forms the mainspring of action to so large a portion of the population, and which regulates their attitude to us. And yet, as the author of the Lectures says:—

‘There is probably nowhere a more profound ignorance of Islam and its founder, and a greater indifference to what it is doing in the world, than in England. Popular preachers and teachers still call the Prophet of Arabia an impostor; and military officers and even civil servants of the Crown, have gone out to India, passed years there,

there, and returned again, still fancying that Musalmans are idolaters.'—p. 60.

This statement, which we fear is too true, is an additional reason for insisting on the necessity of some such popular and liberal inquiry into the subject as the book before us has inaugurated.

The author draws a very graphic picture of what might have been possibly the future of the world had Islam been strangled in its cradle, and dwells especially upon the loss which Europe would have sustained:—

'The dark ages of Europe would have been doubly, nay, trebly dark; for the Arabs who alone by their arts and sciences, by their agriculture, their philosophy, and their virtues, shone out amidst the universal gloom of ignorance and crime, who gave to Spain and to Europe an Averroes and an Avicenna, the Alhambra and the Alcazar, would have been wandering over their native deserts.'—p. 126.

To this conclusion we must somewhat demur; for although the arts, sciences, and literature of which he speaks flourished under Muslim rule during the dark ages, we must not forget, as so many historians seem to do, that none of these blessings owe more to the Arabs than the permission to exist. It is solely to Persian and Greek influence that they survived; the simple but barbarous Khalifs during the first years of the empire left the whole of the administration of the provinces in native hands to such an extent that for some time Greek was the language in which the official acts of the Arab rulers were recorded. Persian artists designed and decorated their mosques and palaces; the gardens of Shiraz, and not the rude rocks of the desert, suggested the beautiful forms of tracery that we are accustomed to call Arabesque; the science and philosophy were all either Indian or Greek. In fact, it was Aryan civilisation, that would not be crushed out by rude invasion; it was history repeating itself, and

*'Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.'*

Under any other rule this civilisation must have lived; and although we cannot deny the Arab Muslims the credit of protecting and fostering it, we cannot allow them even the implied credit of inventing it. As for the influence of Islam on such tribes as the Monguls, Tartars, and Turks, the first, it is true, gave enlightened sovereigns to Hindustan, and displayed many Muslim virtues; the last two, the Tartar and the Turks, are, we venture to think, very unfortunate examples of the civilising powers of Islam. And, lastly, putting aside the question which

Mr.

Mr. Smith rather appears to ignore, whether Eastern Christianity would not have assumed a purer form, and by going back to the original doctrines of its Divine Founder, have accomplished even more for savage nature than Islam has done, it is by no means certain that the mild doctrines of Buddha, or the deism of Zoroaster, would not have exercised an equally beneficial influence over the human race as the sublime though unlovable doctrine of Mohammed.

But, the reader may well ask, to what conclusion does all this lead? We would reply, that it should teach us to regard Mohammedanism politically and religiously in a different light from that in which we have been accustomed to view it; to recognise it as a religion cognate, if inferior, to our own; but inferior though it be, capable of being admirably adapted to the requirements of Eastern peoples. In this sense it may be made a valuable instrument for good, and may be employed in the interests of progress and civilisation. If we cannot replace Islam by Christianity, let us accept the position and endeavour to develop Christian virtues out of the Mohammedan creed. Above all, we must recognise the fact that it is civilisation hand in hand with Christianity that benefits the world, and that Christian dogmas, without Christian virtues and Christian civilisation, can do but little for mankind. Let us preach Christ, by all means, but do not let us deny the traces of Him which we find elsewhere; and let us not withhold the blessings that we have derived from our fuller knowledge of Him from others, because they have a lesser share.

As a mere apology for the life and doctrines of Mohammed, Mr. Bosworth Smith's book would be a valuable addition to modern literature; but it is much more, and has a much higher scope and tendency. It is a bold, earnest appeal to Christian nations to act up to the spirit of their faith—to judge not, lest they be judged again—to pluck the beam of intolerance and spiritual pride out of their own eyes before they seek to extract the mote of misbelief out of their brother's eye. In short, it points out a line of conduct which, if pursued, will not only bridge over chasms of misunderstanding between East and West, but will hasten the realisation of the glorious promise proclaimed from Heaven itself, at the advent of our Lord, of 'Peace on earth and good-will towards men.'

ART. VIII.—1. *Promenade autour du Monde*, 1871. Par M. Le Baron de Hübner, Ancien Ambassadeur, Ancien Ministre, Auteur de 'Sixte Quint.' Cinquième édition, illustrée de 316 gravures, dessinées sur bois par nos plus célèbres artistes. Paris, 1877.*

2. *A Ramble Round the World, &c.* Translated by Lady Herbert of Lea. London. In Two Volumes, 1874.

BOSWELL relates that in giving Johnson an account of an interview with Captain Cook, he said that whilst he was with the Captain he caught the enthusiasm of curiosity and adventure, and felt a strong inclination to go with him on his next voyage.

'Johnson: Why, Sir, a man does feel so till he considers how very little he can learn from such voyages.

'Boswell: But one is carried away with the general, grand, and indistinct notion of a Voyage round the World.

'Johnson: Yes, Sir, but a man is to guard himself against taking a thing in general.†

Johnson systematically undervalued the sciences or branches of knowledge which were simply conversant with mere matters of observation or statistics; and as the conversation proceeded, it became evident that when he spoke of the 'little that could be learned from such voyages,' he was thinking of how little they had added to the common stock of intellectual wealth; how little they had done to enlarge or correct our notions of government, religion, or society. The early circumnavigators were certainly open to this reproach, if it be one. Magellan, Drake, Cavendish, Dampier, were by no means given to speculation or philosophy; and the later adventurers, even those who started avowedly for scientific objects, rarely ventured in their researches or reflections beyond the strict domain of navigation, natural history, and geography. Nor are we prepared to say that constitutional lore or the study of morals would have been

* Several of the illustrations of this edition, a splendid volume, are after sketches by the author. The preceding editions are in two volumes, octavo. A sixth, in duodecimo, is in preparation.

† 'Boswell's Johnson,' Murray's one-volume edition,' by Croker, p. 496. On a subsequent occasion, speaking of 'Cook's Voyages,' Johnson broke out: 'Who will read them through? A man had better work his way before the mast than read them through: they will be eaten by rats and mice before they are read through.' Goethe would have taken part with Boswell: 'Lord Anson's "Voyage round the World" combined the worth of truth with the fancy-realms of the fairy tale; and whilst we accompanied this excellent seaman in thought, we were carried far in all the world, and sought to follow him with our fingers on the globe.'—'Dichtung und Wahrheit.'

much the gainers if Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook, instead of confining themselves to their peculiar walks, had attempted to rival Montesquieu in basing systems of legislation or theories of human nature on the manners and customs of Bantam, Otaheite, or Japan. But now that the attainable surface of the globe has been repeatedly surveyed, leaving little to desire in the way of what may be called our objective knowledge of it, the time has come for looking beyond the surface and trying to solve some of the problems in social science suggested by the anomalous customs, manners and institutions, which travellers have hitherto described or commemorated with a note of wonder or an expression of surprise.

Baron de Hübner was the first to see and seize the opportunity thus presented of striking into a new line. There was no novelty in a voyage round the world, but there was something closely bordering on originality in an expedition on so extended a scale to study the workings of the strangely contrasted forms of civilisation or semi-civilisation in the countries which lay most directly across his track:

‘To behold, beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the virgin forests of the Sierra Nevada, civilization in its struggle with savage nature; to behold, in the Empire of the Rising Sun, the efforts of certain remarkable men to launch their country abruptly in the path of progress; to behold, in the Celestial Empire, the silent, constant, and generally passive—but always obstinate—resistance which the spirit of the Chinese opposes to the moral, political, and commercial invasions of Europe:—these are the objects of the journey, or rather of the ramble, which I purpose making round the globe.’

It would be more correct to say that these are the principal objects, for nearly a third of the work is devoted to the United States, and there is scarcely a topic bearing on the future of the Great Republic which he has not instructively, if not exhaustively, discussed. He is largely gifted with sensibility, imagination, a cultivated taste for art, a keen perception of the beautiful and sublime in nature: his descriptions of scenery, with the associated emotions, are instinct with the vitality of truth; he is as ready with the pencil as with the pen: but it is all along obvious that the outward aspect of things has only a secondary attraction for him, unless when they supply materials for thought. His own estimate of his vocation, of the true vocation of a traveller, is to—

‘Expatriate free o’er all this scene of Man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;’

and,

and, plunging fearlessly into the maze, he puts forth feelers in all directions to discover the plan. If his mode of proceeding is exceptional, so also are his qualifications, and when he speaks with confidence or authority, let it not be forgotten that it is as a trained politician, a practical and practised statesman, that he speaks.

Baron de Hübner, born at Vienna in 1811, was placed, after receiving the regular University education, in the State-Chancery, in the department of Prince Metternich, at whose feet he may be regarded as brought up. We find him in 1837 an attaché of the Austrian Embassy in Paris; in 1841, Secretary of Embassy in Lisbon; in 1841, Consul-General for Saxony at Leipzig; in 1848 he was placed in a highly confidential and responsible position with the Archduke Rainier, Regent of Lombardy, and was taken prisoner during the insurrection movements of that year. After a brief interval he was chosen by Prince Schwarzenburg to accompany the Emperor and Imperial family from Schönbrunn to Olmütz. On the formation of the Schwarzenberg-Stadion Ministry he was charged with the diplomatic correspondence of the Foreign Office. In March, 1849, he was sent on a special mission to Paris, where some months later he was accredited Minister Plenipotentiary to the President. He represented Austria as Minister or Ambassador in France till the war of 1859, and it was to him that Louis Napoleon addressed the menacing words which gave warning of the coming storm.

He next went on a special mission to Naples, and after representing Austria at Rome for a few months, he returned home to become Minister of Police under a Government with which he speedily disagreed. In 1865 he was named again Austrian Ambassador at Rome, which appointment he held till 1869. In the course of the following year he published his 'Sixte Quint,' which has been faithfully rendered into English by Mr. Hubert Jerningham, the accomplished author of 'Life in a French Chateau,' &c. Indeed, Baron de Hübner has been most fortunate in his translators, especially as regards the book before us. Of the many highly cultivated persons who have adopted or occasionally pursued the unassuming vocation of interpreter between France and England, no one has shown greater command of clear, idiomatic, flowing and appropriate language than Lady Herbert of Lea, or done more to prove the superiority of English to French in compass, richness and variety. It is hardly too much to say that she has done for Baron de Hübner's work what Coleridge confessedly did for Schiller's 'Wallenstein:' that, whilst venturing like him in an occasional

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occasional departure from the text, she has not only reproduced the glow and animation of his style, but, in passages (thanks to the instrument with which she works) has actually improved upon the eloquent original.*

After this preparation, the reader will be agreeably surprised to learn that his attention will not be rigidly confined to grave subjects.

‘On my road, I mean to amuse myself; that is, to see all I can which is curious and, to me, new: and every evening I shall note down in my journal what I have seen, and what has been told me during the day.

‘This being clearly understood, let us close our trunks and start.’

The start is made from Queenstown, May 14th, 1871, in the good ship ‘China,’ a Cunard steamer. In the brief course of a voyage up the Thames, M. Taine hits upon several typical men and women among the passengers. Baron de Hübner is equally fortunate before he has been many hours at sea. His neighbour at dinner is General K——, of the United States Army, who has seen service in the virgin forests of California, of Idaho, and of Arizona, ‘hunting with the red-skins, or being hunted by them, according to the various circumstances and varying policy of his government.’ To change the subject or ‘jump with one bound from the deserts of America,’ he has only to begin to talk with the young man in front with his distinguished air, careful toilet, and high-bred manners.

‘He is one of the merchant princes of the great English factory of Shanghai. With wonderful clearness he puts before me a perfect picture of the commercial position in China, especially as regards British interests. His way of judging of and estimating things is that of more than one European resident in the East. The Chinese Empire is to be forced to accept the blessings of civilization at the cannon’s mouth: they must kill a good many Chinamen, especially the mandarins and men of letters, and then exact a large war indemnity.’

The representatives of the United States are few, and despatched in a short paragraph:

‘There are also half a dozen young Yankees on board. They are men of business, and all of the same stamp: tall, straight, narrow-shouldered, flat-chested, with sharp, anxious, inquiring yet intelligent eyes, thin lips and sarcastic expressions. They seem to scent money in possession or in the future, to be obtained no matter at what cost or with what effort.’

* Our only objection is to the title. As ‘Promenade’ is now a naturalised English word, we see no reason for changing it into ‘Ramble,’ which reminds us that the first Italian translation of ‘The Rambler’ was entitled ‘Il Vagabondo.’

The after-deck is swarming with emigrants—men, women, and children, mostly Irish. Conspicuous amongst these was an Englishman, who was leaving his native country for ever, with the full sense of the sacrifice and the full conviction of its necessity.

‘An old man of eighty, the very type of a patriarch, leaning on the arm of a fine young fellow of one-and-twenty, has just crossed the deck. His manners are respectful and yet with a certain amount of dignity. He is an English peasant; a Somersetshire man. “Sir,” he says to me, “it’s late in the day for me to emigrate, but I leave nothing but misery in England, and hope to find at least bread to eat in the New Country. Here are my two grandsons,” showing me two lads by his side with a touching expression of tenderness and honest pride: “their father and my granddaughter have stayed behind in our old village, and I shall never see them again.” He gave a short cough; I looked another way, and he took advantage of it to brush his arm across his moistened eyes.’

Till past the middle of the last century, a Londoner, before setting out for Edinburgh, was wont to make his will and take a solemn leave of his family. But we were under an impression that, as things stand at present, he might engage a passage to New York at any period of the year without taking more care for the morrow than if he were starting for Exeter or Carlisle. This, we find, is altogether a mistake. There are times and seasons when the chances against his safe arrival are of a nature to shake the nerves of the most intrepid traveller if he were made acquainted with them, which, much to his disquiet, Baron de Hübner was. On May 20th, they sight a beautiful *aurora borealis* and a huge iceberg, brilliantly white, rolling heavily in the swell, while the waves beat furiously against its sides:

‘A sort of dull rumbling sound like low thunder is heard in spite of all the noise of the engines. The cold, pale sun of the Arctic regions throws a sinister light over the scene. It is all very fine and very grand, but not reassuring. We are in the midst of the Banks of Newfoundland. This evening we shall double Cape Race. By a lucky chance, the weather is quite clear. But if we had come in for a fog, which is the rule at this season, and had then struck against this floating mass of ice which took so little trouble to get out of our way, what then? “Oh,” answers the captain, “in two minutes we should have gone down”—and that is the unpleasant side of these voyages.’

The seventh and eighth days from the departure are the most critical; and hardly had the voyage begun, when the sailors began to discuss them, much as doctors talk of the critical days

in

in an intermittent fever. 'Until then, it's all plain sailing; afterwards, there's nothing to fear from the floating ice, but these two days!'

During a voyage of the preceding year, in July, 1869, the Baron's impression of the constantly recurring risk was confirmed as strongly by personal experience as it well could be, if he was to live to tell the tale. An impenetrable fog shrouded the Banks of Newfoundland. In the middle of the day it was almost as dark as night. Every moment, as the air seemed to thicken, the thermometer pointed to a sudden increase of cold in the temperature of the sea. Evidently there were icebergs ahead.

'But where? That was the question. What surprised me was, that the speed was not slackened. But they told me that the ship would obey the helm only in proportion to her speed. To avoid the iceberg, it is not enough to see it, but to see it in time to tack about, which supposes a certain docility in the ship, depending on her speed. Thus, as in many other circumstances of life, by braving a danger, you run the best chance of safety.

'I tried to reach the prow, which was not easy. We were shipping a good deal of sea, and the speed at which we were going added to the force of the wind, which was dead against us; we were making fifteen knots an hour. I tried to crawl along, struggling with the elements, nearly blown down by the wind and lashed by the spray. One of the officers gave me a helping hand. "Look," he exclaimed, "at that yellow curtain before us. If there's an iceberg behind, and those lynx-eyed fellows find it out at half a mile off—that is, two minutes before we should run against it—we shall just have time to tack, and then *all will be right*." I wished him joy of the position!'

The icebergs are not the only danger in a fog. The 'China' is on the high-road to New York, and as every one follows the same course, the ocean, so vast in theory, is practically reduced to a long street of 3000 miles, not half wide enough for the traffic.

'On this line at this very moment there are five huge steamers, each of which left New York yesterday in the day. Fortunately they are still at some distance off. But the sailing ships!'

'Isn't there a luggage train due?' asked the guard of an Irish mail train of the station-master. 'Well, I'm not quite sure,' was the reply. 'Then I'll just risk it,' rejoined the guard. There is a well-known story of an American captain, in a race between two steamers on the Mississippi, coolly seating himself on the safety-valve to keep up the pressure. Somewhat of the same imperturbability may have been observed in the commander of the 'China,' although, to do him justice, not until every possible

possible precaution had been taken to avoid a collision. The passengers are gathered together on the hatchway, used as a smoking-room, discussing their good or bad chances. The captain looks in to light his cheroot, and give himself the innocent consolation of swearing at the weather. He is aptly compared to a man running through a dark lobby, without knowing whether there are steps or not, and with a certainty that some one is running through it in an opposite direction.

'I never in my life, in any country, saw the air so thick as this evening, and yet we are running at the rate of thirteen knots and a half. These are terrible moments for the commanders of these ships! If there be a collision, the proprietors of the damaged or lost boats go to law. Should the result of the lawsuit be unfavourable to the Company, heavy indemnities must be paid, and the directors revenge themselves on the captain. At sea he risks his life, on land his credit and his fortune are at stake. What a hard lot, and what a horrible nuisance these fogs are! But this evening Captain Macaulay reassures his passengers. "We are the strongest," he says; "no sailing-ship could make head against the 'China,' if any boat founders to-night, it won't be ours."

'This comfortable assurance restores the good spirits of the company. Everyone goes to his cabin with the cool consciousness of his strength and of his impunity, and equally resolved to destroy without remorse the unhappy vessels which may cross his path. It is with these laudable sentiments that we lay our heads on our pillows and find, in spite of the continual screams of the alarm-whistle, the sleep of the just.'

The first observation of the traveller after his arrival at New York indicates a remarkable change in manners and modes of thinking that has been incidentally produced by the War of Secession. Formerly, when millionaires were comparatively rare, they shrank from making an ostentatious display of their wealth, which simply offended against the common feeling of equality without conferring any compensating advantage in the shape of social influence or respect. Since the war, so fertile of contractors, what most attracts the gaze in the 'beautiful Fifth Avenue,' at the fashionable hour of evening is the excessive luxury of the innumerable carriages, with their immense coats-of-arms emblazoned on every panel, the over-smart liveries, the almost priceless carriage-horses, and 'the somewhat extravagant dresses of the ladies, to whom Nature has been kinder than their dressmakers.'

'One tries to discover the moral link between all this ostentatious display, which though on a republican soil, is not afraid to show its face, and that thirst for equality which is the motive-power, as it is the

the spur, the end, the reward, and also the punishment of a democratic society like the American.'

Here, the Baron is in his element, and he is always worth following in his speculative moods, whether he lands the reader in an ingenious paradox or a new truth. His theory is that this invidious display is only tolerated by the working class or what in Europe are emphatically termed the people, because each is animated by the hope, which is far from being a chimera, of joining in the show—of seeing his wife, 'who to-day is rinsing bottles at a gin-palace, indolently stretched on the morrow in her own luxurious landau; or of driving himself in his gig with a fast trotter, which shall have cost five or six thousand dollars.' This ambition is frequently satisfied; curious and startling is the rapidity with which fortunes are made, unmade, and remade in the New World. But there is another kind of equality more difficult of attainment. 'Troth, uncle,' replies Mike Lambourne, 'there is something about the real gentry that few men come up to that are not born and bred to the mystery. I wot not where the trick lies; but although I can enter an ordinary with as much audacity, rebuke the waiters and drawers as loudly, and fling my gold as freely about as any of the jingling sparks and white feathers that are around me, yet, hang me, if I can ever catch the true grace of it, though I have practised a hundred times. The man of the house sets me lowest at the board, and carves to me the last; and the drawer says, "Coming, friend," without any more reverence or regardful addition. But, hang it, let it pass; care killed a cat.*' We should have thought that the American *parvenus* would be as indifferent about their position amongst gentlemen as Mike Lambourne; surrounded and kept in countenance as they are by numbers in the same predicament. But, according to the Baron, they are constantly struggling 'secretly, openly, even brutally now and then,' for admission into the circles for which they are hopelessly unfit.

'The result is this: men of cultivated minds and of refined manners, with a taste for historical traditions and, in consequence, for all things of European interest, withdraw themselves to a great extent from public life, make a little world of their own, and escape, as far as they possibly can, from all contact with that real life, and those great schemes which draw forth the riches of this extraordinary country, and create the wonders which fill us with surprise and admiration. It is allowable to exhibit a fearful amount of luxury, for material riches are accessible to all. But they carefully screen from the

* 'Kenilworth,' chap. iii.

vulgar eyes of the multitude, who feel they can never attain to such heights, those refinements of mind and manners in which consist the real enjoyments of life. These treasures are as jealously guarded as the Jews in the Middle Ages, or the Orientals in our own day, conceal their riches behind squalid walls and poor-looking dwellings.'

This is a rather exaggerated view of a social phenomenon by no means peculiar to New York; where a few families of long standing and hereditary distinction constitute a society which instinctively repels pretension and vulgarity. This is in the natural order of things. There is no studied concealment, nor, we believe, the least need of it. The multitude are not prone to envy what they cannot understand: they no more envy the denizens of this Faubourg St. Germain in miniature than they envy the scholar his lettered leisure and his books; and the newly enriched adventurer admitted within the charmed circle would feel like the hero in one of Paul de Kock's novels, who, having with difficulty gained admission to a *salon* where he knows no one, exclaims, '*Mon Dieu, je suis ici comme une obélisque.*'

There is no capital in Europe wholly free from the same description of fastidiousness, and ample excuses for it in New York may be found in the mixed character of the population and the superabundance of self-made men. But the Baron's observation is not limited to New York, and he goes on to state that the 'real gentlemen and ladies' of the United States, by way of standing protest against the supposed equality, 'form among themselves in the great towns of the East, especially at Boston and Philadelphia, a more exclusive society than the most inaccessible *coteries* of the courts and capitals of Europe.'

Boston is, or was, the transatlantic Athens. Boston society was at its best when Ticknor lived in and wrote about it; and we collect from his description that, if necessarily limited to persons of cultivation and refinement, its exclusiveness, such as it was, had nothing in common with the noble Faubourg of Paris or the *crème de la crème* of Vienna.

It was finely said of the churches of London, as seen in a panoramic view, that their spires and steeples, like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of heaven. What struck Baron de Hübner in the buildings devoted to Divine worship at New York was not merely their enormous number, but (with few exceptions) their small size.

'Seen from the river or from Jersey City at the moment of disembarkation, this huge metropolis unrolls itself before you in great masses of red, grey, or yellowish brick. One or two steeples at the outside rise above the roofs, which in the distance, seem all of the

same

same height, and to form one vast horizontal line stretching towards the plain beyond. Europeans who have just landed for the first time cannot help wondering how these two or three churches can possibly suffice for upwards of a million of Christians !'

They are speedily undeceived, for it would be difficult to name a community in which the spirit of religion, the genuine spirit, is more rife ; and it is in the very centre of luxury and vanity, the Fifth Avenue, that the material proofs of New York piety, alternating with worldly and debasing influences, abound :

' These little buildings, each consecrated to a different form of worship, are only accessories to the whole. They are only open during their respective services, and these services are only performed on Sundays. But there they are, and however poor they may be, they prove the existence of a religion in the hearts of these rich people, who had perhaps little or no time to think of their souls when they were making their fortunes, but who, now that they are millionaires, begin to believe that there is a future state.'

At Washington, where he passes three days, the all-absorbing topic was the Alabama Treaty ; and what he heard confirms what we have always thought and said concerning it. The leading official men had hardly made up their minds whether it could be accepted as a definitive settlement. The general public regarded it as an act of deference, a recognition of superiority. ' England has owned herself in the wrong, and has capitulated : neither more nor less.' But yet more to be regretted is the dissatisfaction of the Canadians, whose interests were thrown aside as of no account.

' Even before my departure from Europe, an eminent English statesman had said to me : " The separation from Canada is only a question of time. This treaty will hasten it. Before four or five years are over it will happen." Everyone knows how, in England, public opinion has familiarised itself with the idea of the loss of the colonies.'

There was a time when the current of public opinion was flowing strongly in that direction. The loss of our North American Colonies, it was plausibly urged, had not diminished our prosperity ; and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, no mean authority on such subjects, went the full length of maintaining that our Indian Empire added nothing to our strength. But a reaction has set in ; and, declining to be bound by the doctrinaire argument, people are beginning to ask, where is it to stop ? The constituent parts of the British Empire might be disposed of like Lear's knights. ' What need you five and twenty, ten or five ?'

five? What need one?' What need of India, Canada, Australia, the West India Islands, the Channel Islands, or even of Ireland? From the political economy point of view and assuming the universal adoption of free-trade, it would be difficult to prove that all our outlying dependencies are positive sources of wealth; but when we hear it contended that the power and resources of an empire are not dependent upon its extent, we are reminded of Johnson's reply to Dr. Taylor, who argued that a small bull-dog, well-shaped and compact, was as good as a large one: 'No, Sir, for in proportion to his size he has strength; and your argument would prove that a good bull-dog may be as small as a mouse.'

The American mania for titles contrasts amusingly enough with the popular doctrine of equality; and the Baron turns this peculiarity to good account. He makes a point of procuring introductions, not only to persons of consideration in the towns he proposes to visit, but to the station-masters and guards of railroads, the captains and stewards of steamers, the masters and mistresses of hotels.

'On the railroads I found my letters of introduction invaluable, especially when travelling alone. The station-master begins the acquaintance by shaking my hand, calling me "Baron" half a dozen times, and introducing me to the guard of the train. Then comes a fresh exchange of civilities. The guard gives me my title, and I call him "*Mister*." That's the custom in the Far West—they don't call one another "*Sir*," but "*Mister*," without adding the name; for no one has the time to inquire, or it is forgotten as soon as told.'

To insure proper attention there is another formality to be gone through: to be introduced by the guard to the man of colour, the waiter of the cars. Here there is no shaking of hands, which would involve too close a contact with the skin.

'In spite of the emancipation, we have not yet arrived at that! They become legislators, certainly, and even vice-presidents. At Washington, the seat of the central government, they are allowed to loiter insolently enough in omnibuses and cars and public places, and only to yield their places to women. But to shake hands with them! Pie! it is not to be thought of. The guard as a friend, the coloured man as a servant, become invaluable to you on your journey.'

With the guard the Baron found it convenient to establish the same sort of familiarity which Prince Hal encouraged in the drawer who clapped the pennyworth of sugar into his hand. Not liking the sleeping arrangements of the Pullman car, he takes his stand upon the platform at the risk of being jostled by the break men.

'To

'To judge by their hurry you would think it was a question of life or death. The guard, too, passes and re-passes, never without a gracious smile or a courteous word to me, as "Now, Baron," or, "Well, Baron; you're not gone to bed." Sometimes, as a variety, he says nothing, but merely presses my hand. Each time I ask him: "Well, how fast are we going, Mister?" And his answer invariably is: "Sixty miles an hour, Baron."'

Referring to the neglect of appearances by a middle-aged Englishwoman suffering from sea-sickness, M. Taine remarks that a Frenchwoman, even middle-aged, never forgets to adjust herself, to arrange her dress. Again, on the same occasion, describing two English girls: 'not the slightest trace of coquetry, none of our nice little tricks which have been learned and done on purpose: they never think about the lookers-on.' Neither, it would seem, do the American ladies under the equally disadvantageous effects of a night journey.

'The dawn begins to break. It is getting cold. I make up my mind to go back into the carriage. The coloured waiters are already putting away the mattresses. In the *rotonda*, a species of ante-room generally attached to the bed-carriages, the passengers in single file are waiting their turns before a somewhat miserable washing-stand; another is reserved for the ladies. The latter, with a laudable absence of coquetry, which, however, I should not recommend to any woman who cares to please, appear one by one in their dressing-gowns, carrying their chignons in their hands, and find the means of making their toilette in presence of the company, although I cannot say the result was generally satisfactory.'

At Chicago, his next resting-place, after taking possession of a charming room on the first floor of the great hotel, which, thanks to his letter of introduction and his title, had been allotted to him, he strolls into the streets:

'It was the hour of closing the shops and factories. Streams of workmen—men, women, and children, shop-boys, commercial men of all kinds passed me on foot, in omnibuses, in tramways—all going in the same direction—that is, all making their way to their homes in the quarters outside the town; all looked sad, preoccupied, and worn out with fatigue.

* * * * *

'I mix with the crowd, which drags me on with it. I strive to read in the faces I pass, and everywhere meet with the same expression. Everyone is in a hurry, if it were only to get a few minutes sooner to his home and thus economise his few hours of rest, after having taken the largest possible amount of work out of the long hours of labour. Everyone seems to dread a rival in his neighbour. This crowd is a very type of isolation. The moral atmosphere is not charity, but rivalry.'

The

The Michigan Avenue, the Mayfair or Chaussée d'Antin of Chicago, presents a wholly different aspect :

'There is an air of rest and idleness over the whole. Babies play in the little gardens, ladies, elegantly dressed, lie on the verandas, and rock themselves in armchairs, holding in one hand a fan, and in the other a novel. All of a sudden a new object strikes me. It is a house in the middle of the road. What a strange fancy! But no, this house moves, walks, comes near! Very soon all doubt on the subject is at an end. Placed on trestles resting on cylinders, one horse and three men, by means of a capstan, do the work. I stop from sheer surprise, and watch this singular phenomenon pass by. It is a building of two storeys. A veranda in full flower trembles under the slight shaking of the cylinders. The chimney smokes; they are evidently cooking. From an open window I catch the sounds of a piano. An air from "*La Traviata*" mingles with the grinding of the wheels which support this ambulatory domicile.'

When the moving house distracted his attention he was on his way to call on General Sheridan :

'I had crossed the ocean with him on my return to Europe, and last year I had met him at Rome. He welcomed me most cordially, and I was delighted to see him again. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan! These are the three stars, the three heroes who destroyed the Confederation, and by their swords brought about the cementing together of the two halves of the Union.' *

Here is the portrait of General Sheridan, hastily dashed off by the graphic pen of his visitor :

'His broad face, reddened and tanned and lined by the care, watchfulness, and emotions of the late campaign, breathes at once an air of simple modesty and honest pride. His brown eyes shoot lightning, and tell of the Celtic blood which flows in his veins. His countenance expresses intelligence, boldness, and that indomitable courage which seems to provoke danger. He wears his hair cut short, and is of middle height, with square shoulders and powerful limbs. His detractors accuse him of cruelty, and speak of him as the exterminator of the Indians; his friends simply adore him. Both one and the other talk of him as a dashing officer; in fact, one has but to look at him to understand that he is the sort of man who would lead on his soldiers to death or victory.'

Like all public men who have done great things (it is added), and 'who are not *somebodies* only, while they occupy the great

* The original runs thus : 'Grant, Sherman, Sheridan! voilà les trois astres, les trois héros qui ont brisé la confédération et, tant bien que mal, ressoudé avec leurs épées les deux moitiés de l'Union!' In the following portrait of Sheridan, also, the translator, trusting to her command of language, has not kept closely to the text.

situation which they owe to an irony of fate, to a trick of fortune or to intrigue,' the General detests popularity: 'I have the greatest horror of popular demonstrations,' were his words. 'These very men who deafen you with their cheers to-day are capable of throwing stones and mud at you to-morrow.' He was unconsciously paraphrasing the Scottish monarch in the 'Lady of the Lake':

'With like acclaim the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their warning note:
With like acclaim they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway,
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.'

After three days at Chicago, the Baron comes to the conclusion that in the Far West the towns are quickly seen and are all alike. 'One may say the same of the hotels, which play so great a part here, not only in the life of a traveller, but in the lives of the residents.' By living at an hotel, a couple save the expense and trouble of housekeeping; but how is the wife to occupy herself whilst the husband is at his office or his counting house? 'He only comes in at meal times and devours his food with the silence and expedition of a starving man. Then he rushes back to his treadmill.' There is no home, no domesticity; and the children, living, as it were, in public, grow up bold, confident, and pert. The chief education they get is the (when premature) corrupting education of the world.

'These little gentlemen talk loud, and are as proud and sharp as the full-grown men of their nation; the young girls at eight and nine years old excel in the arts of coquetry and flirtation, and promise to become "fast" young ladies. But nevertheless they make good and faithful wives. If their husband should be rich, they will help him to ruin himself by excessive extravagance in dress; but they will accept misery with equal calmness and resignation, and fly into the same follies as of old, the moment there is a change in the wheel of fortune.'

The deference paid to women in the United States is at once a privilege, a safeguard, and a recognition of their worth.

'Everywhere and at all hours she may appear alone in public. She may travel alone from the borders of the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, or the states of the Pacific. Everywhere she is the object of a respectful gallantry, which might be called chivalric, if it were less frivolous, and which sometimes becomes even grotesque and ridiculous. For example, I am sitting in one of those tramway-cars which cross
all

all the principal streets of the great towns. A tap of a parasol or a fan rouses me from my meditations, or perhaps from sleep; and I see standing right in front of me a young woman, who looks at me from head to foot, with an imperious, haughty, and even angry expression. I wake up to the situation, and hasten to give her my seat, which she takes at once, without deigning to thank me, even by a look or a smile. The consequence is, that I am obliged to perform the rest of my journey standing in a most uncomfortable position, and to hold on by a leather strap, which is fastened for that purpose along the roof of the carriage. One day, a young girl had expelled, in a peculiarly cavalier fashion, a venerable old man from his seat, who was likewise lame. At the moment of her leaving the carriage, one of the travellers called her back: "Madam, you have forgotten something." She turned hastily to retrace her steps. "You have forgotten to thank this gentleman!"

A French traveller, whom we recently had occasion to quote, has formed an exceedingly low estimate of female morality in the United States.* Baron de Hübner denounces such estimates as unfounded and unjust. Married women in America are, as a rule, unexceptionable. 'If they are too fond of dress, it is generally their husbands who wish it:' a difference between American and other husbands well worthy of being noted, if it exists. When there is anything wrong about the girls, it is that, if naturally lively, they are apt to become 'fast,' to resemble the Princess of Samoa and her attendant nymphs, who are described in 'South Sea Bubbles' by 'The Earl' as dancing the dances they ought never to have danced, singing the songs they ought never to have sung, and 'winking the winks they ought never to have wunk.'

'But this vulgar coquetry, however jarring to good taste, rarely goes beyond a certain point. Only, beardless boy, just arrived from Europe, don't be taken in by her! Be on your guard. There is always a father, a brother, or an uncle near, who, with his revolver, or the bowie-knife (the Arkansas toothpick) under his arm, is quite ready to ask you, with all imaginable politeness, if your intentions be fair and honourable.'

In the good old duelling days, it was well for a visitor in an Irish house to be equally on his guard, and the announcement of Lady Bink's marriage to Sir Bingo, at St. Ronan's Well, was preceded by the sudden apparition of a brother of the lady, an officer, who alighted from a post-chaise, holding in his hand a slip of a well-dried oak, accompanied by another gentleman in undress military attire, carrying an Andrea Ferrara and

* 'Les Etats-Unis Contemporains,' &c., par Claudio Jannet. Chap. xii.

'a neat

'a neat mahogany box, eighteen inches long, three deep, and some six broad.' Manners and customs in certain stages of civilisation bear a striking resemblance to each other in the most widely separated quarters of the world.

Before resuming his journey, the Baron pays a just tribute to the man to whom he was largely indebted for lightening and smoothing it.

'At Chicago I made the acquaintance of a great man. Every one has heard of the Pullman cars. Those who are going to travel to any great distance always try to procure one, and then marvel that this philanthropic vehicle has not yet been introduced on any of the European lines of railways. The inventor, who is just returned from Constantinople and Vienna, said to me: "Europeans are not yet ripe for these kinds of comforts; they don't know how to travel; but by and bye they will understand and appreciate me."'

Amongst the worthies entitled to a place in the Elysian fields, Virgil mentions—

'*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,*'

paraphrased rather than translated by Dryden—

'And searching wits, of mere mechanic parts
Who grace their age with new invented arts.'

Mr. Pullman comes strictly within the category, and deserves to be called great, at least as much as 'the great Twalmley,' who assumed the appellation on the strength of having invented a box-iron for smoothing linen. The Baron was particularly struck by the marks of respect shown to Mr. Pullman by the workmen, officials, and general public, as he solemnly led the way through the magnificent halls of the chief station.

'It was another Louis XIV. walking through the ante-chambers of Versailles. If you wish to convince yourself of the folly of people's dreams of equality, come to America. Here, as everywhere else, there are kings and princes. They have always been, and always will be to the end of time.'

There will always be inequalities of this sort, so long as personal qualities are unequal; there will always be kings and princes by the right divine of genius or intellect, if not by the ruder right of might or bodily strength. But this is tacitly admitted by the democrats, foolish as they may be, who protest against class privileges and hereditary rank: where they err is, in attaching undue importance to equality—

'not equal all but free,
Equally free, for orders and degree
Jar not with liberty but well consist.'

Political

Political liberty has not thriven in France under democratic institutions nor been promoted by equality, and its prospects are not much brighter in the United States. 'The republic,' exclaimed a rich farmer from Illinois in a Pullman car, 'has had its day; what we want now is a dictatorship Everything is going to the devil, and a military dictatorship is the only thing that can put things straight.' On this topic, adds the Baron, every man becomes eloquent. At last they agree upon the necessity of preserving their republic. 'It is indispensable,' they argue, 'as long as we have such a mass of uncultivated land. When America is more populated, then we must have a military dictatorship.'

He reaches Salt Lake City on the 4th of June. Mormonism was already tottering, more from external than internal causes, but he was able to note its most characteristic features on the spot, and a more interesting subject of philosophic speculation it would be no easy matter to alight upon in either hemisphere. There is nothing extraordinary in its rise and spread as a faith or creed. The credulity of mankind has proved inexhaustible in all ages. But what surprises and confounds, is the material prosperity which it created so long as it was let alone—its success as a social organisation in defying all the lessons of experience, rising superior to all the doctrines of economic science, and putting to shame the wisest legislators who have ever tried their hands at making men good and happy by systems of government or by set rule. If, it may well be asked, the tree is known by its fruits, what sort of tree is this that has thriven and borne so much good fruit, after having been stripped of its leaves and branches, torn up by the roots, and hastily transplanted to an arid waste?

Let us contemplate it at the lowest point of its fortunes, when it had undergone the worst that persecution could inflict, when its disciples had been decimated by massacre, when its founder had met a violent death in prison, and nothing was left for his successor but to take refuge with the remnant of the sect beyond the extreme confines of civilisation. Brigham Young's reconnoitring expedition to the Valley of the Salt Lake, was undertaken in the spring of 1847. This chosen spot was then unknown, except to hunters and trappers, who described it as an arid desert, hemmed in by rocks; the water brackish and unfit for drink, and the vegetation confined to wild sage and sunflowers devoured by locusts almost before they could spring up. An old trapper offered to give a thousand dollars for every head of corn raised in the valley.

'Probably the information collected upon the spot by Brigham Young

Young was somewhat more encouraging: anyhow the emigration was resolved upon. They started in the depth of winter in a multitude of caravans—men, women, and children in waggons, on asses, in wheel-barrows, on foot—and took the road to the banks of the Missouri, and from thence straight on to the Rocky Mountains. The distance was upwards of 1500 miles, and that through a country almost entirely deprived of all resources. Misery, privations, and mortality cruelly tried, without subduing, the courage, perseverance, and fertility in expedients of the Prophet, or the resignation, patience, and blind faith of his followers. Since the exodus of the Israelites, history has never registered a similar enterprise.'

In less than twenty years the Valley of the Salt Lake seemed in a fair way to resemble the Happy Valley of Rasselas, or—

'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain.'

Seen through the Claude Lorraine glass of novelty and contrast, the New Jerusalem fastened on the imagination of traveller after traveller as a city of villas with gardens abounding in fruit and flowers, inhabited by an industrious, pious, contented population, exempt from poverty and crime.

Baron de Hübner, coming later into the field and taught scepticism by experience, has lifted a corner of the veil and to a certain extent disenchanted us, although fully admitting that marvellous influences have been at work, marvellous effects produced, and that the grand director, the worker of all these wonders, was Brigham Young.

"*Labour and Faith*"—that is their device—those are the two words which are for ever in Brigham Young's mouth, and which, in fact, explain these strange phenomena. But what secret motives caused the birth of this faith in the hearts of those who never possessed anything of the sort at the time they embraced these new doctrines? How has this transformation been effected? The Mormons tell you "It's inspiration." But that is no explanation. . . . That which the gentiles give you is not more satisfactory. I would not, however, let myself be discouraged. I went on questioning, thinking, and watching, and the following are the conclusions to which I at last arrived.'

We cannot congratulate the Baron on having got to the bottom of the mystery, although he has let in some fresh light upon it; and we must remind him that the Mormons placed the same implicit faith in Joe Smith, their founder, who once undertook, in imitation of the Scripture miracle, to walk dry-shod over a deep river. Pausing on the brink, he turned to his disciples and asked, 'Do you not believe I could do what I say?' Receiving a unanimous response in the affirmative, he coolly walked

walked away saying, 'Then, it is just the same as if I had done it,' and they remained unshaken in their faith. Indeed the chief novelty of the Baron's theory is that what leads the immense majority of the neophytes to adopt Mormonism is not faith, meaning religious faith, at all: that the inducements supposed to be urged by Brigham Young's recruiting sergeants or crimps are purely mundane.

"Here," exclaims one of them to a Welsh audience, "you are nothing but slaves—slaves of misery, if not a master. In the Valley of the Saints, independence awaits you; independence and ease, at any rate—perhaps riches. No more servile subjection; no more privations; no more cares. In this world, as in the next, your future is assured." Then addressing himself to the young men among his audience with that sinister smile peculiar to the Prophet and his followers, he speaks of the delights of the harem, and of the beauty of the young girls of Deseret, promising them as many wives as they please—developing, in fact, the whole theory of plurality. "Compare the state you are now in with what you may be," he exclaims, in conclusion, "and choose!"

The manner in which the missionary is selected and despatched resembles the speeding of the fiery cross by Roderick Dhu through his clan. Malise, the henchman, brings it to a family assembled to attend the funeral of its chief. The principal mourner, the son and heir, receives and carries it on till he encounters a bridal party. The bridegroom drops the hand of the bride to grasp the emblem of blood and strife:

'Clan Alpine's cause, her chieftain's trust,—
Her summons dread, brooks no delay:
Stretch to the race—away! away!'

'Away, away,' is Brigham Young's summary mandate when he wants a missionary for haply one of the most distant regions of the earth.

'He always chose his emissaries by inspiration. It has often happened to him to accost a perfect stranger in the street. Following a sudden inspiration, he will tell him to start, and give him an apostolic mission to Europe, Australia, or to the islands in the South Seas. The man thus summoned, leaves wife, children, and business, and starts.'

Relying on the unanimous testimony of the best informed persons on the spot, Baron de Hübnér states that these missionaries never attempt to preach to the rich or even to those who are tolerably well off or moderately educated; and after a rapid summary of the trashy or unintelligible Mormon doctrines, he asks:

'Is

'Is it possible that the preaching of such doctrines should touch people's hearts, strike their imaginations, and attract from the worst quarters of London, from the dockyards of Liverpool, from the agricultural population of Wales, the 3000 or 4000 converts who arrive every year on the borders of the Salt-Lake City? It is quite impossible.'

The wants of the emigrants were provided for, till they were able to provide for themselves. They were at once allotted land to cultivate or build upon, and supplied with tools and materials. But they were held accountable for the price or value to the community, *i.e.*, to the Prophet, and duly inscribed on the debtor side of his books. He is, in fact, the real and sole creditor, the sole capitalist, the sole employer of labour, throughout the entire territory; and the territory is larger than many European kingdoms. 'He has in consequence the reputation of being the richest man in the United States. People say he has a fortune of upwards of twelve millions of dollars;' that is, if he could realise it, which he palpably could not. If the community are bound to him, he is equally bound to the community; and how he has managed to get so good a return for his or their investments is an art which both individual capitalists and co-operative societies would do well to learn of him. To account for his getting so much good work out of such labourers, such teeming produce from such a soil, we come back perforce to faith. Blind confidence, unlimited devotion on the one part; judicious management, mild patriarchal government on the other—these were the true causes, the indispensable conditions, of Mormonite prosperity whilst it lasted. There was no talk of Creeds or Articles. At the formation of the Conservative Ministry of 1858, a noble Duke, a distinguished member of the party, being asked what he understood by Conservatism, replied, 'Lord Derby.' A Mormonite similarly called on for a definition of his principles, would have replied, 'Brigham Young.' Baron de Hübner states that the community not only live in utter subjection to this man, but are in fact his prisoners; that his rule recalls that of the Cæsars, when (in the words of Gibbon) 'to resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly;' that any fair victim of polygamy who should dream of a separation or divorce, would find herself in the condition of Zelica, in the 'Veiled Prophet,' when she consents to fly with Selim:

'Scarce had she said

These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread,
Rang through the casement near, "Thy Oath! Thy Oath!"'

Any recalcitrant or troublesome member is put out of the pale of the law, and his goods are confiscated.

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'And if it be a question of real, active, dangerous heresy, why such men simply *disappear*. Sometimes their remains are found; sometimes not. The few gentiles who are allowed to live here are only tolerated; but their existence is not an enviable one. Woe be to them if they dare to make love to a Mormon girl! The offender would be simply torn to pieces. This has been done more than once. Add to all these things, the difficulty of getting here and the impossibility of leaving the city without the consent of the Prophet, and you will allow that the isolation is complete.'

The Baron must have been misinformed. Brigham Young's rule could not have inspired the willing obedience which it did inspire, or have produced such beneficial results, or been permitted to endure so long, had it resembled a Vehmgericht or been stained by violence or crime. The most was made of every sort of charge that could be brought against him, and the establishment of polygamy was by common consent the worst.

'Verily,' said the son of Abbas, 'the chiefest of the Moslem was the foremost of men in his passion for women.' This passion grew upon Mahomet as he advanced in years, and as the Koran only allowed four wives or concubines, he procured a plenary indulgence, through the Angel Gabriel, to take as many as he chose. Sooner or later he had sixteen or seventeen, and at Medina he had eleven occupying separate apartments around his house. Brigham Young resembled Mahomet as well in vigour of constitution as in the late development of the sexual passion. It was not until 1852 that, in order to gratify the lusts of the flesh without open sin or scandal, he revived and sanctioned the patriarchal doctrine of a plurality of wives. To justify this step, he produced a revelation, notoriously apocryphal, which, he said, Joe Smith had received a year before his death. He was generous enough to allow to others the privilege he certainly created for his own special delectation: it being, however, distinctly understood that no one was to marry more wives than he could maintain, and no one to marry at all without a licence from Brigham Young:

'The higher a man advances in the ranks of hierarchy, the more his duty compels him to use the privilege of plurality. Brigham Young at this moment, possesses sixteen wives, without counting sixteen others, who are what is called *sealed*. Some of these latter live with him in a conjugal fashion, but the greater part are treated as widows or old maids, who by this means, hope to become, in a future state, what they are not here below—the real wives of the Prophet. George Smith, the historian, has five wives; the other apostles content themselves with four. None have less than three.'

A sealed

A sealed wife is a spiritual wife; she is not married in the flesh; and she may be *sealed* to two husbands, one for this world and one for the next. The peculiar relations established by *sealing* are not explained; but Baron de Hübner is hardly justified in terming it a 'system of ignorance and credulity worked in favour of human lust under the pretended invocation of God.' All preceding travellers agree that the relations of the sexes are far from standing on a loose or immodest footing amongst the Mormonites. But there are abundant signs that polygamy is degrading to women, and fatal in the long run to the domestic virtues and domestic happiness, even assuming (a rash and untenable assumption,) that the recognised supply of women could be kept up. Symptoms of the real tendency of the practice fell under the personal observation of the traveller:

'In the carriage where I have installed myself, I have an opportunity of watching one of the effects of polygamy. The greater part of the men are travelling with two wives: some even have brought three with them; but the youngest is evidently the favourite. The husband does not trouble his head about any of the others, he only talks to her and buys her cakes and fruit at the station. The other neglected wives, resigned to their fate, sit by, with sad and cross expressions. This kind of scene is perpetually being repeated. In fact, it is in the nature of things.'

He gets into conversation with a car-driver, who had one wife domiciled at the east and another to the west of the city. 'It is economical,' he said; 'and, besides, it avoids scenes of jealousy.'

In his interview with Brigham Young, after duly recognising the claims to superiority of one 'who has made his will a law to his disciples, and taught them how to transform a desert into a garden,' the Baron, referring to the Mormonite practice of polygamy, declares the general opinion of Europe to be, that it is a shame to woman and a disgrace to the country in which we live:

'Here the audience gave an ominous growl of dissent. The President started; but contained himself. After a few moments of silence, he said, speaking in a low voice and with a slightly disdainful smile: "Prejudice, prejudice, prejudice! We have the greatest of all examples—the example of the patriarchs. What was pleasing to God in their day, why should it be proscribed now?" He then went into a long explanation of a theory which was new to me, regretting that men did not imitate the example of animals, and treating the subject of the relations of the sexes in so confused and at the same time so ambiguous a manner, that it was next to impossible to understand his meaning; but he arrived finally at the conclusion that polygamy was the

the only effectual remedy for the great social evil of prostitution. Then he interrupted himself by exclaiming, 'As for the rest, what I do, and what I teach, I do and teach by the special command of God.' When I got up to take my leave, he took my hand, drew me towards him and murmured, closing his eyes, "Blessing, blessing, luck!"

The population principle has been hitherto defied with impunity, but its operation cannot be long delayed. Children, we are told, swarm. You tumble over them in all directions. M. Remy says that the Prophet had nine born to him in one week. He had forty-eight living when Baron de Hübner was at Salt Lake City, his last baby being then five months old. A story is told of his seeing two boys quarrelling in the streets, and after administering a sound drubbing to one of them, inquiring whose son he was? 'I am President's son,' was the reply.

The traveller's next stage is Corinne, a town that had sprung into existence within four years. He puts up at the 'Hotel of the Metropolis,' a wretched plank hut, and, by dint of interest, secures the best bed-room, exactly six feet square; a thin boarding separating him from his neighbours, on one side a young Mexican with his wife, who sing and play on the guitar; on the other a rich China merchant and his suite, whose vicinity is disagreeably made known by the smell:

"John," says my landlord ("John" is the generic name of all the children of the Celestial Empire), "John smells horribly, like all his countrymen. It is an odour *sui generis*, but for you, it is a good opportunity of preparing yourself for your voyage to China."

The streets are full of white men armed to the teeth, miserable-looking Indians dressed in the ragged shirts and trousers supplied by the Government, and Chinese with yellow, hard, intelligent faces. 'No town in the Far West gave us so good an idea of what is meant by border-life, *i.e.* the struggle between civilisation and savage men and things.' The most prominent part in this struggle has been enacted by the 'rowdy,' whose pride and glory it is to have been always ready with the revolver and the bowie knife, to have shot down or stabbed his man or men in open day, and to have again and again defied or evaded justice by audacity and craft. This estimable species have fairly fastened on the imagination of the Baron. Not content with placing them amongst 'the great' as Fielding, by an ironical definition of greatness, managed to place Jonathan Wild,* he insists on making them the objects of a hero worship

* 'Greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them.'—FIELDING.

which

which throws Mr. Carlyle's into the shade. In another sphere, and with a moral sense (unluckily wanting) added to their courage, energy, and bodily strength, some of them, he contends, may have had their names inscribed on the rolls of fame as benefactors to mankind:—

'To struggle with and finally conquer savage nature, certain qualities are needed which have naturally their corresponding defects. Look back and you will see the cradles of all civilisation surrounded with giants of herculean strength, ready to run every risk and to shrink from neither danger nor crime to attain their ends. The gods and heroes of ancient Greece had loose ideas enough of morals and propriety; the founders of Rome, the *adelantados* of Queen Isabella and Charles V., the Dutch colonisers of the seventeenth century, were not remarkable for conscientious scruples, delicacy of taste, or particular refinement of manners. It is only by the peculiar temper of the times and place, so different from our days, that we can distinguish them from the *backwoodsman* and *rowdy* of the American continent.'

Yet such is the ingratitude of mankind, so reluctant and tardy the appreciation of greatness, that the very generation most indebted to the rowdy and best acquainted with his quality, was ever the most eager to cut short his career by the halter. We need only refer to what happened at Cheyenne:—

'In the first years of its existence it was, like Denver and Julesburg, and other new cities in this country, the rendezvous of all the roughs. Its orgies were fearful, and murder and rapine were the order of the day. In the language of the place, the young rowdies dined on a man every day—that is, that there was not a night, that at the gambling-tables or in the low public-houses, which swarmed in the town, one man or other did not come to an untimely end. At last, the better disposed at Cheyenne organised themselves into a vigilance committee, "and one morning," writes my "Great Trans-Continental Railroad Guide-book," "we saw, at a convenient height above the ground, a whole row of these desperadoes, hung on a cord. The warning was understood; and their companions, not fancying a halter, relapsed into order. By which means Cheyenne became a perfectly quiet, respectable town."

We shall presently see that precisely the same course has been taken with these pioneers of progress at San Francisco, and with nearly similar results. Speaking of the adventurers, who, 'less fortunate or less clever, close their short and stormy careers hanging from the branch of a tree,' the Baron remarks, 'These are the martyrs, the others the heroes, of this species of civilisation.' It is to be feared that the martyrs outnumber the heroes.

An object which met his eye and excited his fancy at a station

station on the railway to California was an immense quantity of silver ingots, forming two high walls, waiting to be loaded on the trucks. 'A huge mass of money, piled up in the sun, in the heart of the desert. Certainly the prose of daily life and the poetry of the Thousand and One Nights run very close to one another in the Far West.' Notwithstanding the fascination of such sights, one of the first things that struck him in California was that the gold diggings had lost much of their attraction, and were beginning to be neglected for less dazzling sources of wealth. There is a familiar apologue of two brothers who land together on the coast of the supposed Eldorado. The younger hurries off to the interior in search of the precious metals. The elder, who has brought seeds and farming utensils, selects a fertile spot which he cultivates with success. At the end of two or three years the younger returns laden with gold, but worn, wasted, the shadow of his former self, and in want of all the necessaries of life. These are readily supplied to him by the agriculturist, but they are charged item by item, and when the adventurer has completely recovered his health and strength, he is startled by the presentation of a bill of charges for food, lodging, medicine, clothes, &c., which considerably exceeds the full amount of his gold. Indignant at this hard-hearted proceeding, he is about to give vent to reproaches, when he is told that he is welcome to keep his gold, that no payment will be accepted, the bill of charges being only meant as a lesson to indicate the superior advantages of prudence, foresight, and regular industry.

Such is the moral of this apologue, which has been pointed and strengthened by dearly-bought experience in California. The real wealth of the country is now generally acknowledged to consist in the fertility of the soil; and agriculture is bringing about a revolution no less desirable in a social than in an economical point of view:—

"Mining is a curse," are the words in everyone's mouth. It would be difficult to express this conviction more eloquently than was done the other day by a Protestant minister preaching in San Francisco. "Don't let us deceive ourselves," he exclaimed. "History has proved that society can never organise itself satisfactorily on an auriferous soil. Nature itself is in bad faith. It corrupts, seduces, and cheats a man. It laughs at the sweat of his brow. It transforms his toil into a game of chance, and his word into a lie."

In 1849, when the California fever broke out, San Francisco could not boast of more than four houses deserving of the name. When the Baron was there the inhabitants were computed at from 130,000 to 140,000. Few of the first comers made or (if they

they made) kept fortunes. Gold passed through their hands as through a sieve. During many years the state of things fell little short of downright anarchy:

'At the mines, killing toil; in the town, perpetual orgies; everywhere strife, murders, and assassinations. Blood and absinthe flowed on all sides. It was simply a hell upon earth; not the hell of Dante, but the hell imagined by the two brothers Breughel—one of whom painted scenes of peasant debaucheries, and the other devilries which only a Dutch imagination of the seventeenth century could have invented. It was the acme of gross and yet grotesque vice.'

At length the Northerners got the upper hand of the Missouri men, and established the famous Vigilance Committee; which hanged right and left and (as the Baron might say) made martyrs of rowdies who were on the high road to heroism, till something like order was established and life and property were protected in a fashion. Then trade and commerce sprang into life and vigour on a scale proportioned to the requirements of a people who insist that everything belonging to them shall be great: who boasted, during the War of Separation, that they would have the largest debt in the world: not then foreseeing that they would soon be surpassed by France.

Coleridge was wont to maintain that the habitual contemplation of large objects has an expanding effect upon the mind; and he recommended a York attorney to take a house opposite the Minster with the view of neutralising the contracting influences of his profession. Baron de Hübner incidentally confirms this doctrine:

'Like the commercial man, the Californian trader is distinguished by largeness of views, boldness of conception, and a natural disposition to venture large means to arrive at great results. One might fancy that the size of everything in nature inspires men with grandiose ideas. This is one of the principal charms of the country, and one of the causes which bring back most of those who have lived here for some time.'

Unless things have greatly changed for the worse within the last five years, all who have their fortunes to make, or are tired of our humdrum commonplace life, should start at once for California.

'There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind.'

The moral atmosphere, as the Baron found it, is like the air you breathe, and acts upon body and soul like champagne or laughing gas:

'The life you lead is the same. You are in opulence or in misery.
If

If the latter, why then, work! You are the master of your own destiny. And so they do work, and speedily become rich. In the "early days," and not so very long ago either, it was a common thing to see gentlemen standing at the corners of the streets offering their services as porters. You saw them dressed in one of Poole's best coats, carrying sacks of flour, trunks, pianos, and the like, for a dollar at a time. Now, we are far removed from this exceptional and primitive state of things. Everyone has found his place. Hands are not wanting: only the price of hand labour, which seems fabulous to us, remains the same.

Nor is living extravagantly dear. You could be boarded, he states, and lodged at the best hotels for 17½ francs a day. New York and London, he goes on to say, are fairly distanced by San Francisco, and the explanation is that there is no bad system of the past to vitiate the present or curtail the future.

'The past! Why there is none! That is the secret of Californian life. Add to this, that money is always at hand for everything. That is, one has it or not, as the case may be; but if at this moment your exchequer is empty, to-morrow it will be full. So it comes to the same thing; for everyone has credit. They do not, therefore, draw back before any question of expense.'

The climate also has its charms and you can always change it in an hour. You have only to cross or re-cross the gulf. Then again the extraordinary abundance of fish, flowers, and fruit at Francisco. 'The very sight of these treasures of nature piled up in the public market-places, and on all sides, rejoices one's heart.' The very description makes one's mouth water. Men of letters and gentlemen of the press form an important body in San Francisco, and one of the most distinguished, Mr. Hubert Bancroft, is quite as enthusiastic as the Baron in its praise. This gentleman declares that there is something indescribably fascinating about California, 'a peculiar play of light and shadow on the hills and in the heart, an atmosphere aerielly alcoholic.'

'Said one of the expatriated by the Vigilance Committee to the captain of the steamer on reaching Panama: "Captain, this is no place for me: you must take me back to San Francisco." "But they will hang you higher than Haman, if I do." "Captain," whined the evildoer, "I would rather hang in California air than be lord of the soil of another country."'

To complete the resemblance to the Elysian fields, San Francisco is still graced by the presence of many retired heroes who were fortunate enough to escape the martyrhood of the halter—

'Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.'

* 'The Californians.' By Walter M. Fisher. London, 1876.

• It

'It was not till I had listened to these modern Romuluses that I understood the foundation of Rome; the ardent passions of the men who marked out its boundaries; who laid the first stone, watered by the blood of a brother; in the daily strifes for the soil, which they fought for with each other as much as with the wild beasts.'

An excursion to the 'Big Trees' of Mariposa and the Yosemite Valley has become so much the fashion at San Francisco, that the traveller would forfeit all character for spirit and enterprise if he shrank from the expedition, although the distance, going and returning, is 440 miles, the mode of travelling disagreeable, and the accommodation bad. The Baron joined a party of excursionists starting under the conduct of Mr. Coulter, the Californian Cook.

'What an idea of a party of pleasure! Nevertheless there is some fun in it. There are three or four grave and silent Yankees, with their wives; but there is a large family party from Omaha, who form the noisy element;—a young lady, the very type of the "fast girl" of the period, with a lot of young men, her brother and his friends, all "swells" of the Far West. There are also a father and mother, but they are only accessories.'

His powers of description are displayed to advantage on the road, but we must come at once to the object of the journey, the Big Trees:

'There are more than four hundred, which, thanks to a diameter of more than 30 feet, to a circumference of more than 90 feet, and a height of about or more than 300 feet, are honoured with the appellation of the *Big Trees*. Some of them have lost their crown, or been in part destroyed by fire, that scourge of Californian forests. Others, overthrown by tempests, are lying prostrate on the soil, and are already covered with those parasitic creeping plants which are ever ready to crop up round these giant corpses. One of these huge hollow trunks makes a natural tunnel. We rode through it in all its length on horseback without lowering our heads. Another, still standing and green, permits a horseman to enter it, turn round, and go out of it by the same opening. These two trees form the great attraction of the tourists.'

The ground on which they stand, 8000 feet above the level of the sea, is a deep hollow of the mountains, covered with a thick virgin forest. They were discovered in 1855, and a law has been passed for their protection. The discoverer, an Englishman, gave them the name of 'Wellingtonia,' by which they are known in Europe, but the Americans have christened them '*Sequoia gigantea*,' after an Indian chief who had been killed to the whites.

An accomplished traveller who preceded Baron de Hübner in

in 1867, states, on the authority of a scientific Commission, that the trees are 612 in number, almost in one clump, and that the largest, the 'Grizzly,' is 36 feet in diameter and 360 feet high, 20 feet higher than St. Paul's. The first branch is 230 feet from the ground.*

Twenty miles from the 'Big Trees' is the Yosemite Valley, which has been bought by the Californian Legislature to exclude the miners and preserve unsullied the primitive beauty of the spot. These sacrifices to taste should be remembered when the Americans are twitted with an exclusive devotion to dollars and cents.

What struck the Baron most in the Yosemite Valley were the rocks; the classic simplicity of their shapes contrasting with their enormous size as they rise all in one piece from the depths of the gorge up to the sky.

'It is said that in order to appreciate the grandeur of the nave and cupola of St. Peter's at Rome, you must see them many times. Here the traveller feels just the same. Nature, good architect and good gardener, has chosen to put such harmony in the proportions of this landscape, that it is less by the eyes than by calculating heights and distances that one is enabled to take it in. But having done so, one is filled with astonishment, with admiration, with respect for the powerful Hand which, in modelling these rocks, has stamped upon them the impress of its grandeur.'

Social equality in this district is pushed to such an extreme that it becomes inequality. The recognised etiquette is for the attendants of all sorts, bullock-drivers and grooms inclusive, to take their meals, at the same table, off the same dishes.

'We are called again at four o'clock. The farm servants and our coachmen breakfast first, as usual. Behind the chair of each of the servants a traveller is patiently standing; he is watching for the moment when the place will be free and he can take possession of it. After the servants have finished their breakfast quite at their ease—and they take their time about it—one of the coachmen gets up and turning round to us, says, brutally: "Now, eat fast." Another adds: "We'll give you ten minutes. Those who are not ready then will be left behind."

On July 1st, the Baron leaves the pier of the Pacific Mail Company in one of their steamers for Japan. It is a voyage of

* 'Pekin, Jeddo, and San Francisco. The conclusion of "A Voyage round the World." By the Marquis de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Agnes and Helen Stephenson, with fifteen engravings from photographs. London, 1872.' The entire voyage is comprised in three volumes. It was made in an opposite direction from Baron de Hübner's, and begins with Australia, which occupies the whole of the first volume.

five thousand miles without a break, but its duration, owing to the normal calmness of the sea, can be calculated to a nicety, and 'on the 24th July, a little after nine a.m., exactly as we had been promised at San Francisco, we step on the mysterious shores of the "Empire of the Rising Sun."' Having recently devoted an article to 'Japan, as It was and is,'* we shall be comparatively brief in our notice of the chapters of the Baron's work relating to it, replete as they are with valuable information and suggestive remarks. We shall limit ourselves to some passages in which he depicts with his wonted force and vivacity the most remarkable customs and institutions; which it may be useful to fix because everything in Japan is in a transition state. So rapid have been the changes, that reforms which hardly three years since struck us as revolutionary and unsafe, have since been quietly and efficiently completed.

Others equally sweeping are in progress. Take, for example, the short work that has been made with the landed aristocracy, who, in Old Japan, the Japan of twenty years since, were as powerful as the English Barons under the Plantagenets or the great French nobles till Richelieu took them in hand. They consisted of 260 great feudatories or chiefs of clans, named daimios, with bands of armed retainers, varying from 200 to 2000, attached to them by ties even stricter than those that bound Evan Dhu to Fergus M'Ivor or the Campbells to M'Callummure. The notions of duty which actuated these men, and the resulting lawlessness, may be collected from the legend of 'The Forty-seven Rôins,' for which we are indebted to the graceful pen of Mr. Mitford.†

Passing over the introductory details we come to the scene which is the main cause of the catastrophe. A daimio, named Takumi no Kami, having been insulted in the palace of the Mikado by another daimio, named Kôtsuké no Suké, drew his dagger and was with difficulty prevented from killing the aggressor, who escaped with a wound. Takumi was arrested, tried by the imperial council, and condemned to perform *hara kiri*, i.e. to commit suicide by disembowelling. This sentence involved all the consequences of an attainder. 'Such was the law. So Takumi performed *hara kiri*; his castle of Ako was

* The 'Quarterly Review' for July, 1874. When this article was written, only the first volume of Mr. Adam's 'History of Japan' had appeared. The second volume was published in 1876, bringing down the regular history to 1871, and including occurrences of a more recent date.

† 'Tales of Old Japan.' By A. B. Mitford, Second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan. In Two Volumes. With Illustrations drawn and cut on wood by Japanese Artists. London, 1871.

confiscated,

confiscated, and his retainers having become Rônins,* some of them took service with other daimios and others became merchants.' Forty-seven of these, including Oishe Kuranosuké who acts as their chief, form a league to avenge their deceased lord and restore the honour of his house by inflicting exemplary vengeance on Kôtsuké. By a series of stratagems, involving an extraordinary amount of endurance and self-sacrifice, they succeed in throwing their intended victim off his guard, and on a cold night in mid-winter they arrive unsuspected before his castle. The high sense of honour which actuated them was shown by the message which they sent to the neighbouring houses :

'We, the Rônins, who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kôtsuké no Suké, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night-robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighbouring houses. We pray you to set your minds at ease.'

An animated picture is given of the assault, which is as fertile of romantic episodes as the storming of Front de Bœuf's castle in 'Ivanhoe.' The place is taken after a desperate defence, and Kôtsuké, a noble-looking man, sixty years of age, draped in a white satin sleeping robe, is dragged from a place of concealment into the presence of the Rônin leader, who drops on his knees before him, and after explaining the purpose of their coming in the most respectful terms, concludes: 'I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And, now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara kiri*. I myself shall have the honour to act as your second, and when with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi no Kami.'

Kôtsuké, we shame to say it, was unequal to the part. He could not make up his mind to die with dignity, to die the death of a noble; and after courtesy had been pushed to the utmost limits, and every topic of persuasion exhausted, the Rônin chief threw him down and cut off his head with the same dagger with which their deceased lord had disembowelled himself. They then went their way rejoicing, carrying the head in a bucket, till they came to the monastery in which Takumi no Kami was buried. After laying it on the tomb, Kuranosuké gave all the money he possessed to the abbot, and said: 'When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara kiri*, I beg you to bury us decently; I rely upon your kindness. This

* *Rônin*, literally 'wave man,' means a person entitled to bear arms, who has been released from or thrown off the feudal tie, and is (so to speak) 'upon the loose.'

is but a trifle I have to offer, such as it is, let it be spent in masses for our souls.' The performance of this operation on their part was not altogether optional, as they were formally condemned for murder; but they one and all met their self-inflicted death nobly; their corpses were buried in front of the tomb of their lord; 'and when the fame of this became noised abroad, the people flocked to pray at the graves of these faithful men.'

This legend dates from 1727. It rested on oral traditions or popular tales, scattered and varying, till Mr. Mitford reduced them into artistic form and consistency. But the principal facts are historical. The tombs are one of the lions of Yedo. In the written justification (still extant) found on their bodies, they quote a precept of Confucius: 'Thou shalt not live under the same sky nor tread the same earth as the enemy of thy father or thy lord.' 'How,' they ask, 'could we read this verse without blushing?'—

'Only three years ago (remarks the Baron), a man, after having prayed before the tomb of young Chikara, the son of Kuranosuké, disembowelled himself. The wound not being mortal, he cut his throat. Why? A paper found on his body declared that he was a ronin who had wished to enter the clan of the Prince de Chôshi; that his petition had been refused; that he would not serve any other master; and that he had, in consequence, come to die and be buried by the graves of the brave. This was in 1868. How, after such facts as these, can one believe that the historic constitution of a country, which is the growth of centuries, can suddenly fall into ruins?—that all the feelings and ideas which form its groundwork and its moral basis have vanished, and that, with a few decrees on rice-paper "*on changera tout cela*," as Molière's Médecin exclaims?'

Yet this historic constitution was in process of dissolution when the Baron was deprecating its fall. Witness his own reception by the Mikado, the omnipotent and infallible, who used to live secluded from the gaze of even his own subjects, like the Lama of Thibet. This transcendental personage absolutely condescended to ask advice from a foreigner, whose very presence within the sacred precincts of the palace was a profanation by the laws, religion, and customs of Old Japan:

"I hear," he said, "that, for a long time, you have filled important positions in your own country, and that you have exercised the office of ambassador on several occasions. I do not exactly understand what has been the nature of your occupations. If, from the results of your experience, you have learned things which it would be useful for me to know, I beg of you to speak without reserve to my principal counsellors."

In

In accordance with etiquette, the Mikado only murmured these words between his teeth, emitting almost inarticulate sounds. These were repeated by a high official and translated by the dragoman. The Baron made a reply, settled beforehand, in which, after expressing the highest confidence in his Majesty's Ministers, he hazarded a hope that they would proceed with circumspection, and bear in mind that many things which are good in Europe may not prove so in Japan.

'I do not think I shall ever forget the scene of this morning: that fairy-like garden; those mysterious pavilions; those grave statesmen in their gorgeous court dresses, walking about with us in the shrubberies of those beautiful pleasure-grounds, and that oriental potentate who presents himself like an idol, and who believes and feels himself to be a god.'

On conversing with the counsellors to whom he was referred, he found that they had already abolished the feudal rights of the daimios and had formed a plan for disarming the samurais, the class of feudal retainers whose distinctive privilege it was to wear two swords, which they were in the habit of using, with or without provocation, in a way to create a general feeling of insecurity. All the murderous assaults on members of the British Embassy were committed by these two-sworded gentry, and Baron de Hübner had a narrow escape in a chance encounter with three of them.

'It is always the same story. Two samurais drink together in a tea-house. They begin talking of the foreigners. One gets excited and says, "I am quite determined to kill one of them." Another gets up and cries, "I'm your man—we'll go together." They go out and with their swords, which are as sharp as razors, they cut in pieces the first white man they may chance to meet. They do not for a moment forget that their own lives will be forfeited by the act. They make up their minds beforehand to sacrifice them.'

It seemed likely at one time that the samurais could only be disarmed or suppressed by some such summary measures as were taken with the Janissaries, but the desired result was effectually brought about by the commutation of their hereditary pay or pensions, followed by an edict authorising them to lay aside their swords, of which they readily took advantage and joined the regular army or sank into ordinary citizens. In fact, fashion, public opinion, and the new order of things had set in with a force against which they found it impossible to stand out.*

* Adams, vol. ii. p. 285. The recent insurrections of the disestablished samurais and others appear to have been easily suppressed. (The 'Times,' Dec. 28, 1876.)

It was mainly by the assertion of the supreme authority of the Mikado that so many radical changes were effected; and not many years since the Mikado was little better than a myth. He was regarded as the spiritual head, with no more temporal power over the empire than was held by the Pope beyond the secular dominion of the Church. Lord Elgin treated with the Siogun, a kind of hereditary Mayor of the Palace, who, with the feudal aristocracy, really governed the country; and Sir Rutherford Alcock entitles his valuable work '*The Capital of the Tycoon*,'* this being a title signifying sovereignty, which the Siogun had assumed to throw dust in the eyes of the French and English plenipotentiaries, whose involuntary error in mistaking the vassal for the lord hastened his downfall by rallying round the adverse standard all who hated or feared the foreigner. Deeming this an insufficient cause for so sudden a downfall, Baron de Hübner did his best to discover a more satisfactory one.

'On this capital point, as on so many others, one is reduced to conjectures. Iwakura alone (the Secretary for Foreign Affairs), to whom I ventured to address the question, gave me a clear and precise answer: "*The Sioguns*," he said, "*were detested by the Japanese nation, who are full of loyalty and affection for its legitimate sovereign the Mikado.*" "But how does it happen, then, that the Japanese nation, so full of attachment to the emperor, has borne with these usurpers for seven centuries; and why has their long dormant loyalty so suddenly woke up into life?" To this question he made no answer whatever.'

Amongst the many marked symptoms of growing liberality under the new régime is the unchecked circulation, in 1871, of a Japanese pamphlet strongly advocating the introduction of Christianity.† Its favourable reception, however, will appear less surprising if we reflect that the Japanese mind, rushing from one extreme to another, is beginning to resemble the French mind immediately prior to the revolution of 1789, and that the national religion has been long regarded by the cultivated class much as the classical mythology was regarded by the wits, philosophers, and fine gentlemen of Greece and Rome. When Confucius was questioned by one of his disciples about the other world, the sage made answer: '*I have never been there, so I know nothing about it.*' Such, remarks the Baron, is the faith of the present Privy Council of the Mikado:—

'Religion is at a low ebb. None but women and old men go out of their houses morning and evening, at sunrise and sunset, to adore

* '*The Capital of the Tycoon: A Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan.*' In 2 vols. 1863.

† Adams, vol. ii. p. 301.

the beneficent luminary. As a general rule, no one prays, except to obtain a favour. Wives ask the gods to make their husbands faithful; the sick plead for health, young girls for a new gown, a jewel, a lover, or a husband.'

The Japanese women, with the exception of the higher class, are not particularly distinguished by modesty. But the higher class doggedly adhere to a custom from which a European dragon of virtue would instinctively recoil. Immediately on the adoption of the married state, they disfigure their faces so as to destroy all semblance of beauty, if it exists: the professed object being to avoid temptation,—to prevent the seduction of flattery, to which in a weak moment they might succumb. This is plausible enough as regards the wife, but how about corresponding fidelity in the spouse? Mr. Oliphant states that when the wife has pulled out her eyebrows and blackened her teeth, the husband places her at the head of his establishment, and adds to it an indefinite number of handmaidens who have not gone through the process of disfigurement. 'Hence it seems not difficult to account for the phenomenon, which is universally admitted, that, whilst Japanese wives are celebrated for their virtue, their husbands are no less notorious for their licentiousness.'*

Besides, as regards the wives, what a want of self-reliance, of conscious virtue, they exhibit: what a fund of merit they throw away—

'Let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame; he who in virtue arms
A young warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.'

This is equally true when the young warm spirit is a woman; when the parts of tempted and tempter are reversed. It was told of Madame de Staël—the lady who said that in her '*Mémoires*' she had only drawn herself *en buste*—that she avowedly disliked praying to be saved from temptation 'because it was so pleasant.'

There is another practice common to both sexes, against which we should have expected the fair sex, at all events before marriage, to rebel. Referring to Iwakura, Baron de Hübner says: 'He told me he was forty-eight years old. In Japan, as in China, the question of age is the first which well-educated people address to one another.' In most civilised countries, such questions are generally regarded as ill-bred, and it is only persons

* 'Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan,' vol. ii. p. 114.
who

who are or think themselves superior to conventional rules, that venture on them. When they do, it is perhaps allowable to answer as a celebrated lady long past her teens answered William the Fourth, who asked her how old she was, 'Fourteen, your Majesty;' on which, not hearing or not attending to her reply, he proceeded to put the same question to two or three others in succession. We have no reason to doubt that the Japanese magnate told Baron de Hübner the truth, when he said he was forty-eight; but, as a general rule, when a man volunteers to tell his income, or a woman her age, he or she is meditating a fib.

Baron de Hübner left the 'Empire of the Rising Sun' for the 'Celestial Empire,' which he reached in the beginning of October, 1871. Here, again, he is on well-trodden ground. What a difference since (in 1778) Johnson's exhortation to Boswell, on his saying that he would go to see the Wall of China but for his children. 'Sir, by doing so you would do what would be of importance in raising your children to eminence. There would be a lustre reflected on them from your spirit and curiosity. They would be at all times regarded as the children of a man who had gone to see the Wall of China. I am serious, Sir.' So many have not only seen the famous wall, but most of the other objects of interest in China, that little fame or importance remained to be won in it by the most enlightened traveller. But Baron de Hübner seldom fails either to place familiar things in a new point of view or to make them the subject of reflections which a superficial observer would have missed. Immediately after landing at Shanghai he begins to speculate on the respective shares of the English and French in creating it, now a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, after a desperate struggle with nature and every species of difficulty. He assigns the chief credit to the English, who own nine-tenths of the capital and (he says) are signal examples of the national spirit of self-reliance and self-help.

'The English factory is the creation of individuals, helped by the moral support, and exceptionally and very rarely by the military and naval forces of their government. The French establishments are the work of the government itself, accomplished with or without national concurrence.

'The official agents of France march at the head of their colonists, whereas the British functionaries only form the rear-guard and reserve. The first inspire and direct their countrymen; the second protect and often have to control them. The official agents of both countries are the constant object of the criticisms of their countrymen. The English complain of too much interference, the French of

too little. The English exclaim: "Our consul meddles in everything;" the French, "Our consul cares for nothing."

M. Taine contrasts the confusion and disorder which follow the overthrow of a constitution or the downfall of a dynasty in France with what he thinks would have been the self-possession of the English if the Gunpowder Plot had met with plenary success. 'Only the peak of the Government would have been carried off; the rest would have remained intact; the exploded peers and members would have been speedily replaced.' Baron de Hübner would agree with M. Taine:—

'Withdraw these officials, take away the French flag, recall the French ships in the harbour, and I would bet you ten to one that in a few years the whole establishment will have disappeared. In an English factory things would be quite different. After the departure of their consul and of the Queen's troops, the residents would set about at once maintaining order, and, if necessary, organising a defence against an external enemy.'

But here his praise of us as colonisers stops short. If colonisation consists in carrying civilisation into the heart of the native population of the territory you occupy, then, he contends, the Portuguese and Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth century deserve to be esteemed the first colonisers upon earth.

'Thus, see the results. Wherever the Spaniards have reigned we find Indian tribes who have embraced Christianity, and adopted, in a certain measure, our habits and ideas. The greater part of the politicians whom we now see at the head of their republics are of Indian origin. I have had pure Red-skins as colleagues; and I have seen ladies of the same colour, dressed by Worth, delighting in Patti's *roulades*. I do not quote these personages as models of statesmen; or these fair critics as great authorities in music; but the fact is none the less significant. Well, this is the work of Spanish colonisation. Can one say the same thing of the effect of English emigration? Evidently not. I set aside all question of India, which I have not yet visited. But everywhere, especially in North America, the contact of the Anglo-Saxon race with semi-barbarous savages is fatal to the latter. They only adopt European vices; they hate and fly from us, and that is the wisest thing they can do; or else they perish miserably. In every way they remain what they have always been—savages. But what is the use of discussing the comparative merits of different nations? Rather let us render to each their due.'

There is great use in discussing the comparative merits of nations. It is the only way in which they can profit by the experience or example of each other. Nor need discussion prevent our rendering their due to all.

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The Wall of China impresses him less than the walls of Pekin:

'The walls of Pekin are fifty or sixty feet high; twenty, forty, and fifty feet wide; and of a circumference of more than twenty English miles.

* * * * *

'Pekin is like a great camp of barbarians bivouacking round the tent of their chief, and sheltering those who till the ground. The nomad protects the tiller of the soil. Ah! it is indeed Asia; and I understand that, in the imagination of the people of the high central lands from Ural to Kashgar, from Kiachta to Hindukush, Shuntian (Pekin) is the city of cities, the terrestrial paradise, the centre of the world. To me it is the type of the ancient cities mentioned in the Bible. It is Babel or Nineveh—grand, heroic, and barbarous.'

At Pekin, he grapples boldly with the grand question, how to reconcile the general look of decay with the qualities and disposition of the Chinese, whose energy, activity, and intelligence have made them such formidable rivals in so many foreign labour markets. This question was raised, more than once, in a company comprising the most distinguished members of the diplomatic body at Pekin and others who had enjoyed the best opportunities of considering it.

"This decadence," I asked, "is it only apparent, or is it real? Is it the nation or only the dynasty which is being extinguished?"

"This is a theme," they answered, "which is both complex and inexhaustible. China is a country of contradictions. The ideas of the people are essentially conservative. Their ways of thought, habits, dress—saving some insignificant modifications—are to-day what they were a thousand or a couple of thousand years ago. But nowhere are buildings constructed which are so little solid or durable. With the exception of a pagoda at—(the name escaped me)—in the province of Kiang-si, of which the construction goes back to the tenth century, there is not in the whole empire a single edifice which reckons more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty years.

"They are essentially patriarchal; and yet, except eight or nine princely families, they have no hereditary nobility. On the contrary, the nobility conferred by the emperor descends one degree in each generation, and finally disappears. The son of a marquis, for instance—that is, of a man whose rank corresponds with the rank of a marquis in our country—will be an earl; his son, again, a baron: his grandson will have no title at all."

This accounts in some measure for the absence of stability. Then there is a bureaucracy whose action for all useful purposes is neutralised by forms. All their offices are circumlocution offices. An instance is given in which the Finance Minister begins by writing to the Finance Minister, *i.e.*, himself. But the

fount and origin of all the evil is the autocratic centralised character of the government. The unanimous opinion of the Baron's informants was thus expressed :

'The trade of a sovereign is no sinecure in China. If the emperor takes no part in public affairs, or if he neglects to fulfil his duties, public interests suffer. Thus, look at Pekin at this moment; the streets are like gutters, the streams are all open, the flags of marble, which formerly covered them, are broken, and their scattered pieces still further impede the circulation; the temples are in a state of dirt, which would be shocking to the faithful, if the faithful ever visited them; the public buildings are in the most deplorable state; and outside the capital, the canals, those great arteries of the country, are more than half ruined; the royal roads are transformed according to the season, into dried-up torrents, rivers, or marshes. All this is the result of the last two reigns. An energetic, active, and intelligent prince would put all this to rights, and, in a few years, do away both with the effects of the bad government of his predecessors, and the decadence which strikes every European, but which does not surprise the natives.'

The (then) reigning emperor, Tungche, eight years old in 1871, died in 1875, and was succeeded by an infant, so that the traveller may still exclaim with the poet—

'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.'

We part with reluctance from this book, and so will every qualified reader who takes it up. The tone, spirit, and mode of treatment are excellent throughout. If it were ever our destiny to put a girdle round the globe, or to survey mankind from China to Peru, we should desire no better companion or guide than the author. He has all the qualities that could be required in a fellow-traveller: large experience, ample knowledge, a well-trained intellect, a fertile fancy, animation, observation, and sagacity.

ART. IX.—1. *Parliamentary Papers.* Turkey, 1876.

2. *A Handy Book of the Eastern Question; being a very recent View of Turkey.* By Sir George Campbell, M.P. London, 1876.

3. *Russia before Europe.* By Alfred Austin. London, 1876.

4. *England's Policy in the East.* By the Baron Henry de Worms. London, 1877.

THE 'Eastern Question'—so long the dread of wise statesmen and thinking men—has at last come to a crisis, under the

the circumstances most favourable to those whose interest it has long been to bring about the catastrophe, and most unfavourable to those who desired to deal with the question peacefully, and to the advantage both of Europe in general and of the populations of Turkey, Mussulman as well as Christian. During a breathing space hardly gained from the Servian war, by which the settlement of 1856 has been wantonly disturbed, and amidst the excitement of feeling roused by the insurrection and massacres in Roumelia, a Conference of the great Powers, to whose comity Turkey was formally received by the Peace of Paris, has met at Constantinople. The invitation was given by the Queen's Government, in accordance with the one aim which they have steadfastly pursued, of using every diplomatic means—at such times and in such ways as offered any hope of success—for the restoration and permanent establishment of peace, and the amelioration of the state of the Christian as well as the other subjects of Turkey, on the basis of the existing settlement of Europe and the disavowal of all designs towards territorial aggrandisement; and this invitation was distinctly accepted on these grounds by all the Powers. The Plenipotentiaries assembled avowedly to confer on equal terms, according to diplomatic usage and international law; but really—if we may believe the vaunt of the enemies of Turkey—to impose on her the decision of the allies, with whom she ranked as an equal among equals. By the 7th Article of the Treaty of Paris the sovereigns of France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Sardinia 'declare the Sublime Porte admitted to a full part in the advantages of the public law and concert of Europe;' but, as if with equal authority, the Russian organs now informed Turkey that 'she was summoned, not to discuss, but to hear the will of Europe.' Our readers know but too well how this sentiment was echoed by a portion of the English press, and how any proposals were declared inadequate unless they humiliated Turkey—'which of course they must,' said a weekly paper—and 'superseded her sovereignty' in a part of her own dominions. Faster than the journey of the Plenipotentiaries to Constantinople was the march of the mobilised Russian hosts towards the Pruth; and long before the envoys of peace had arrived, the Grand Duke Nicholas—who had inherited his father's spirit with his name—started to take the chief command, with the blessing of the Patriarch of Moscow and the congratulations of the Governor on the opening of 'his military achievements.' Amidst the earnest professions of peace and friendship for England, which accompanied these acts, the Czar insisted with equal frankness on his resolve to act alone if he failed to obtain his demands in concert with the

the other Powers; and he openly assumed the leadership of the Slavonic uprising.

We pause for a moment in this brief review of the situation, to note two Articles of the Treaty of Paris, which is still the public law of Europe, binding the conduct of all its signatories both towards Turkey and towards each other in relation to Turkey. The 7th Article, partly cited above, proceeds:—‘Their Majesties engage, each on his own part, to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire; they guarantee in common the strict observance of this engagement, and will consequently consider every act of a nature to infringe upon it (*à y porter atteinte*) as a question of general interest.’ A strict observance of this article might well have summoned Russia to ‘hear the will of Europe’ as to the enterprise—or rather, the commission—of ‘our volunteers’ in Serbia, especially in the light of the 29th Article:—‘No armed intervention can take place in Serbia without previous agreement between the high contracting Powers.’

The other Article, which has an even more important bearing on the circumstances of the Conference, is the 8th: ‘If there should arise between the Sublime Porte and any one or more of the other signatory Powers a disagreement menacing the maintenance of their relations, the Sublime Porte and each of these Powers, before resorting to the use of force, *shall give the other contracting Powers an opportunity of preventing this extremity by their mediating action.*’ Now, apart from the other obvious bearings of this article, it proves the perfect consistency of the Conference with the Treaty, and furnishes a decisive answer to the insidious plea, that our Government, in assembling the Conference, have themselves made a breach in the treaty, which Russia and her friends may cite as a precedent for ‘tearing it up.’ Here, too, is the remedy provided for that *constructive* breach of the treaty, of which Mr. Gladstone has striven hard to convict Turkey.

While Russia was thus declaring her resolve and making her preparations to take her own course, encouraged by her friends in England, Turkey at the same time responded to her armaments and prepared to anticipate her demands. The separate deliberations of the Plenipotentiaries of the six Powers—a diplomatic innovation justified only by the strong necessity of the case—went on while Midhat Pasha put the finishing touches to his Constitution and supplanted the honest but less daring Rushdi in the office of Grand Vizier. With whatever hope for Turkey that revolution might be pregnant, it was an ill omen for the success of the Conference, when at its first meeting

meeting the reading of the scheme of the six Powers was interrupted by the boom of the guns which announced the proclamation of the Constitution (December 23). The holy Christmastide opened with little promise of 'peace on earth;' and the New Year's Day of 1877 saw the Turkish members of the Conference for the first time brought really face to face with the demands of their colleagues. The exact nature of those demands, the spirit in which they have been framed and discussed, the manner in which they have been presented, the reception they have met with, the counter-proposals of the Turks, and the consequent modifications of the programme, could be only imperfectly stated in the absence of official documents; but the result will probably be known before these pages reach our readers. Even should the Conference break up, less formal negotiations will in all probability be continued, not without hope, while neither of the two parties between whom the first issue lies is ready for war; just as the diplomatic conferences at Vienna were prolonged in 1853, even after Russia had crossed the Pruth.*

The interval offers one more opportunity to set before our readers a calm and impartial statement of the questions now at issue, the causes which have brought on the crisis, the deep interest which England and all Europe have in the result, and the reforms—as well as the means of effecting them, of securing their reality, and of watching over their execution—which are indispensable if the Eastern Question is to be satisfactorily settled. We confidently believe that the suggestions and advice which we venture to offer will be supported by those who have had the longest experience and most intimate acquaintance with Turkey and its inhabitants, and we are not without hopes that they may not only guide the public in forming a correct opinion, but even our senators and statesmen in steering their future course.

According to the theories of a modern school of politicians, the 'balance of power' is an exploded delusion, only deserving of contempt; but we have now a proof of the wisdom of those statesmen who devised it. France, deprived of the position and influence she held before her war with Germany, is no longer able to take the part due to her as a great Power. Germany and Austria are equally hampered by the conviction that there is no

* A curious symptom of the ignorance of the history of the Crimean War, which prevails amidst so much confident discussion of its policy, is furnished by the mistake, often repeated even by some leading politicians, that the war began as soon as the Russians crossed the Pruth. The river was crossed by General Luders on July 2nd; but the Porte did not declare war till October 5th.

'balance of power' in Europe—no aid or ally upon whom they can surely depend—and by the fear that their position may be seriously compromised by a false move; nay, in the case of Austria, that her very existence might be at stake. England, whose ancient foreign policy, founded by the wisdom and experience of her greatest statesmen, is forsooth to be reversed by a passionate and illogical outcry, fomented partly by honest and partly by designing persons, scarcely knows where to turn for support or allies. The other great Powers, believing that no truly great and national policy can be considered durable, which depends upon an outburst of popular feeling, cannot trust England, fearing that the same popular feeling may demand to-morrow exactly the contrary to what it has insisted upon to-day. They hesitate, therefore, to enter into any permanent alliance with us or to trust our policy.

If there were one cardinal principle of English foreign policy, it has always been the maintenance of Constantinople and the Dardanelles in the hands of a Power from whose hostility and ambition England had nothing to fear. We supported the Turks because they were there, and we had nothing to put in their stead which would be equally safe and advantageous for us, or for the peace of Europe and the world. The only other Power that could possess Constantinople and the Dardanelles was Russia, and every English statesman, and, indeed, every true Englishman until lately, felt instinctively that Russia in possession of that post would be the greatest danger and menace to England. It is now a fashion to put this opinion on one side as something almost too ridiculous to deserve serious consideration; but the very emphasis with which the bare assertion is made betrays that consciousness of danger, which many of the agitators admit, while professing to regard it as but remote and hypothetical. This question will be dealt with presently, and the reasons and grounds on which the real English view is founded will be pointed out.

Meanwhile it is absurd to accuse any serious party or statesman in England of having been 'Turcophile'—a friend of the Turk for the Turk's sake. It is easy to launch this accusation against those who would now support the best and highest interests of England by checking the dangerous ambition of Russia; but it is entirely false. Lord Palmerston, who is denounced by some as the chief supporter of the Turks in recent years, was no more a 'Turcophile' than Mr. Gladstone. It has been confidently stated that were he now alive he would have sided with Mr. Gladstone. This we can with equal confidence deny. Lord Palmerston was too great and wise a statesman,

statesman, too jealous of the honour and interests of England, to have done anything of the kind. He would have condemned, with all the earnestness and sincerity of Mr. Gladstone, the atrocities committed by Turkish irregulars; but he would not have allowed them to have disturbed his judgment, or to have made him abandon a policy founded, not upon any love for the Turks, whose misgovernment and evil-doings no man ever more sternly and more effectually denounced, but upon what long experience, political sagacity, and calm reflection had taught him, and even greater men than him, was essential to the real interests of his country.

The great problem that had to be solved was this. Every one admitted (except perhaps some eccentric individuals who may merit the epithet of 'Turcophile') that Turkish rule unreformed and unchanged would become an anomaly in Europe, and could not continue to exist by the side of modern civilisation and modern government; that that rule was bad and corrupt; that the dominant race, the Ottomans, had privileges and claimed a superiority that was hurtful and insulting to the Christians and others whom they governed; that the race itself was gradually losing its strength and power, and even dying out; and that sooner or later it would probably cease to exist as a governing people in Europe. Who, then, was to take the Ottoman's place? How were the Christians to be prepared, so as to be able to take up their inheritance when the time came? Would it be better to break up the Ottoman Empire suddenly, and to leave Powers without and Christians within to fight and to scramble for its 'debris,' the strongest getting the largest share, if not the whole? Or would it not rather be better to tolerate the present state of things for some time yet, to allow the Ottoman rule to expire of itself, and to give the Christian populations time and opportunity to improve themselves by education, to increase in wealth, and to attain the political and social influence which comes from education and property—every exertion being made at the same time to induce the Turkish Government to administer justly and impartially, and to secure to the Christian as good and fair treatment as possible? The first of these courses is and has been the policy of Russia; the second has always been that of English statesmen like Lord Palmerston, and of every wise and foreseeing European statesman,—except the Russians.

This practical alternative should be borne in mind when unreflecting and ignorant people are crying out that the Eastern Question must not be 'patched up,' but must be dealt with thoroughly and at once. What does this mean, unless that it is
better

better to plunge into war, to sacrifice tens of thousands of human lives, to bring utter misery upon millions of human beings, to create general confusion, to sow the seeds of future wars, if not to cause an instant one, in the vain hope of accomplishing that which is being wrought out surely and peaceably and effectively by time and patience. This denunciation of 'patching up' is as mischievous as it is wicked. Every year of peace is so much gained; renders the Christians better able to take their proper place when the time comes; and, what is of infinite importance, removes from Europe the chance of a universal war of doubtful issue.

It is utterly untrue to say that no improvement has taken place in Turkey, that the Christians are as much oppressed and as badly governed now as they were fifty or five-and-twenty years ago. No one who desires to be honest and impartial will venture to repeat an assertion, the quiet taking of which for granted, and its perpetual reiteration, are among the hundred proofs of that ignorance of Turkish history during the last twenty years and more, on which the agitators have successfully played. To the popular mind Aali and Fuad are unknown names, and Midhat's government of Bulgaria as if it had never been. Whether a much greater improvement might not have taken place? whether the Turkish Government has done all or nearly all that it ought to have done? whether it has fulfilled the promises and hopes given to Europe after the Crimean War? are other questions. But no one really acquainted with Turkey and its various populations will deny that the Christians are more wealthy; that they are better educated, or have at least the means of education more within their reach; that their lives and property are better protected, than twenty-five years ago, and that their progress has been sure although gradual. The number of schools stated to have been destroyed and of schoolmasters massacred in Bulgaria, proves this fact beyond a question. A very few years ago there was scarcely a school in Bulgaria; the American and other missionaries had not penetrated into that almost unknown region; and the people were kept by the Greek clergy in the most profound and brutal ignorance. Their gradual progress was what they really needed, and what all true friends of Christians and even of Turks desired. As to wealth, the Turkish revenue-returns show how far it had increased amongst the Christians, into whose hands not only the commerce and manufactures, but the agriculture of the country, are gradually passing. These are facts which cannot be denied; and the very appeal for a new policy, on the ground that the Christians are the progressive and the Turks the decaying element in the Peninsula,

Peninsula, testifies to the compatibility of Christian progress with Ottoman supremacy.

The state of the Christians, no doubt, left very much to be desired. Many of their grievances were equally shared by the Mussulmans, and were the result of bad government, the corruption and ignorance of the governors and officials, and a most wretched system of administration. There were others which were peculiar to the Christians, not however as Christians, but as a subject race. Their lives and property were no longer completely at the mercy of their Mussulman rulers, as is so generally asserted and believed. In that respect a great change had taken place. It cannot be too often repeated, in arguing with men who are willing to deal with this question dispassionately and with a desire to get at the real truth, that the Bulgarian massacres were an exceptional occurrence. There can be no doubt, and proof of the fact can be furnished to any extent, that they were a brutal and horrible revenge for acts first committed by Christians, partly arising out of fear or panic. The conspiracy fomented by revolutionary agents is now as fully attested by Mr. Schuyler's final report as it was by Mr. Baring. This is no justification of those execrable deeds, and the condemnation by all Europe of those who permitted them by their ignorance or by their complicity has been swift and merited. But this is, or ought to be, a question apart from all discussions of permanent policy. The fact is, that the ruling or governing power and classes of Turkey no longer dealt with the lives and property of Christians as they had formerly been wont to deal with them. Any one really acquainted with the past and present history and condition of Turkey must admit this. No impartial Christian in Turkey, who knew the state in which his forefathers lived, would deny it. The grievances of which the Christians have really just cause to complain can all be remedied, and, if proper means were employed, could be removed without any great or serious disturbance of the political state of Eastern Europe. Such for instance are their inequality with Mohammedans before the law, and the rejection of their evidence in Mussulman courts and against Mussulmans. This had already been remedied to some extent by the admission of their testimony in commercial and some other courts. The ignorance on this subject of those who have recently been taking part in the 'Anti-Turkish' movement is as profound as it is culpable in men who pretend to authority in dealing with the question. It has even been stated by them that Christians cannot hold land in Turkey, which is untrue; and that they are compelled to wear
degrading

degrading badges to distinguish them from Mussulmans, which is equally false.

No better proof can be offered of the ignorance to which allusion has been made, and of the difficulty of dealing with the condition of the Turkish Christians, than the two alleged grievances, which have been so frequently and energetically denounced by English writers and speakers—their exclusion from the army, and the collection of taxes in kind. Fuad Pasha, who, notwithstanding his ‘anti-human’ origin, was a wise and liberal-minded statesman, was anxious to extend the conscription to the Christians, and to make them serve in the army. He had prepared a measure to that effect. It produced the utmost alarm amongst the Christians themselves. The foreign embassies and legations at Constantinople were assailed with petitions against the proposal. The pressure brought to bear on the Porte from all sides, foreign as well as internal, caused the abandonment of the measure, and the Christians agreed, joyfully and eagerly, to pay a comparatively small exemption tax. What has been the result? Whilst the Mussulman races have been exposed to the greatest hardships and sufferings from the conscription, and have been very materially reduced in numbers and weakened thereby, the Christians by being exempted from it have increased in numbers and wealth, and have been spared all its terrible consequences. No one will be inclined to dispute that to serve in the national army, and to be placed in this respect on the same footing as their Mussulman fellow-subjects, ought to elevate the Christians, to place them on an equality with the Mohammedans, and to improve their prospects and condition generally, besides having a tendency to remove prejudices and hatreds between opposite creeds; but it may be doubted whether the Christians of the East would thank their English friends and sympathisers for obtaining for them a privilege or right which, however valuable and conducive to their dignity, they would rather renounce than enjoy.

As regards the payment of taxes in kind the same may be said. From time immemorial in the East the tithe of the land has been collected in kind. Every European economist will, no doubt, condemn the system as barbarous, as equally injurious to the Government and to the landholders and the cultivators of the soil. Fuad Pasha and other Turkish statesmen wished to abolish the practice; but they met with the most resolute opposition from the landholders and cultivators themselves, Mussulmans as well as Christians. They had always paid in kind, and it is not easy to break through an ancient and deep-rooted custom.

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They understood that if they could no longer pay in kind they would have to pay in money, and to get money they would have to borrow it of usurers at very high rates of interest, and would fall into the hands of Greek and Armenian money-lenders, who would treat them no less mercilessly than the tithe-collectors and farmers. We have not been ignorant of this in India, and it must be remembered that, notwithstanding the boasted progress and civilisation of Greece, the same difficulty has arisen in that kingdom.

The mode in which the Turkish Government farmed the tithes led to great abuses. The collectors were generally rapacious and unscrupulous. The cultivators were frequently compelled to sacrifice a third or more of their produce in order to pay the tenth. But it must be remembered, at the same time, that the farmers of the tithes were almost always Christians (just as the 'publicans' of Judea were Jews), sometimes, indeed, Europeans, or 'Levantine.' It would, no doubt, be of immense advantage to the Turkish Government itself, as well as to the Christians, if this system could be abolished and a sounder method of taxation substituted; and there is no reason whatever to believe that the Porte would not do so if persuaded of its advantage. But probably the greatest difficulty in making the change would come from the Christians themselves.

These two instances are mentioned as proving how easy it is to denounce as grievances things which are to be attributed rather to the Christians themselves than to any deliberate attempt on the part of the Turkish Government to oppress or misgovern them.

But there is one real grievance from which the Christians of the Greek faith—Bulgarians, Bosnians, and others—have suffered, and very horribly, to which it is not convenient for their sympathisers to allude, and which Russia has never denounced or sought to remove. We mean the ignorance, rapacity, corruption and oppression of their own clergy—the ministers of that Eastern Church which evokes such religious, or rather ecclesiastical, enthusiasm among us. It may be stated, without fear of contradiction from those who can speak with any actual knowledge or experience on this subject, that there is not a vice, however abominable, of which it is now the fashion to accuse the Turks, of which certainly the higher clergy, and a great part of the lower clergy too, have not been guilty. Even from those horrible lusts, which Mr. Gladstone so eloquently and indignantly denounces in the Turks, they have not been exempt. Their ignorance, and the fanaticism and intolerance which usually accompany ignorance and vice, made them oppose all education and

and intellectual improvement amongst their own people. Charged with the collection of certain taxes and of the civil and financial administration and control of the affairs of their flocks—(a kind of municipal system, by the way, which might form a basis for a good deal of 'autonomy' or self-government)—their greed, their corruption, and their acquaintance with the resources of those whom they had to fleece, made them a thousand times more formidable and more hated than the Turks themselves. A Christian might often be heard to say, 'From the Pasha I can hide my money and escape ruin, but my Bishop knows every para that I have, and I cannot deceive him.' Those who may have passed some time in Greek Convents, or may have chanced to lodge in the houses of Greek Bishops, will know too well, if they had their eyes about them, and were not blinded by any fantastic love or admiration for the Greek Church and faith, the manner of lives that Greek Priests and Bishops have led. It may almost be said that the abasement and unhappy condition of the Christians of Turkey may be attributed as much to their own clergy as to their Mussulman rulers. The Bulgarian 'pope' who, as his flock told Mr. Barkley, spent his week in selling charms, and his Sundays lying drunk among the nettles, was too true a type of the state of the Greek Church in European Turkey.

It is of course contended, on the other hand, that it was owing to the Turkish Government that the clergy were as bad as they were. But did Russia ever interfere to remedy this state of things? Did the interest she pretends to feel in the welfare of the Christians induce her to attempt a reform of the clergy, or to protect from the effects of their rapacity and ignorance those whose grievances she is now prepared to remove even by war? So long as the Greek clergy were her docile and useful agents, she supported and encouraged them in their evil-doings. The Greek Bishops and clergy of Bulgaria and the other provinces of Turkey were named by, and were dependent upon, the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. Simony and corruption flourished. The Bishops bought their sees. The state of things was such that at last the Bulgarians demanded that they should be released from their dependency upon the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople; that they should have their own clergy—bishops and priests of their own country and speaking their own language. There is no doubt whatever that this important national movement was in the first instance strongly opposed by Russia, who feared lest the Bulgarians, no longer under the control of the Greek Patriarch, would slip out of her hands. It has been stated on high authority, that Russia subsequently

subsequently favoured the movement, finding that she could not successfully oppose it, and believing that by herself taking the Bulgarian clergy in hand she could make much more political use of them for her own ends, than she could through the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. This is very probably the case, and Russia showed her usual wisdom and farsightedness; especially as she gained a step towards that cherished object of her policy—which few who denounced the ‘*Bulgarian*’ horrors in *Roumelia* were conscious of abetting—the southward extension of ‘*Bulgaria*,’ in order that she, when the time came to act as protector, might sit *à cheval* upon the Balkans, and command the whole region as far as Adrianople and Salonica.

The state of the Christian populations of Turkey in Europe before the recent insurrection may be thus described. In Bosnia, the Mussulman and Christian population, being both of the same Slav origin, lived mixed and united. Not many years ago, if not still at the present day, it was difficult to distinguish Mussulmans from Christians in many of the villages. They are said even to have intermarried. It was suspected that many of the great Bosniac Begs, or landholders, were secretly Christians—that they went to the mosque on Friday and heard mass in the harem on Sunday. The grievances of the Bosniac Christian population arose both from Turkish misgovernment and from their position as cultivators of the soil under the landholders, who were a kind of feudal lords. Many years ago they suffered greatly from the ‘*corvée*,’ or forced labour, to which they had been compelled to submit, at certain seasons and for certain periods, from the remotest times, and probably before the Turkish conquest. From this they were delivered chiefly through the representations of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (then Sir Stratford Canning). From the collection of the tithes and taxes, from the corruption, ignorance, and neglect of Turkish government and officials, from all the varied admitted abuses of Turkish rule they suffered like the rest of Turkey—Mohammedans and Christians alike. But these grievances were not of a nature to have caused an insurrection, and they might have been remedied without war, had proper means been taken to do so, as is proved by the despatches of Consul Holmes, than whom there could not be a better authority.* The Bosnians had also another grievance—and that against Austria: they had no outlet for their produce, owing to her short-sighted policy in almost closing the Dalmatian frontier against them. With Serbia,

* See the Papers laid before Parliament last year, which are well worth consulting.

Montenegro, and Austria, almost surrounding her, Bosnia has no means of disposing of her agricultural and other wealth. She has no access to the sea except through Dalmatia. This is a very important matter in considering the future condition of Bosnia—especially if she is to be made an autonomous or semi-independent state, and still more if she is to be independent; for in that case Dalmatia is absolutely necessary to her. Without seaports, or cheap and easy means of reaching the sea, Bosnia can never really flourish. There is no other reason why the province, with improved government, proper protection to the Christians, and peace, might not rapidly advance in prosperity. In the course of time the Mussulmans and Christians—who, as we have said, are all Slavs alike—would be again reconciled. On account of the mixture of the Mussulman landowners with Greek and Latin Christians—not in very unequal numbers—no province of Turkey in Europe could be made suddenly self-governing or semi-independent without the greatest risk of general disturbance and a chronic state of agitation.

The state of Herzegovina is not very different from that of Bosnia; but that of Bulgaria is entirely distinct from both. The Christian Bulgarians, whatever may have been their origin (which was at first not Slav, but from the same family as the Turks),* now differ as much from their rulers in nationality as in creed and language. The difficulty of bringing about any real reconciliation between the races is immense, perhaps insuperable. The Christian Bulgarians form the vast majority of the population, and have been held down in a state almost of serfdom. They are unwarlike, and have, unlike the Serbs and Bosnians, no traditions or history to look back upon. They must be formed and moulded into a nation, if they are ever to be one. At present they are unfit for anything like self-government, but they are peaceful, industrious, and intelligent. What they require is good and just government: and that this government may be Turkish, was proved by the administration of Midhat Pasha. If his plans, which in many points foreshadowed his new Constitution, had been carried out, and if only foreign agents and intrigues had been excluded, and the Christians left alone, the province would by this time have greatly increased in prosperity, and the Christians in wealth and influence. All would have made safe progress in the direction that has been pointed out; and the Christians would have been surely pre-

* * The degree in which the Ugrian Bulgarians have been absorbed among the conquered Slavonians is still a question much disputed.

paring themselves for self-government, if not for semi-independence.

The Turkish Government has been unjustly denounced for having placed Circassian colonies in Bulgaria, purposely to oppress and keep down the Christians. This is one of those reckless accusations that have been made by the advocates of Russia in England, and by no one else. The facts were these. A large Mohammedan population were driven by the Russians from the Caucasus. The Turkish Government received these people hospitably and placed them in different parts of the Empire. Some had lands and villages assigned to them in Bulgaria proper, others to the south of the Balkan; some in Asia Minor, others in Mesopotamia. Whether placed near Mussulmans or Christians, they unfortunately showed the same propensities; the same complaints are made against them in Mesopotamia as in Bulgaria. But it must be remembered that they came infuriated and smarting from Russian tyranny, and they were at one time the favourite heroes of the same persons in England who are now making similar heroes of the Montenegrins, and who would have been the first to denounce the Turks, had they not hospitably received and treated the Circassians. Montenegrins are not less cruel in their treatment of Mussulmans, than Circassians are of Christians; witness the noses of mutilated Turks which they treasured up in the late war, as an American Indian his trophies of scalps. All such barbarians should and must be kept down with a strong hand; and the Turkish Government could have little difficulty in disarming the Circassians, and compelling them to abstain from molesting their neighbours.

A very important point, with regard to the Bulgarians, is the success of the labours of the Protestant missionaries amongst them. The progress that they had made, and were making, was producing a result which cannot be over-estimated. They were not only introducing amongst the Bulgarians a good system of education; but their example, and the fear of their still greater success, were compelling the Bulgarian clergy to take measures to educate themselves and their own people. Wherever Protestant missions have been established in Catholic and Greek communities, the competition which their schools have produced has been as advantageous to the people as the teachings of the missionaries. Russia most energetically and decidedly set her face against these missions. If her influence were paramount in Bulgaria, they would be crushed at once. Under the Turks—whether from indifference or toleration it is scarcely necessary here to enquire—they were allowed to exist and to flourish.

Dr. Eli Smith, the respected American missionary, who lived fifty years in the country, bears emphatic testimony to the toleration of the Turks:—‘We are prepared to say that we are content with the toleration Mohammedan law affords us. The extent of this toleration ought to be known to the credit of the law which grants it, and *every influence from abroad tending to curtail it is highly to be deprecated*. It is sure that we should have less liberty under any European Government that might be extended over the country, unless it were that of one or two of the most tolerant of the Protestant Powers.’*

It cannot be too often repeated that neither Servia nor Roumania had any grievances whatever against Turkey. Their treaties had been respected, they enjoyed the most complete administrative independence, and they were under the protection of the great Powers, who had guaranteed that independence, for which the small tribute they annually paid to the Porte was far less than a sufficient sacrifice. Turkey had made concession after concession to them, on their solemn promise of remaining faithful to their engagements—a pledge which in the case of Servia was most shamefully broken. As regards these Principalities, therefore, there is nothing with which to reproach Turkey.

Such being the state of things in the Slav provinces of Turkey in Europe, why has not the gradual but sure progress to which allusion has been made taken place? why have not the Christians made a greater advance in civilisation than they have? why has the Turkish Government not improved? why have insurrections broken out? and why has Europe been menaced with a war on account of the condition of these provinces? No one who will examine the question calmly, who is acquainted with history, who will listen to facts and evidence instead of to wild and unscrupulous declamation, will hesitate to answer:—Because Russia has willed it so. A great nation has, or ought to have, its matured national policy—and any other nation may object to that policy, and may condemn it as dangerous to its own interests. Therefore, although it may be our duty to oppose the policy of Russia as contrary to our interests, it is unnecessary to accuse her of treachery, dishonour, or falseness in pursuing it. But, on the other hand, disputants on both sides have too much forgotten the elements of instability and vacillation, of passion and cunning, which beset a policy in the hands of an autocrat, especially of one infected with the hereditary taint of the house of Romanoff.

* Quoted in ‘England’s Duty to Turkey:’ being a Lecture delivered by Professor Porter, of Belfast, 23rd of December, 1876.

If the self-confident declaimers against the Crimean War, and the people who are ready from sheer ignorance to echo their bare assertions, would submit to the pleasing labour of reading its recorded history, they would find the course of Russian policy at that time traced by a master hand. The Czar Nicholas was not always consistent in his professions, much less in keeping his plighted word; but again and again he laid down the broad lines of his policy. In the memorandum composed on his visit to England in 1844, he insisted on the common interest of Great Britain and Russia to preserve the integrity and independence of Turkey for the present; but also, in view of the inevitable catastrophe, to come in good time to an understanding on the course to be taken—that is, reading between the lines, for the division of the spoil. The key to his policy was again given in his celebrated conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, in 1853. Russia, he said, could never allow a strong independent Power to be established to the south of the Danube—whether Turkish, Slav, or Greek. When this resolve, which nothing will shake, is borne in mind, the policy of Russia becomes perfectly clear.

The Czar Nicholas, as was his habit in conversing with English statesmen, gave his confidences to Sir Hamilton Seymour on that same word of a friend and '*gentleman*,' which, when pledged by his son, it seems so outrageous to doubt; and he frankly told Sir Hamilton, 'if England thinks of establishing herself one of these days at Constantinople, I will not allow it. . . . For my part, I am equally disposed to take the engagement not to establish myself there, as *proprietor* that is to say, for as *occupier* I do not say: it might happen that circumstances, if no previous provision were made, . . . might place me in the position of occupying Constantinople.' In two subsequent conversations he uttered his famous saying, 'The sick man is dying,' and proposed to form *Servia* and *Bulgaria* into independent States '*under my protection*,' as he assumed Wallachia and Moldavia to be already, while he offered Egypt and Crete to England*—almost anything she liked, except a footing on the Bosphorus or in Asia Minor.

There is a sense in which a Czar may, at any time up to the present moment, sincerely disclaim designs on Constantinople. Though an overwhelming mass of declarations and aspirations, and of facts far stronger than either, make it certain that Russia holds that capital to be her necessary and destined possession, there has perhaps never been an exact moment when she in-

* Kinglake's '*Invasion of the Crimea*,' vol. i. pp. 84 90.

tended to make the grasp. 'The pear is not yet ripe.' The Turkish Empire in Europe must first be undermined and disintegrated, and its Christian elements brought wholly under Russian influence, as protector before she becomes possessor. The means and agencies by which this policy is carried out are other matters for discussion. In thus stating the case no one can be accused of Russophobia. We can admit that if we were Russians we might consider this policy a wise one and essential to Russian interests. As Englishmen, we can say, without being accused of hatred or vulgar jealousy of Russia, that we consider it contrary to our interests, and that it is as much our duty to oppose it as it may be the duty of Russia to maintain it; and, with our knowledge of these designs, every appeal for implicit confidence in Russia is a mockery of our common sense.

At one time it was supposed that the Greeks might establish an Empire on the ruins of that of Turkey. That idea has passed away, at least from the sphere of practical politics; and it is the solution most utterly opposed to the plans of Russia, as is every other idea of raising a free Christian State on the ruins of European Turkey. But, in passing, we may note the wild incoherence of that class of agitators, who, boasting to take their stand on history, and aspiring to revive the Christian glories of the 'New Rome,' which 'must always be a seat of Empire,' figure among the most violent supporters of that policy, the practical aim of which is to raise the Slav on the degradation of the Greek, at the imminent risk of a civil war of races, aggravating the horrors of their crusade, and ending in subjecting both to Russia.*

The Slavs of Turkey have taken the place of the Greeks, in European opinion, and now, it seems, in European policy, as the probable, or possible, successors of the Turks. Russia, therefore, had two main objects in view: Firstly, to prevent the development amongst the Turkish Slavs, including the Servians, of education and liberal institutions, which might enable them to form a strong independent Power in the event of the breaking up of the Ottoman Empire; and, secondly, to bring about that event—

* The 'Greek factor' is one of the many elements of the question which we are compelled to pass over for the present; and among the mass of evidence at hand on this point, we must be content to refer to the remarkable letter of M. Alexandre Byzantios in the 'Times' of Jan. 5, stating the case of the Greeks in Turkey, and specially remonstrating with England for neglecting their cause, after inducing them to refrain from asserting it by the method of rebellion to which the Slavs have so successfully appealed, and which General Ignatieff had expressly recommended to the Greeks and now taunts them for not adopting. Well may M. Byzantios rejoice, 'We know, as we have proved, how to get up a little insurrection.'

the breaking up of the Turkish Empire, at any rate in Europe—as soon as possible; for the shorter the time, the easier will it be for Russia to keep the Slav and other Christian populations in the state in which she wishes them to be, that is, weak and divided, if she does not actually incorporate them into her empire for the present. To these two main and cardinal points her whole Turkish policy has been directed—and there is the most abundant proof and documentary evidence of the fact, which cannot be discredited or swept aside by pamphleteers or declaimers at indignation-meetings.

Every missionary connected with Turkey in Europe can testify (as many have) that Russian agents steadily opposed the opening of Protestant schools, and even of Bulgarian schools that were not under their immediate control and superintendence. When the first educational movement commenced in Bulgaria, the great or rather the only impediment in its way was the opposition of Russian Consuls, Vice-Consuls, and consular agents, to say nothing of secret agents, who swarmed in the country. This has been stated on the best authority. As has been pointed out, no attempt was made by Russia to reform the Bulgarian clergy. They were left, if not encouraged, in their ignorance and corruption. Nothing contributed more than this to retard the progress of the people and render them unfit for self-government and independence. In Serbia and Montenegro constant intrigues kept the populations dissatisfied, turned them from peaceful occupations, and retarded the real improvement of their country.

It is all very well to talk of the progress of civilisation in those small states—owing to their independence of the Porte. But in what did that civilisation consist? Simply in the education abroad—at Paris or Vienna—of a few men who have come back to form an exceptional class, have assumed the government of the State, and have endeavoured to introduce some European institutions, which are for the most part unsuited, if not actually injurious and dangerous, to the population themselves. The result has been that in the capitals, such as Belgrade and Bucharest—for what is here stated applies to Roumania as well as to Serbia, and to Greece too—there is every manner of political intrigue and corruption; a perpetual political struggle amongst the few men who assume to themselves the right of governing the country; and a kind of varnish of civilisation and culture which imposes upon travellers and Europe; whilst the populations themselves are but little improved since they have been freed from the Turkish yoke. It is now considered by some persons

very

very doubtful whether under such a system of government they can improve substantially as much as they might improve under Turkish rule, supposing that rule to be controlled and exercised in the manner which we propose presently to point out.

Of late years Russia has been more actively engaged than she has perhaps ever been in endeavouring to bring about the breaking up of the Turkish Empire. The destruction of the balance of power in Europe, resulting from the Franco-German war, and of the old alliances which existed between the great European States—each of which has remained isolated and more or less suspicious of its neighbours—gave great encouragement to Russia, and a great opportunity of which she was not slow to avail herself. The object of the Russian Government in sending General Ignatieff to Constantinople was to bring about a state of things which would threaten the very existence of the Turkish Empire. He was a man peculiarly well adapted to the post; a diplomatist of great experience, who had been eminently successful in dealing with Asiatics. He had obtained enormous advantages for Russia in Asia by his skill and firmness; he was bold and unscrupulous; and he was thoroughly acquainted with the policy and wishes of his Government, and had sufficient courage and reliance upon himself to carry them out according to his own fashion and means. We know on the highest authority, that some years ago, not long before the Franco-German war, General Ignatieff stated frankly to an eminent diplomatist, not an Englishman, that the object of his mission to Turkey was to put an end to the dominion of the Ottoman in Europe. 'This,' he said, 'was to be accomplished by constantly inciting the Christian population to rise against the Turks, so as to drive the Turks into measures of repression which would excite the indignation and sympathy of Europe, and to push Servia and Montenegro into a war with Turkey. These States taking the direction of the general insurrection and rendering it unnecessary for Russia herself to interfere in Turkey in Europe, she would invade the Asiatic provinces of Turkey from the Caucasus, and thus deprive her of the power of sending sufficient troops against the Christians in Europe, as she would require all her resources to enable her to meet the Russian armies in Asia. We don't want Constantinople,' added General Ignatieff; 'we are not disposed to quarrel with all Europe about it, but we do want territory in Asia. We require a portion of the Turkish territory on the Black Sea (alluding, no doubt, to the harbour of Batoum, which has long been coveted by Russia), and we must extend our frontier towards Erzeroum

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for necessary reasons.* All that has occurred since this declaration was made shows that General Ignatieff had rightly expressed the designs and policy of his Government: only through unexpected events in European Turkey—the collapse of the Servians, and the failure to excite a general insurrection in Bulgaria—the scheme of getting the Turkish Slavs to do Russia's work for her has collapsed, and Russia has been impelled to adopt other means.

A very interesting correspondence between two well-known Panslavist agents, MM. Hilferding and Nemtchinow† (of the authenticity of which, although since denied, there can be little doubt), shows that in the autumn of 1870, while the Servian Government was sending secret agents into all parts of European Turkey to incite the populations to insurrection, these gentlemen, with the countenance of the Russian Government, and with the assistance of M. Lex, the Russian Consul-General in Egypt, were endeavouring to prevail upon the Khedive, not apparently without some success, to plunge Turkey into a war by declaring himself independent of the Sultan, and to send agents into Syria and Arabia to stir up the population of those countries against Turkish rule. Insurrection in Turkey in Europe, and a quarrel between the Sultan and the Khedive, both brought about by Russia, and an invasion by her of Asia Minor—all this breaking out at the same time was to lead to the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. But the Khedive seems to have been false to his promises, and to have perceived in time the dangerous game that he was being induced to play, or rather, perhaps, to have been too wily for the agents; for that astute ruler cares nothing for the Slavs, nor does he seem to have any designs on Syria and Arabia, his great object being to consolidate and extend his power in Africa.

During all this time a most powerful Panslavist agency was made use of by the Russian Government to promote its views. Mr. Disraeli was quite right and was fully justified in attributing the insurrection in European Turkey and the state of affairs in the East to 'secret societies,' and those who scoffed at him only showed their ignorance of one of the most powerful agencies in the world for political revolution and mischief. Although the 'Omladina' and the Panslavist societies may have been secret in their workings, and we may have wilfully shut our

* A friend long resident in Russia lately wrote to us that, in case of war, the great attack would be made from the Caucasus and Armenia; and the Crimean War proved the importance attached by Russia to Erzeroum and Kars.

† Republished from the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' in the 'Times' of the 11th December last.

eyes to them, they were well known to the Russian Government, and put to use by it. There is now no disguise about the matter, and probably nobody would any longer doubt that Mr. Disraeli was right. The recent *émeute* of students at St. Petersburg on St. Nicholas' day, which appears to have been directed, in part at least, against the impending war, is said to have been connected with a great republican society, with its head-quarters at Moscow, having for its object the breaking up of Russia into a number of federal republics. Besides all future danger from these societies, and from the still larger mass of unaffiliated republican or constitutional aspirations, by which the despotism of the Czars is eaten through and through, though the shell looks whole and firm, they have a most disturbing influence on the present policy of Russia. Some enthusiasts hate war, but many more desire it as the means of securing internal reform. 'All our recent liberties, the improvements of the present reign,' they say, 'were the fruit of the Crimean War: they are now suspended; and their revival is worth another, even though we should be beaten.' We know this from direct information; and we can well believe that, tottering between a ruinous war and a more ruinous revolution, the Czar may prefer present danger to future destruction.

When the secret history of General Ignatieff's mission to Constantinople comes to be known, if it ever will be known, the world will be astonished at the means by which he carried through the policy he was directing. The complete control and influence that he succeeded in obtaining over the late Sultan and his Ministers enabled him to lead them gradually but surely to the brink of the gulf into which they were to fall. The first great public act which shook the credit and position of Turkey, the declaration of bankruptcy by the suspension of the payment of the foreign debt, in October 1875, was owing to his advice. He well knew the effect that such a default would have upon Europe, and its disastrous result to Turkey. His influence was never used to check the extravagance of the late Sultan and the corruption of those about him. They were too surely playing into his hands. It is stated on no mean authority, that it was owing to his advice that the Turkish Government adopted those measures for the repression of the Bulgarian insurrection—an insurrection incited by Russo-Slav agents, with whose proceedings no one was better acquainted than himself—which led to the horrible massacres that completely turned the tide of European opinion against Turkey, and which may prove the immediate cause of the fall of the Ottoman dominion in Europe.

It is perfectly astounding that men who have been statesmen,
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and who ought to have some notions of truth and some respect for evidence, should still persist in justifying the war waged by Serbia and Montenegro against Turkey on the pretext of their sympathy for the sufferings of their brother Slavs still under the Turkish yoke; and that others, expanding this idea, should attribute the outbreak of the war with those States to the massacres in Bulgaria. Mr. White, the British Consul-General at Belgrade, writing to Lord Derby on the 5th of February last,* states that the preparations for war had been going on steadily in Serbia for some months, and that a supreme effort would probably be made to bring about a Bosnian and Servian, and possibly a *Bulgarian*, insurrection. This statement, which cannot be controverted, proves beyond a question that the insurrections in those provinces were not spontaneous on the part of the Christian populations, but were brought about from without—that is by Russian agency acting through Serbia, and that the Bulgarian massacre, which took place some months later, was not the cause of the Servian war, but one of the effects of Russo-Servian machinations. Upon the same high authority we have the statement made on the 28th of April,† that there was not a single politician of any note in Serbia who did not contemplate hostilities with the Porte for the acquisition of Bosnia, and with the object of making Serbia the nucleus of a large Slavonic State, and that Serbia looked then to some ‘probable outrages’ of the Mohammedans on the Christians to afford her a pretext for going to war (p. 128).

Nothing is said about that overpowering and justifiable ardour of the Servians, so much extolled since by Mr. Gladstone and others, to come to the aid of their oppressed and suffering fellow-Christians. It was, as Mr. Disraeli truly said, ‘a question of provinces’ to be acquired. Already at that time Mr. White stated—and this proves how well he judged the situation—that the Servian people, consisting mainly of peasant proprietors, were adverse to and dreaded the war. It may be presumed that of those who have declaimed so much upon the Turkish question few have read the correspondence presented to Parliament, where the truth may be learnt, and that those who have read it have wilfully shut their eyes to its lessons. In fact, the mass of evidence that can be furnished as to the origin of the insurrections in the Turkish-European provinces leaves it beyond the shadow of a doubt that they were brought about by Russian and Slav intrigues, and

* ‘Parliamentary Papers. Turkey, No. 2. Correspondence respecting Affairs of Bosnia and Herzegovina,’ 1876. p. 1.

† See p. 127 of the same correspondence.

that they were part and parcel of a carefully-prepared plot and of a distinct policy. Most unhappily the designs of Russia were promoted beyond expectation by the horrible excesses of the Turkish irregulars and the Circassians in suppressing the outbreak in Bulgaria. Had it not been for the horrors then committed, which justly excited the indignation of Europe, and especially of England, there would not have been two opinions either as to the conduct of Russia or as to her designs. This is proved by the almost unanimous approval the British Government received, before the intelligence of those horrors reached England, in the measures which it had taken to check Russia.

The altered condition of things must now be looked in the face; but no British statesman worthy of the name, who knows what the true interests of his country are, will allow himself to be turned away from the vast political considerations which are connected with the 'Turkish Question'—with the breaking up of the Turkish Empire, for that is really the matter at issue—by an incidental, though most shocking, event, nor by any sudden enthusiasm of sympathy for Russia, which may have seized a fraction of the British people. Happily, this seems to be proved by the refusal of almost every leading Liberal politician of recognised ability and influence, to take part in the recent agitation and the so-called 'National Conference;' for they feel that, although in opposition, they have still a vast responsibility in regard to this question.

Now, to what is this question at present reduced? To this: Whether Russia shall or shall not be allowed to establish such an influence and position—whether by occupation or otherwise—in Bulgaria, as to make her eventually the complete mistress of Turkey in Europe. It signifies little whether she is prepared to enforce her actual dominion at once, or some time hence. She may declare, and we may accept her declaration as sincere, that she has no intention, or desire, to take possession of Constantinople; but this declaration can only apply to the present time; it cannot, and does not, in any way bind her for the future. Even supposing that some statesmen in Russia look upon the acquisition of Constantinople as a danger to the empire—which we are inclined to believe that none do at the bottom of their hearts, and we have, moreover, never heard an argument of any weight that proves that it would be dangerous to her—still, as Nicholas plainly said, events which cannot be foreseen may hereafter force it upon her. It may be stated, with the utmost confidence, that the possession of Bulgaria, that is to say of all that part of Turkey in Europe in which the Bulgarians form the majority of the population—that is

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from the Danube to the Gulf of Salonica—all, in fact, except the part east of Adrianople, and a narrow strip along the *Ægean* coast—must inevitably entail that of Constantinople. People talk glibly of allowing Russia to possess European-Turkish Provinces, or to form them into semi-independent States under Russian protection, and of making Constantinople a free neutral port under some kind of cosmopolitan ownership or government, and under the protection of Europe. The utter failure of all such attempts hitherto—such as the Hanseatic Towns, Cracow, and the like cases—proves that any such arrangement would have the smallest possible chance of success.

To make Servia the nucleus of a great Slavonic state, to replace Turkey in Europe, is out of the question. Even some of those who were her most ardent admirers—both sympathisers in England, and correspondents sent out to write up the Servians—now denounce them as cowardly, treacherous, and wanting in the qualities necessary to a great independent nation. The Czar plainly told Prince Milan that he must give up all such dreams and serve Russian aims alone. Nothing can be more absurd in discussing political questions than counting upon the gratitude of peoples. It is said, 'Fight Russia with her own weapons; let England be the champion of the oppressed Christians, and they will turn to England and not to Russia, and the influence of Russia will be then destroyed.' Under peculiar circumstances, the Bulgarians might turn for a time to England, but their sympathies for Russia, founded upon religion, language, and supposed identity of origin, are far too deep to detach them entirely from her, or to allow them to look cordially or trustfully to England. There is not a Bulgarian priest who does not offer up his daily prayer for the Emperor of Russia, and no one can have read the addresses to the Emperor recently published, without understanding in what light he is looked upon by the Bulgarians, and by all the Greek Christian Slavs of the Turkish Empire—that is, as the head of their religion and race, and even something more than a mere mortal. There is only one thing that could counteract this feeling—the possible progress of the liberal Protestant education that has been of late years introduced into Bulgaria. But, as has been pointed out, Russia will take care that this shall not take place. The first use she would make of the possession of Bulgaria, or of the establishment of her predominant influence in the country, would be to stamp out the Protestant movement, and to put an end to all Protestant missions.

It may then be taken for granted that Russia, unless checked
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by England and the other European Powers, will sooner or later possess herself of Bulgaria. An occupation of the province, even if temporary, must lead ultimately to this result; and the possession of Bulgaria must end in the occupation of Constantinople.

The prophecy that Russia would eventually possess Constantinople is as old as the tenth century,* and its fulfilment has been a standing fear to the rest of Europe for generations past. This would appear to prove two things—that Russia believes in her destiny to possess that great and important city; and that European statesmen of all countries and times (except, of course, Russians) have felt that there is a most serious danger of some kind to the rest of the world in her doing so.

Now what is the danger as regards England?

England owes her safety, her position, and influence amongst nations, and it may perhaps not be too much to say her very existence as an independent nation, to her superiority on the sea. If she had had no fleet equal to compete, not only with the fleet of any one nation, but of any number of nations that could hitherto have united their fleets against her, she would have lost her naval superiority, and this would have been fatal to her—to her liberties, and to her peculiar civilisation. What would have become of her if Napoleon had succeeded in destroying her fleet, and what might have become of Europe? It has been most rashly and foolishly said in speaking of Russia, that it would signify little whether one fleet more were added to those already existing in the Mediterranean; and that, therefore, the possession by Russia of Constantinople and the Dardanelles would be of no danger to England, or to any other Power. Such was the argument of Mr. Bright in his most mischievous and unpatriotic speech at Birmingham, and it has been adopted and taken up by others.

Russia can only require the command of the Dardanelles for *aggressive* purposes—evidently not for *defensive* purposes. She has ample means of defending her coasts in the Black Sea without holding the Dardanelles. For all commercial purposes they are now open to her, as to the rest of the world, and their perfect freedom of passage for trading ships will and must be maintained. But supposing that Russia held the Dardanelles—and she could not hold Constantinople without them, as the possession of the one must include that of the other—what would her position as a naval power be? She would have no further necessity for a fleet of any great strength in the Baltic. She

* Gibbon, chap. lv.

would concentrate the whole of her naval strength and resources in the Black Sea. She would enjoy advantages for becoming a great naval power, such as no other nation ever commanded. She would have a closed sea, in which she could train her sailors, work her ships, and have a fleet all the year round, going through every manner of evolution under every circumstance of weather. Without interruption, and without observation, she might, in the course of time, prepare the most efficient and powerful fleet that was ever brought together. She would have the finest and most secure harbours of the world beyond the reach of attack. With the Dardanelles in her power, she would defy the united navies of the world to approach her fleet, which would be ready at any moment to issue from its strongholds, and to retreat to them in case of necessity. When we are told that her navy ought not to be debarred the free passage of the Straits, we reply that she is an *aggressive* Power, and we are thankful to be able thus to curb her; but when it is added that she only asks for an open passage, we refuse to give her the power to close it, as she once compelled Turkey to do by the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi in 1833, against all fleets but her own. 'I cannot understand,' said the Duke of Wellington, writing to Lord Bathurst in 1826, 'the meaning of the benefit which we are to derive from the establishment in the Mediterranean of an efficient naval Power, which is likewise Continental. Is there, or can there, be any naval Power that is not jealous of and inimical to us? Can naval affairs in the Mediterranean be better for us than they are? The Turks, powerless themselves, close that sea to all who might have the means or inclination of using it; and we are, in fact, the masters of its navigation.'*

Were England thus disturbed, in case of a general war, she might find a powerful fleet united to those of her other enemies; and, in case of a struggle with Russia alone, her direct route to India might be at any moment threatened and intercepted. It is child's talk to speak about measuring the distance between the mouth of the Dardanelles and that of the Suez Canal on the map, and to say that, as it is so many miles, therefore Russia cannot get there in time to interrupt our communications with India. It is useless to argue with those who maintain that, even if she did, it would matter little to us, as we could send our troops round the Cape. It may be asserted that the national instinct recognises this immense danger to England—if the loss of India is to count for anything—should the Suez Canal fall into the hands of Russia. No other Power, it has

* 'Despatches of the Duke of Wellington' (new series), vol. iii., p. 114.

been

been well pointed out, has the interest that Russia has in cutting off our communications with India, and to none, consequently, would it be of so much importance to seize upon the Suez Canal. At any moment, on the outbreak of war, the Russian fleet, issuing from the Dardanelles, might make a dash at the Suez Canal. If, owing to the absence of sufficient force on our part to prevent it, Russia could only hold the post for a short period, a few days or even hours would enable her to close the canal, by sinking vessels, or by other means; and, be it remembered, its closing or destruction would be no loss to Russia. Unless England constantly maintained a fleet equal, if not superior to that of Russia in the Black Sea, in some secure place from which she could intercept a dash of the kind,—a plan which Lord Palmerston once called ‘simply a *mauvaise plaisanterie*,’ and which would add millions to our naval estimates—this danger would be constant and perennial. Are we to occupy Besika Bay for ever, or to take possession of Cyprus, or Crete, or of Egypt itself—the bribes offered by Nicholas to Sir H. Seymour? It must be remembered that the Russian fleet could retreat at once, if necessary, and, once through or in the Dardanelles, would be completely out of our reach. No nation in the world would have such means of using its fleet, and of protecting it when not employed.

Constantinople once in the hands of Russia, with the Dardanelles, she must necessarily possess the two shores of the straits and the whole of the Sea of Marmora, with a very considerable portion of the southern Asiatic coast of the Black Sea. Where would she draw her frontier line in Asia Minor? Could she, even admitting her desire not to extend her territory in that quarter, keep to any line that she might draw; brought into contact, as she would be, with the Mussulman population of Asia Minor? What has occurred in Central Asia, where those most favourable to Russia maintain that the extension of her territory was absolutely imposed upon her against her will, proves that she could not. Moreover, there would be Greeks in the cities and towns—in Smyrna and elsewhere—and a large Armenian population in the east of Asia Minor, requiring Russian interference and protection against Mussulman oppression. At this moment we hear of serious disturbances and Turkish outrages at Van, breaking out as opportunely as usual; and Russia will never want for a like pretext for intervention. Her policy is mainly Asiatic, and Constantinople is the indispensable key to the Empire of the East.

In short, the possession of Constantinople must inevitably, in the course of time, lead to the inheritance of the Turkish Empire,

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Empire, the richest and most important part of western Asia; and, as in Central Asia, there could be no barrier at which the Russian advance could be permanently and effectually stopped. The Turkish rule, after the fall of Constantinople, would be so completely discredited, if it did not altogether cease; the authority of the Sultan, and of any government that he could form, would be so weakened and impotent; that the populations of Asia Minor, and of the mountainous districts of Armenia and Kurdistan, consisting chiefly of nomad Mussulman tribes renowned for their lawlessness, would furnish constant pretexts for the further extension of territory on the part of Russia. Where that extension of territory would cease, it is utterly impossible to say. Unless England were prepared to reject the counsels of politicians of Mr. Gladstone's school, and were to go to war with Russia, it would be unchecked. Mesopotamia and Syria would follow Asia Minor. The progress of Russia might perhaps be slow, but it would be certain. As in Turkestan, she would have wild tribes on her borders—Kurds, Arabs, and the like. It would be necessary to punish them for violations of territory, or for other reasons. Punishment and repression would lead to annexation. The alternative route to India by the Euphrates and Mesopotamia, with a railway through Asia Minor—to which some persons look, in the event of the Suez Canal being closed to us, and which many regard as the future road to India for all quick traffic—would fall into the hands of Russia, or be entirely under her control. Persia would sooner or later follow the fate of Asia Minor. In that country there is bad government enough, and Christians and others in abundance to protect.

It may be said that such vast territorial acquisitions are impossible; that to suspect Russia of aiming at them is ridiculous; as if the world had never before heard of schemes of vast and even universal empire. But any one who will take the trouble to look at a map will see that Russia has, during the last few years, acquired an extent of territory in Central Asia, quite equal to the whole of Asia Minor, the habitable part of Persia, and Mesopotamia. Unless there were a combination of European Powers prepared to go to war to oppose the acquisition of these territories by her, it could be effected probably with as much ease as that of the vast addition that she has made to her empire in Central Asia.* Could England alone arrest her progress? And if she could not, how long could we hope to keep India?

* See also 'Progress of Russia in the East.' Fourth edition, 1855.

The commercial policy of Russia has been extremely hostile to British interests; that of Turkey, on the contrary, favourable. Wherever Russia extends her dominions, she imposes a tariff prohibiting all British manufactures. There is no reason to believe that Russia will change her commercial policy—on the contrary, it is probable that she will persist in it still more strictly. She is steadily endeavouring to shut all the markets of Central Asia against us. If she were to establish herself in Turkey she would do the same there. The possession of the Dardanelles would enable her to command the whole commerce of the Black Sea, including the high road to Persia by Trebizond and Erzeroum. Turkey, on the other hand, has entered into very liberal commercial relations with us. Every improvement in the government of Turkey, and in the condition of her population, which would lead to the development of her resources, would add to our trade with her. Of late years that trade has increased very considerably, notwithstanding the state of Turkey, and the little improvement alleged to have taken place in her administration. From all this it is manifest that the possession by Russia of Constantinople and the Dardanelles would at once deprive England of a very important branch of her trade, and every advance of Russia would diminish that trade.

The presence of a strong Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, protected by the Dardanelles whenever it needed to retire, would be a constant danger to all the maritime Powers as well as to England, and especially to those that have colonies, like Spain and Holland, in the Eastern seas. Certain organs of the press, which urge the cause of Russia, while betraying or even avowing a full consciousness of these dangers, keep repeating that they are contingent on events remote, and consequently scarcely worthy of consideration. But it is the duty of a statesman, when the highest interests of his country are at stake, to keep in view such dangers, however remote, and to pursue a policy anticipative and preventive of them. Nothing must be left to chance when such momentous questions are at issue. It is better to err on the right side than on the wrong, and no man in his senses could allow the destinies of his country to depend upon the theories and speculations of passionate and impulsive orators, however distinguished they may be.

Here then we come to the kernel of the Turkish question. We are all agreed that the rule of the Turk is bad and oppressive, and must be abolished if it cannot be fundamentally reformed. No one worth alluding to has ever wished to fight
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for the Turk. The accusation against the present Government, or against any other government, that it wishes to maintain and support that rule, with all its faults, abuses and crimes, is so great and notorious a calumny, that it is perfectly astounding that any honest man should have made it. The only real difference, among all those who sincerely desire to see this great question brought to a peaceable settlement of some kind, is as to the means by which that rule should be thoroughly reformed and improved. How are the various populations of Turkey to be well and justly governed? how is equality of rights to be ensured to all, Christians as well as Mussulmans? how can the Turkish Empire be administered in such a way that it may secure complete protection to the life and property of all races and sects; that it may develop its great resources, and recover sufficient strength to maintain its independence, and to prevent a general catastrophe?

Numbers of schemes have been propounded of late with these objects. Every one who has the slightest acquaintance with Turkey, (and a great many who have none whatever,) has his peculiar plan. The Turks themselves have their ideas, extending from the most reactionary to the most liberal. Reforming Sultans have published quasi-constitutions, which ensure to their subjects of all creeds every right and every liberty. Though we have little faith even in Midhat Pasha's recent Constitution, yet the very fact of a Turkish Constitution being published at all is of great importance. Moreover, it contains great and important concessions and admissions, and forms a basis upon which the European Powers and their representatives in Turkey can work, and in this respect we believe it to be of great value. It sweeps away at once the assertion frequently made, that the Mohammedan law of the Koran, as interpreted by certain Mohammedans, cannot be changed or modified, and that it cannot be violated without the downfall of Turkey. But there is not a Hatt (or imperial decree), and scarcely a modern institution in Turkey, which does not violate that law as so interpreted. What has been done before can be done again. We have examples in Egypt and elsewhere of the manner in which almost any European institution can be introduced amongst a Mohammedan people without danger or serious difficulty. The Mohammedan law is therefore no real obstacle. If the European Powers, parties to the Treaty of Paris, cordially and disinterestedly act together, without imposing any dishonourable conditions upon Turkey, there would be no great difficulty in introducing into the country such reforms as are necessary, and

in course of time something like good and just and progressive government would be obtained.

The very first thing necessary is constant diplomatic pressure from without upon the Porte. Such pressure must be friendly, but very firm and unsleepingly watchful. Much of the misrule in Turkey results from the ignorance and negligence of the central government. Turkish ministers are generally the last to hear of the misconduct of local authorities and of the sufferings inflicted upon those who may be at their mercy. The Turkish Government is not upon principle and intentionally a cruel or oppressive government, but it is weak, and nothing can be worse than the administration in all its branches; and to this weakness and bad administration, together with the corruption that prevails amongst the governing classes, from the highest to the lowest, the evils of Turkish rule may be almost entirely attributed. It is by the constant pressure on which we have now insisted, that the ignorance may be removed, that the bad administration may be gradually reformed, that corruption may be checked, and that the subjects of the Sultan may to a great extent be protected from acts of violence, injustice and oppression. There was a time when such pressure was exercised at Constantinople to the best and most humane purposes by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and indeed by Lord Ponsonby and others who could be named, and its results were in the highest degree satisfactory. If that influence did not accomplish all that might have been desired, it was laying the foundation for better things. But Lord Stratford was a man of great energy; he was strongly backed up from home; the Turks knew that he had their true interests really at heart; and Christians and all other sects were equally convinced that he was ever ready to protect them from violence and wrong. At that time there were intelligent and trustworthy British Consuls and consular agents in all parts of the Turkish Empire. Scarcely a deed of violence or injustice took place without the Ambassador's being informed of it, and without the most urgent representations, we might almost say threats, being made by him on the subject to the Porte. If there were no British agents in places where the Turkish authorities oppressed and ill-treated those under them, and where deeds of cruelty had been committed, Lord Stratford never hesitated to incur the responsibility and expense of sending one to enquire and to report to him. There was scarcely a population or religious sect—Mussulman, Christian, or heathen—that did not, at one time or another, obtain protection or justice through him. When the Shiahhs were

were ill-used and plundered by the Sunnis in Mesopotamia, it was through Lord Stratford that they obtained redress. He took up the cause of the Nestorians after the massacre, insisted upon the restoration of their children and property, and upon the punishment of those who had cruelly treated them. In the affairs of the Lebanon he was the foremost in securing to the different populations of the mountain protection and just government. He did not confine himself, like the Russian and French Ambassadors, to protecting any particular sect or creed—Greek or Roman Catholic. By this policy the Porte and the Sultan himself—for Lord Stratford never hesitated in going straight to the Sultan when he thought it desirable to do so—were made to know all that was passing, were driven into doing something, and were frightened into activity.

No English statesmen were more earnest in maintaining this strong influence and constant pressure for the great end of reforming the misgovernment of the Porte, than those who are most falsely and ‘wickedly’ accused—we borrow, against our will, the word with which Mr. Bright constantly reviled their motives as well as their policy, then as now—of plunging into the Crimean War in order to support Turkey with all its abuses and oppression of the Christians. Lord Palmerston’s letter to Lord Clarendon, written in 1855, proves in every line the sense of responsibility, deepened by the aid given to Turkey, to do something for the Christian subjects of the Porte.

‘MY DEAR CLARENDON,—What remains to be done for the Nonconformists in Turkey would be, I apprehend, speaking generally—

‘1. Capacity for military service by voluntary enlistment, and eligibility to rise to any rank in the army.

‘2. Admission of non-Mussulman evidence in civil as well as criminal cases.

‘3. Establishment of mixed courts of justice (with an equal number of Christian and Mohammedan judges) for all cases in which Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans are parties.

‘4. Appointment of a Christian officer as assessor to every governor of a province when that governor is a Mussulman; such assessor to be of suitable rank and to have full liberty to appeal to Constantinople against any act of the governor, unjust, oppressive, or corrupt.

‘5. Eligibility of Christians to all places in the Administration, whether at Constantinople or in the provinces, and a practical application of this rule by the appointment of Christians at once to some places of trust, civil and military.

‘6. The total abolition of the present system by which offices at Constantinople and in the provinces are bought and sold, and given to unfit and unworthy men for money paid or promised. Such men become tyrants in their offices, either from incapacity or bad passions,

or a desire to repay themselves the money paid for their appointments.

'There ought not only to be complete toleration of non-Mussulman religions, but all punishment of converts from Islam, whether natives or foreigners, ought to be abolished.

'Yours sincerely,

'PALMERSTON.'

Such was the reforming policy of the statesmen who *really felt* their responsibility arising out of the Crimean War. But all this was changed soon after, and for the change some of those who now cry out most lustily against Turkey were the very persons most responsible. Under the Governments, of which Mr. Gladstone was one of the leading members, the policy of 'non-intervention' was extended to Turkey; the British representative there was discouraged from interfering in the affairs of the country; economy was the order of the day; our consuls and others who could afford information were removed, and men were chosen as Ambassadors for Constantinople of a very different type from Lord Stratford. To this policy and state of things may be traced much of what has recently occurred; and we therefore charge upon Mr. Gladstone much of the responsibility of recent events. The first thing now to be done is to restore the foreign diplomatic pressure at Constantinople; and if it can be exercised by the representatives of all the Powers instead of by one, so much the better, provided that it be exercised honestly and disinterestedly. The difficulty of getting the representatives of six different Powers to act in the same sense and spirit would no doubt be great, and disagreement might lead to mischief; but it may be hoped that in simple questions of humanity, just government, and the execution of the laws, upright and honourable men might be found to act together. We believe that what has been here suggested would be better than a mixed commission sitting permanently at Constantinople to watch, direct, and coerce the Porte, such as some persons have proposed, which would only keep up perpetual irritation and wound the pride of the Turks.

The next important step to be taken is to ensure something like permanent government in the provinces, and to abolish the abominable corruption which has hitherto prevailed at Constantinople in the appointment of Governors. It is hopeless to expect any improvement in a province, while its Governor may be recalled at any moment when a candidate for his place has sufficient money to purchase it. He thinks only of profiting as much as possible during the short time allowed

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to him. The permanent and future prosperity of the province has no interest for him; all he cares for is to fill his pockets at the expense of those whom he is sent to govern. If appointments were made for a fixed renewable term, dependent upon the conduct of the Governor and the condition of the provinces committed to his charge, men could be found—whether Turks or Christians signifies really little—who would administer justly, and to whose interest it would be to see the province committed to their charge improve and flourish, and its inhabitants remain peaceable and contented. Everyone who is the least acquainted with Eastern populations knows how much depends upon *the man*: any number of Hatt-i-sheriffs, Tanzimats, and decrees, however liberal and well-intentioned, are absolutely useless when compared with what an energetic, just, and wise ruler can effect, whether he be a Mussulman, Christian, or Jew.

We doubt if any rule ought to be laid down as to whether the Governors of provinces should be Mussulmans or Christians. The best man, whatever his religion, should be chosen for this post, and the Porte could scarcely be compelled to name Governors selected by a Foreign Commission, or by any foreign Power, and then be held responsible for their acts. Moreover, there might be strong political reasons for not appointing certain men to certain posts, of which the Turkish Government alone could be the judge.

We doubt the efficacy of mixed commissions, whether composed of Consuls or of persons expressly appointed to watch and direct the authorities. Such commissions, consisting of men in every way inferior to the Ambassadors or other representatives at Constantinople in position and influence, would rarely if ever agree, and confusion of the most mischievous kind would ensue. Consuls at the capitals of the provinces, and consular agents at the principal towns, would be quite able to keep the Ambassadors and their Governments fully informed; and it would be far more prudent to leave action and interference to those Ambassadors than to the Consuls, however intelligent or zealous they might be. Nor should it be forgotten that all such attempts to establish a controlling authority from without would tend to diminish that responsibility for good government, on the ground of which alone Europe can call Turkey to account. As genuine reforms of a constitution can only be wrought out from within, so good administration can only be hoped for from those who feel that they are doing their own work.

The next great effort on the part of the Powers should be to devise means for placing all the subjects of the Sultan on a footing

ing of the most complete civil and religious equality. The simplest means should at first be adopted to bring this about, without too great interference in non-essential matters, which are founded upon considerations of race, religion, tradition, and other special characteristics, which time only can effectually do away with. Any one acquainted with Mohammedans will know what these are. The extension of the conscription to Christians, as well as to other sects, and their service in the army on precisely the same terms as Mohammedans—that is to say, with the same opportunities of rising to the highest ranks—would no doubt greatly contribute to this end. The details of measures to this effect—whether Christians are to be formed into distinct battalions or to be incorporated into the same battalions with Mohammedans, and so forth, are matters for discussion and examination, and cannot be hastily decided upon. The same is true as regards the police, militia, and other bodies of that nature. The opening to Christians of employment and advancement in all civil capacities, and in all public offices, except those exclusively connected with Mohammedan religious institutions, should also be insisted upon: and on this point there are no real difficulties, as some of the highest posts in Turkey are now held by Christians.

A code of civil and criminal and also of commercial law, applicable alike to Mohammedans, Christians, and all sects whatever, is of the highest importance, and would be one of the most effective measures of reform, and, perhaps, more conducive than anything else to the establishment of perfect equality between them all. The code ought to be prepared by a Commission, such as prepared the Indian code. Upon that Commission there might be the most distinguished Mussulman 'jurisconsults,' and men of learning and experience from different countries. England might furnish men especially qualified by experience in dealing with the mixed races from India; and other countries that have colonies or possessions containing large Mussulman populations might send commissioners well qualified to help and advise. Such a code could be made applicable to subjects of every creed—and would be far more valuable than any Constitution which could be prepared at Constantinople after European models, embracing all manner of institutions and abstract political principles totally unsuited to the population for which it is intended. We have had examples enough of the uselessness and mischief of such constitutions in European countries. A good code, founded to a certain extent upon the 'Code Napoléon,' with such exceptional laws as would be necessary in the case of Mohammedans,

Mohammedans, Christians, and others, in matters exclusively connected with their respective religious creeds, would be the greatest boon that could be conferred upon the Turkish Empire. In India such a code has produced most excellent results. Of course it would take much time to prepare—and there would then remain the difficulty of carrying out and enforcing the law with firmness, justice, and impartiality. This could only be done by properly-trained and honest judges, and by mixed tribunals.

The Porte should also be induced to establish colleges for the training of men of all creeds to hold the office of judge. This would again take time. But the reform of a country like Turkey, particularly in so essential a matter, and one in which such deep-rooted prejudices and animosities are concerned, cannot be accomplished in a day. In the meanwhile, Europeans might be associated with Turkish judges in the tribunals at Constantinople, and in the principal cities of the empire; or Europeans might be made assessors to the native judges in cases connected with the rights, property, and lives of Christians. The right of giving evidence against Mohammedans, and in Mohammedan courts, and all other questions connected with the disabilities of Christians, might be settled in such a code as we have indicated, and their legal status might be fully established. In fact, of all the reforms that have been proposed for Turkey, none, in our opinion, would be more important than the compilation of a good civil and criminal code by men thoroughly acquainted with the character of the different races and religions constituting the Turkish Empire, their wants and their prejudices, and who have had experience, like our Indian civil servants, in dealing with them.

A proper cadastral survey of the land in the Turkish Empire should be made by competent persons; and the practice of collecting taxes in kind should be gradually modified and abolished, and a new and thoroughly well-considered system of taxation should be introduced. The public revenues and expenditure should be placed under European control as far as possible, as they are now intended to be in Egypt. The Porte should be induced to invite such assistance of its own accord. Peter the Great and other sovereigns have civilised their peoples, or at least have reformed their administration, and have placed it upon the footing of other nations, by employing foreigners; and the Turks have already employed foreigners to organise and command their army and navy. There is no reason why they should not also employ them to reform their financial and judicial system.

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The principle of mixed provincial and other councils for local purposes, composed of different Christian and other sects (including the Jews), has been already admitted ; although for various reasons, into which it is unnecessary here to enter, these mixed councils have not been as successful as they might and ought to have been. The non-Mohammedan members have not exercised their proper and legitimate influence in them, and have shown, perhaps for want of proper protection, an absence of honesty and independence. Every endeavour should be made, by increasing the non-Mohammedan members proportionally, according to the population that they represent, to render them more independent and to give them more influence. It may be doubted whether councils composed of members of different religions and races, for the purpose of controlling the action of a Governor of a province, appointed under the conditions that have been suggested, would not be more mischievous than useful, for they would be only a kind of petty debating parliament interfering in all public affairs. They would impede business, add to the general confusion, and be used by the Governor to shelter himself from responsibility and to evade the performance of the duties incumbent upon him.

Measures should be taken first to put a stop to the public wearing of arms, to be followed in course of time by the complete disarmament of the whole population, except those required to carry arms. A general measure for disarmament, to be carried out at once, might be very difficult of execution, and would lead to disorders and grave consequences both to the Christians and the Porte. But a gradual disarmament, commencing with the less warlike and dangerous districts, coupled with the general prohibition of wearing arms in public, might be enforced without danger, and by the means now at the disposal of the Turkish Government.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into numerous details which might be needful to complete the reforms indicated. They would all depend, more or less, upon the recognition and adoption of the main principles we have laid down.

But everything must depend—and this cannot be repeated too often—upon the pressure brought to bear on the Turkish Government at Constantinople by the representatives of the Foreign Powers. In this pressure would consist the best guarantee that the reforms indicated should be carried out. Such a guarantee as Russia had demanded—the occupation of Bulgaria and other Turkish Provinces by her troops, or by those of any other nation—could only lead to dangerous political consequences, and probably to future wars. As we have pointed out, Russia once in Bulgaria would either never leave it, or would establish
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amongst the Bulgarian populations, almost up to the gates of Constantinople and Salonica, an organisation and influence that would render her future possession of Turkey in Europe certain, and a mere question of time. The temporary occupation of the Lebanon by French troops, which has been cited as an example by the advocates of Russia in favour of a Bulgarian occupation by her, can be easily shown to bear no analogy whatever to the case of Bulgaria. It took place at the request of the Porte itself, far from the capital, in a wild mountain region which no one desired to conquer. Even supposing the French had violated their engagement, and had persisted in retaining possession of the Lebanon, the danger would have been small indeed in comparison with the danger of the possession of Bulgaria by Russia. But it may be stated positively that Lord Palmerston, although yielding to the occupation of the Lebanon by the French, was by no means reconciled to it, and that he did not conceal his anxiety that it should be discontinued as soon as possible.

In the pressure to be brought to bear upon the Turkish Government the representative of England ought to play the most important and useful part. The influence of England ought to be paramount at Constantinople, and would be so, if properly exercised and directed. It might and ought to be used for the good, and in the interest, of Turks, Christians, Jews, and all other races and sects alike. That influence, men of high position in England have unfortunately done their very best to destroy by a foolish, irrational, and intolerant outcry against the Turks; forgetting that whilst it never has been and never could be exercised to uphold and maintain Turkish oppression, cruelty, and misrule, it may be all-powerful in restraining them, in ensuring good government, and in obtaining justice and protection for all the subjects of the Porte. It is difficult to understand how men, calling themselves Liberals, should advocate injustice or persecution against a whole race, merely because that race is not Christian; or that, because horrible cruelties have been inflicted upon Christians, therefore even more horrible and wholesale cruelties should be inflicted upon Mussulmans by an internecine war, which would renew the sufferings of the Christians also, and would only, if successful, end in their exchanging one master for another, an organised despotism for an irregular tyranny. Although these persons may deny that such is their intention, the policy advocated by Mr. Gladstone in his untoward pamphlet, and echoed by men, happily, of little consideration and influence in the country, could lead to no other result.

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Among the many important topics we are compelled to pass over is the vital one, which the agitators seem to think beneath their notice :—What would be the gain or loss to their Christian clients (setting aside the millions of ‘anti-human’ souls, who are yet keen to feel patriotism, to enjoy freedom and prosperity, to suffer wrong, and to resent oppression) by the substitution of Russian dominion for Turkish sovereignty? We have been told, indeed, that in Russia there is law, in Turkey there is none—a quibble contrasted with a falsehood. The law of Russia is subject to the will of the sovereign autocrat, and never hinders the stern punishment and secret suppression of any that offend him. Russian despotism is more organised and ruthless than Turkish oppression, and her cruelty more systematic than Moslem cruelty. The one is the decaying remnant of a patriarchal despotism, which admits at least repeated experiments in reform ; the other is a comparatively recent and carefully elaborated system, which crushes every germ of freedom (we are speaking of political, not municipal government), and in its arrogant, though but seeming strength, defies the external influence to which Turkey’s weakness has always held her amenable, and scornfully denies all responsibility to European opinion for her conquests and her treatment of the conquered. Turkey has tyranny enough to answer for ; but she has neither a Poland nor a Siberia.

England’s position at Constantinople is altogether a very peculiar and exceptional one. Considering the vast number of her Mussulman subjects, it is necessary for her to have great influence there, and to be thoroughly well informed of all that is going on in the Turkish Empire. The fact, too, that her main lines of communication with her great Indian dependencies depend to a great extent upon Turkey, renders this equally necessary. The amount of influence exercised by the Sultan of Turkey as head of the Sunni and other Mussulmans in British India may be matter of discussion, although it seems now to be generally admitted that it is great, but no one denies that it does exist to a certain extent. And that it prevails to a very great degree amongst the Tartar and Turkish races and tribes in Central Asia we have never seen seriously questioned. This is proved by Shaw and every other traveller who has penetrated into those regions. This influence may be hereafter of the greatest importance to us, should events require any action on our part in Central Asia. It is highly desirable, therefore, that we should stand well with the Turkish Government.

And our influence must always be more acceptable to the Turks than that of any other Power. They know that we have interests in common, and that it is to our advantage that they should be strong,

strong, independent, and prosperous, and we can make them understand that they can only be so by just and good government, and here we have additional means of procuring such government. We have no designs upon Turkish territory, unlike Russia, who must always be suspected at Constantinople, and who can only therefore exercise an influence founded upon fear, and provoking hatred and resentment. And the very excess of those feelings may lead the Porte, by a natural reaction, to weary in the constant strain of resistance, and to throw up the game and herself into the hands of Russia. This is no conjecture, but a fact proved more than once in various degrees, and notably when the deposition of Abd-ul-Aziz only just anticipated his treasonable execution of an engagement made with General Ignatieff. Austria, too, may be suspected of territorial designs. The influence of France is now much less than it used formerly to be, and it was chiefly exercised, from interested motives, in behalf of the Roman Catholic subjects of the Porte. Germany has not yet taken any decided part in Turkish affairs, but it may be presumed that as her position in Europe becomes more settled and defined, and as her commerce with the East extends, she will be disposed to follow the policy of England as regards Turkey.

All these considerations ought to render English influence the one most acceptable to the Turks, and consequently paramount at Constantinople. But then it must be persistently and energetically directed by the British representative there, and this can only be done if he be firmly sustained from home. It is most unjust to condemn Sir Henry Elliot—who has at least been the faithful representative of British policy at Constantinople—or any other English Ambassador, for the results of the policy of the Government. We must no longer hear of British consulates and vice-consulates being abolished to save a few pounds. On the contrary, we must increase them, and find energetic, capable, and intelligent men to fill them. An English minister must no longer say that there must be no interference in the affairs of Turkey, or that the less an English representative does at Constantinople the better, and that the Turks may go to the dogs after their own fashion. We have little hesitation in saying that, had our proper influence been maintained at Constantinople, such as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had established it, and had we been served by sufficient and proper agents in the Turkish Provinces, the evils and disasters which threaten to plunge Europe into a general war might have been avoided.

There is one more point to which allusion ought to be made
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in connection with the Turkish question—the great danger of dealing with international treaties as Mr. Gladstone proposes to deal with the Treaty of Paris, and the no less grave danger of establishing and authorising by precedent violations of international law. According to Mr. Gladstone, one party to a treaty may decline to recognise its obligations with impunity, and one Government may of its own accord declare a treaty inapplicable or void as regards another of the parties to it; and a publicist like Sir William Harcourt puffs away with a breath all the rubbish about adhering to the Treaty of 1856! Nothing can be more mischievous and more fatal to the peace and good understanding between nations than these doctrines. It is astonishing that they should come from Mr. Gladstone, who was at the head of the Government which resisted the attempt of Russia to violate the Treaty of Paris with respect to her naval establishments in the Black Sea, and compelled her to accept the principle laid down in a subsequent treaty, that one Power cannot of its own accord repudiate any part of it. Other instances might be given of a similar kind. It might have been hoped that those who advocate universal peace and good-will between nations would have been the first to insist upon the sanctity and inviolability of treaties. Such treatment of treaties—which are in fact the only firm base of international law and peace—is a feature of Russian policy, and she is quick to take advantage of the least appearance of a concession to it on our part. The ‘Moscow Gazette’ lately objected to a proposed form of guarantee that ‘while *quite as much at variance with the Paris Treaty* as the more effective plan announced by Prince Gortchakoff, it would only tend to *elude Russian designs* and ignore Russian promises!’

Prince Bismarck cynically recommended England to follow the example of Russia in Serbia, and to make an ‘unofficial’ war for Turkey. The example to which he alludes may one day have the gravest consequences, and Prince Bismarck was not the man to omit to ‘prendre acte’ of it, as diplomatists say. Such a new principle in international law may lead to serious results hereafter. No reasonable man can believe in the excuses given by Russia for allowing thousands of armed men and officers to pass into Serbia, join the Servian army, and wage war against a nation with which she was, outwardly at least, in friendly relations. If the pressure of popular opinion is to be accepted as an excuse for such conduct, what nation might not justify similar conduct by a similar excuse? It is not a little surprising that Englishmen, calling themselves statesmen, should not only attempt to justify Russia in acting upon this popular pressure,

pressure, but should endeavour to make use of a similar pressure at home to drive the Government into a war, or to compel it to abandon the highest interests of the Empire. If this pressure is to be justified, and is to be had recourse to every time popular sentiment and emotion are excited by cruel deeds and foreign misgovernment, England would be rarely without a war on her hands. Had this new foreign policy prevailed, England, during the last few years, would have been at war with Russia for her treatment of the unhappy Poles, far more shocking and systematic in cruelty and oppression than even the treatment by the Porte of its Christian subjects; with Austria on account of her tyranny in Italy; again with Austria for her conduct to the Hungarians, denounced at endless enthusiastic public meetings in England by the eloquent Kossuth. In fact, there is scarcely a country in Europe with which England would not have been at one time or other at war, if her foreign policy had been guided by spasmodic outbursts of emotion at acts of cruelty and wrong.

The apparent exception in the case of Mr. Canning's policy towards Greece, on which Mr. Gladstone has elaborately founded his one announcement of a practical policy for the present crisis, can be shown to have exactly the opposite meaning, and to carry most forcibly the opposite lesson. On his entrance to the Foreign Office in 1822, Mr. Canning adopted the strictest course of non-intervention between Greece and Turkey; and that on grounds precisely similar to Lord Derby's reasons for the same course in relation to Herzegovina and Bosnia. Whoever will compare Canning's official papers, which may be read in his 'Life' by Mr. Stapleton and in the 'Wellington Despatches,' with those of Lord Derby, will not only enjoy the tracing of a curious parallel, but will marvel at the audacity which cited the one policy as a condemnation of the other. Further, it was not till Mr. Canning believed that Russia was prepared to act by herself that he went hand-in-hand with her in hope of effecting a European concert, in which he did not succeed, though it was reserved for Lord Aberdeen to see Russia at Adrianople. *'Absit omen!'*

There is scarcely an international law and obligation which has not been of late violated in respect to Turkey, and yet one of those who maintain that even the greatest and most vital interests of England should give way to the claims of humanity, ventures to exclaim, 'Perish British interests! Perish our Indian Empire! rather than'—not to provoke another evasion under the cover of a charge of misquotation, we adopt Mr. Freeman's own condensation of his meaning in the proverb—'*Fiat justitia ruat*

ruat cœlum.' But what is the *justice* of the case? It is hard to learn from those who tear up treaties and justify open breaches of international law; but certainly the *injustice* with which the speaker and his friends have treated Turkey, and would treat her if they could, exceeds almost the greatest violation of the maxim that the world has ever seen. The whole history of the Servian war; the way in which it was brought about; the manner in which Turkey, having been first restrained from using the means at her disposal to anticipate and resist invasion and unjustifiable and wanton attack, was afterwards prevented from availing herself of the successes which she had achieved in repelling that invasion; the Danube closed against her even where she had the undoubted right of navigation; the sympathy, money and aid in men given to the insurgents by bordering nations; and a thousand other things; furnish sufficient proofs that no nation has ever been treated by civilised nations with a more reckless contempt of justice, right and international law. This is not said out of any love or sympathy for the Turk, who by his misgovernment may have brought the greater part of the evils that he has suffered upon himself; but out of fear that the course which has been pursued towards him, by nations boasting of their justice and civilisation, may destroy those precedents of international law, and those principles of universal justice, by which the intercourse of nations is regulated, and upon which alone the peace between them can be solidly founded, and weak states preserved from the violence of the strong.

A day may come when the truth of what is here stated may be recognised, and the treatment of Turkey may be deplored. Already we find the Russian press, acting upon Mr. Gladstone's suggestions as to the validity of treaties and international engagements, calling upon the Russian Government, in case of war with England, to arm privateers to destroy her commerce, and to 'ignore' this and other stipulations entered into with the Great Powers, parties to the Treaty of Paris. What too, it may be asked, has become of the celebrated 'three rules' of the Treaty of Washington, to which the Government of Mr. Gladstone consented so as to justify unjust and unprecedented demands upon his own country, in order that they might place upon a more broad, just, and equitable basis—one more consistent with the advanced civilisation of our time—the intercourse of all countries, and define their obligations as neutrals? Will Mr. Gladstone venture to say that these rules have been respected and observed by Russia in her conduct towards Turkey?

It is needless to say that the reforms we have advocated should

should be carried out in all the Turkish Empire. If they are to be limited to the provinces which have been the seat of the recent insurrections, that would indeed be 'a patching up' of the Eastern Question. The Turkish Government might be most fully justified in maintaining, that to grant privileges to certain provinces, and to make even territorial concessions to them, whilst other provinces which have taken no hostile part against Turkish rule are left without help or sympathy, would only be to encourage future insurrections, besides being most unjust and unfair to their populations. If we really wish to see Turkey reformed and made strong and as independent as possible, one large comprehensive and just scheme of government, extending to all her subjects, whether in Europe or in Asia, should be devised and acted upon.

We have referred above to one most ominous confirmation of these remarks in the case of the Greeks, whose indignation and resentment are already shown in more dangerous forms than their urgent memorial to the Conference, and the powerful letter of M. Byzantios. Just as the Conference had made the beginning of their Herculean task, they found the first smitten head of the hydra replaced by two; and each step promises a like result. Servian ambition raised the Bosnian and the Bulgarian difficulties; the Bulgarian has provoked the Greek; the attempt to appease the Slav rouses the Magyar; nay, Slav is divided against Slav (as to all who knew them needed not to be foretold), and the Slavs of Austria are excited by the proposal to annex one of the chief seats of the Servian race to Bulgaria. The Porte is already threatened with Greek, Armenian, and Persian questions; and none but the wisdom of the ostrich denies the tendency of what is now chiefly, in its real stress of difficulty, a question between Russia and Turkey, to become *Eastern* in the widest sense, agitating the whole Mussulman world, to the very heart of our newly-proclaimed Indian Empire.

These, and far more numerous complications in every quarter of the world, warn us of the necessity—not of attempting to settle the whole question at once, nor of holding our hands from the partial and local measures imperatively demanded by present and local evils—but of so dealing with the case now urgent, as to make a step towards the settlement of the whole, and not to create new difficulties and dangers. And this is the vital difference between the course of the Queen's Government and the agitators; between—what is almost the same contrast in other words—the English and Russian schemes.

As to the aim and end, there is at present but one alternative, either to destroy Turkey, that her government may be replaced
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by *Russia* or *Chaos*, or rather by BOTH, or to maintain her independence and integrity consistently with internal reform and the stern suppression of injustice, disorder, and misgovernment. This is the steady English policy, consecrated by the Treaty of Paris as part of the public law of Europe; and it underlies every line of Lord Derby's despatches. The means adopted are open to fair criticism, which must, of course, hit some blots; but the only serious objection urged by moderate opponents is easy to meet, nay, it has been met by the event. In the face of alternations that have kept us on the rack all this season of Christmas and the new year, how can it be maintained that a more perfect concert with the three Northern Powers, and especially with Russia, might have settled the question a year ago? What was the concert between the three Powers themselves? What was the consistency of Russia even with herself, who seems not yet to know her own mind, or her means of giving it effect? But the concert was tried to the limit of sound policy; and its *ease* was illustrated by the failure of the Andrassy Note, and by the preparation of the Berlin Memorandum behind our back. It was Lord Derby's reluctance to join in impracticable or insidious schemes, the best of which were unseasonable, that left the Government full freedom when the time for conference and decision came.

For this the question was never ripe till its conditions were altered by the Bulgarian massacres—which Lord Derby was the first to denounce in his Despatches—by the Servian war, participated in by Russia, which led to the beaten Servians seeking our good offices; and when the first armistice, which we procured by the strongest diplomatic pressure, was broken in consequence of the Gladstone agitation, the final catastrophe brought the question to a head. Then again Lord Derby obtained the existing armistice of which Russia seized the credit by 'forcing the open door.' It was Lord Derby who invited the Conference, framed its bases on the ground of our consistent policy, and obtained the consent of all the Powers not only to that policy, but to articles renouncing all idea of separate advantage, and all the schemes put forward, whether in Russia or England, against the independence and integrity of Turkey. Thus, by the consistent action of our Government, Russia herself was committed to the common policy, and Russia and Turkey were *both* brought face to face with Europe at the council-table, instead of front to front upon the Danube.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The Works of Alexander Pope. New Edition. Including several hundred unpublished letters and other new materials, collected in part by the late Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. Whitwell Elwin. Poetry, Vols. I., II. London, 1871. Correspondence, Vols. I., II., III. London, 1871, 1872.*

ALL that this admirable edition wants is a conclusion. It is the last, and, in many respects, the most important contribution to what has been for one hundred and thirty-three years a kind of Eastern Question of criticism, the dispute as to the real character and genius of Pope. Mr. Elwin has collected fuller materials, and possesses in himself finer qualifications, for writing the life of the poet than, perhaps, any of his predecessors; but he has not written it. Whatever is best in the opinions of earlier critics is preserved in his Notes; much valuable criticism of his own is embodied in his Prefaces; but he has given us no survey of Pope's powers as a whole. His edition is, in a sense, the supplement to that of Bowles; and Bowles, more through circumstances than inclination, was a partisan. In Mr. Elwin's trenchant criticisms on his author, we seem to be spectators of a battle, at the side of a General of Division. We see positions carried and retained; brilliant charges; glimpses of other parts of the field, which show us that the movement, in which we are engaged, is part of a concerted plan; but of the general state of affairs we are unable to judge. The history of the question is sufficiently interesting to justify us in supplying briefly the links of information necessary to the perfect appreciation of Mr. Elwin's work.

Twelve years after Pope's death, Joseph Warton published the first volume of his 'Essay,' the design of which was to show that Pope's compositions, regarded as poetry, were not of a 'genuine' order. The second volume was long withheld, either, as Johnson
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suggested to Boswell, in 1763, because the author 'was a little disappointed at not having been able to persuade the world to be of his opinion,' or, as Mr. Elwin supposes, because Warton was afraid of Warburton, Pope's friend and commentator, who had caused his first volume to be handled with considerable severity. In due time, however, the work was completed; and in 1805, Bowles, the poet, a pupil of Warton at Winchester, published his well-known edition, in which he developed and fortified his old master's theory of poetry, and entered at more detail than his predecessors into disputed points relative to Pope's life and character. For this he was called to account by Byron, who, in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' pronounced him 'the worst of critics,' and accused him of doing 'for hate what Mallett did for hire.'

Bowles, for whatever reason, let the attack pass at the time; and the matter slept till 1820, when an article in this 'Review' (written, as is well known, by Isaac D'Israeli) on 'Spence's Anecdotes of Books and Men,' stirred the controversy afresh. A letter from Lord Byron, then at the height of his fame, some remarks by Campbell in a Preface to his 'Specimens of the British Poets,' and the insults of a whole host of minor assailants, brought Bowles into the field in defence of his conduct. He encountered his numerous antagonists with great vigour and acuteness, and for six years there raged a war of pamphlets, ended at last by a single combat between Bowles and Roscoe (whose edition of the poet had meantime appeared), in which the latter was conspicuously worsted.

Bowles complained that the only two of his opponents by whom he was treated with common courtesy were Byron and Campbell. On a reconsideration of the part which the 'Quarterly Review' played in this quarrel, we find little in Mr. D'Israeli's article which any one, who was not inclined to be garrulous and testy,—and Bowles with many admirable qualities seems to have been a little of both,—had any cause to resent. But the strategy adopted by some of Pope's more obscure champions was as fatal as it was absurd. Bowles had been liberal in his praise of Pope's poetical genius. Though he had exercised his undoubted right as a biographer to judge of the poet's character by his actions, he had put upon these, whenever he thought it possible, a charitable construction, and, even at the worst, had referred them to motives which no man, with any self-knowledge, can afford to despise. But the poet's advocates had made up their minds that there was a diabolical conspiracy against his reputation; that his friends were therefore bound to prove him to have been incapable of wrong-doing; that no doubt was to be admitted,

admitted, even as to those parts of his conduct which, by the common consent of his own contemporaries, had been mildly judged to be ambiguous; and that, as he was beyond all question an inspired saint, his editor was, by necessary consequence, a scoundrel and a fool. It would have been better for Pope if they had remembered a remark of Johnson in reference to his Preface to 'Shakespeare': 'We must confess the faults of our favourite in order to gain credit to our praise of his excellence. He that claims, either for himself or for another, the honours of perfection, will surely injure the reputation he designs to assist.' The most significant comment on the tactics of Pope's partisans against Bowles's edition, is the appearance of the edition of Mr. Elwin.

One of the points of debate between Bowles and his opponents, the one on which, perhaps, the latter spoke with most confidence, was the question as to the clandestine publication of Pope's correspondence. This point has been now placed by Mr. Elwin beyond the reach of controversy. By the help of the collections of Mr. Croker, the investigations of the late Mr. Dilke, published in the 'Athenæum,' and his own lucid arrangement and exhaustive reasoning, Mr. Elwin proves to demonstration that the mysterious P. T. and Smythe, whose negotiations with Curll led to the printing of the surreptitious and authorised volumes of 'Correspondence' in 1735 and 1737, can have been no other than Pope and his agents. This has been all along more than suspected. But Mr. Elwin has another indictment against the poet. He brings the strongest presumptive evidence to show that the volume of 'Correspondence' between Pope and Swift, published in Dublin in 1741, at the instance, as has been hitherto supposed, on Pope's authority, of the Dean, was in reality printed by the crafty contrivance of Pope. And he further shows that whenever Pope thought the effect of his composition would be heightened with the public, he never hesitated to alter or amplify the original text, to change the dates, and even to transfer whole passages from one letter to another. How much Mr. Elwin has done in completing the collection of the poet's correspondence may be gathered from his own statement:—

'The last edition published in the lifetime of Pope contained, according to Mr. Croker's calculations, 354 letters. These, Mr. Croker states, were increased by Warburton to 384; by Warton to 502; by Bowles to 644; and by Roscoe to 708, or exactly double the number that were included in the last edition of the poet. The present edition will contain more new letters than were collected by Warburton, Warton, Bowles, and Roscoe combined; and many of them

are of immeasurably greater importance in determining the character of Pope than any that have yet appeared.'

This passage speaks for itself; but just when he has raised our expectations most highly the editor stops short. Is the character of Pope, indeed, determined by Mr. Elwin's discoveries in the matter of the correspondence? Is his guilt in this and other actions of his life so utterly monstrous, as to warrant a biographer in painting his portrait in such colours as Suetonius employs on the character of Caligula? Mr. Elwin leaves us in little doubt as to his own opinion, for he quotes with approval the famous description of Macaulay:—

'Pope's whole life was one long series of tricks as mean and malicious as that of which he had suspected Addison and Tickell. He was all stiletto and mask. To injure and insult, and to save himself from the consequences of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life.'

This may be, of course, sober philosophical truth, and not merely an artful device of rhetoric, on Macaulay's part, to brighten the character of Addison by blackening that of Pope. But if Mr. Elwin had written a connected life of Pope, he would have told us in this case what to think of the evidence of Bolingbroke, Pope's most intimate friend, who exclaimed by his death-bed: 'I never in my life knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind.' The colouring here is quite as strong as Macaulay's, and, besides the corroborative evidence of Chesterfield, it would be easy to justify it by what is known of Pope. His generous support of Savage; the interest he showed in Johnson's behalf, at a time when the latter's 'London' was thought by many to divide the honours with the 'Imitations of Horace'; above all, his unwearied devotion to his parents; these are facts quite as well authenticated as the secret publication of his own correspondence, his ingratitude to the Duke of Chandos, and his defamation of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Are we to believe that a man who lived in the most affectionate intimacy with the honourable Arbuthnot was *all* mask? That one of the dearest friends of the chivalrous Atterbury was *all* stiletto? And as to the charge that insult and injury was the one habit of his life, that is sufficiently met by a reference to his studious and solitary inclinations, his devotion to his art, and the generally sound and wholesome character of his poetry.

Pope's character, it is evident, is one of remarkable complexity.

plexity.* No partiality can extenuate those actions of meanness and malignity of which, under the prompting of a morbid self-love, he was frequently guilty. On the other hand, we think that he has been regarded with too severe an antipathy, and that his good points have been too lightly valued, by his latest editor. We have no space on the present occasion to pursue farther this interesting but perplexed part of the question. But it is probable that, with all the fresh materials which Mr. Elwin has placed at our disposal, future biographers of the poet will see little cause to make any large alterations in the outlines of the portrait so vigorously painted in Johnson's admirable 'Life.'

In any case our view of Pope's character, wherever it may lead us, ought not to be allowed to interfere with our judgment of his genius. His character belongs to himself alone, pledged though his admirers must always be to uphold his credit as far as reason allows. His poetry, on the other hand, belongs to his country, and it is of the highest importance, not merely as a point of abstract criticism, but with a view to the existing condition of our language, that the value of his poetical performances should be justly ascertained. Mr. Elwin's criticism is of a kind with which, in these days of flimsy metaphysic, it is a pleasure to become acquainted and a misfortune to disagree. To many of his remarks we give our hearty assent; to as many more we decidedly demur; and the general position from which he makes his frequent attacks on the poet we shall proceed to examine. But in order to appreciate the strength of this position, we ought to have an understanding of the earlier phases of the great Anti-Pope struggle which have prepared the way for the latest attack.

The first issue in the combat, as raised by Warton, was one which we make bold to say ought never to have been raised at all. His main proposition is thus stated in his 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope':

'I respect and honour his abilities, but I do not think him at the head of his profession. In other words, in that species of poetry in which Pope excelled, he excelled all mankind; and I only say that this species of poetry is not the most excellent one of the art.'

* Mr. Elwin in plain terms condemns Pope as a hypocrite; and that his actions were often in glaring contrast with his professions is undeniable. But he was not a hypocrite in the sense in which Joseph Surface was one. He really loved virtue, but he loved himself better. The extraordinary extent to which he was capable of self-deception is shown by his declaration to Swift (Letter 14, vol. vii.), that he intended 'writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucauld's principles.' Pope could never have hoped to deceive Swift, and yet the principles by which his own conduct was frequently if not always regulated, were those of Rochefoucauld.

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The proposition one would suppose was self-evident. 'It is high,' said a writer in this 'Review,' which sided with the champions of Pope, 'perhaps the very highest, in the *second* class, that we rank the poetic genius of Pope.*' No capable judge would think of contending that the poetry of Horace and Pope was equal in order to that of Virgil and Milton, any more than that there was no difference in the order of the faculties to which the two sets of poets severally appeal. But in proof of his thesis on which everybody was agreed, Warton proceeded to make use of arguments which practically stripped Pope of all claims to poetical merit.

'The epistles of Boileau in rhyme are no more *poetical* than the characters of La Bruyère in prose; and it is a creative and glowing imagination, "*acer spiritus ac vis*," that alone can stamp a writer with this exalted and very uncommon character, which so few possess, and of which so few can properly judge.'

And again:—

'The sublime and the pathetic are the two chief nerves of all *genuine poesy*. What is there sublime or pathetic in Pope?'

Thus in one sentence we are told that Pope was the most admirable master in a particular order of poetry, which was only not the highest; and in the next we are assured that this order is not '*genuine poesy*' at all. Such a confusion of thought we might think sufficiently exposed by Johnson's question, 'Who is a poet if Pope be not?' Warton, however, found a backer in Bowles, who undertook to establish his proposition by the following process of demonstration:—

'If my positions are true, that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful are more poetical, that is (to avoid cavil) *more adapted to the highest order of poetry* than any works of art; and further, if it be true that passions, including all that is sublime in sentiment or affecting in pathos, are more poetical than manners of life; provided always that, in estimating the rank of the respective poets, regard should be had to the subject and the execution; then the poet who had conceived an epic like "*Paradise Lost*," or dramas like "*Lear*," "*Macbeth*," "*Othello*," "*Tempest*," "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*As You Like It*," would be placed higher in the rank of his art than he who had written any satires, moral epistles—one the most pathetic and beautiful in this style of poetry, one heroi-comical poem unrivalled in the world—with whatever consummate felicity of execution all or any of these poems might be finished.'

Round the position thus developed by Bowles the battle raged

* 'Quarterly Review,' July, 1825.

with

with fury. 'Bowles,' says Mr. Elwin, 'got an easy victory over all his assailants.' If he did, it was owing to his assailants' blunders, not to the strength of his own reasoning. The fact is not one of his adversaries detected his weak point. 'By poetical images,' said he, 'I mean images adapted to the highest kind of poetry.' The *petitio principii* appears so glaring that it is difficult to understand how it can have been overlooked. But overlooked it was. Byron ventured to maintain the paradox that images drawn from art were *better* adapted for poetry than images drawn from nature. Campbell contended that objects of art were as poetical as objects of nature; and that nature included manners as well as passions. A third disputant, backed by Campbell, accused Bowles of saying, which he did not, that poetry depended for its excellence rather on the subject than the execution. No one seems to have asked Bowles by what right he limited the meaning of the term 'poetical' to what was adapted to the *higher* order of poetry; whether satire and mock-heroic were not genuine orders of poetry; and if so, whether images drawn from the sublime and the pathetic in nature would be adapted for satire and mock-heroic.

Warton and Bowles, it is evident, confounded two distinct issues—the scope of the art of poetry, and the intention of particular poets. Their argument assumed that the term 'poetical' could be with equal propriety applied to the subject of a poem and to its execution, whereas it is really applicable only to the latter. It may, indeed, be said that a man's *thought* is poetical though expressed in prose, but in that case the word is used in a metaphorical sense, meaning that the thought resembles those which are commonly found expressed in verse. A poet is a man who expresses ideas in metrical language, just as a painter is one who expresses ideas by means of forms and colours. If a subject, adapted for any kind of metrical expression, be expressed in metre as well as in its kind it can be, the result is in the highest degree poetical. No one would deny that Milton's poetry is more sublime than Pope's; but to say that it is more poetical is a confusion of terms. It is as if an epicure, wishing to justify his preference for peaches over strawberries, should say that the strawberry was less of a fruit than the peach.

As we have said, there had hitherto been no real question in dispute. The true merits of Pope were as highly extolled by those who were supposed to disparage his genius, as by those who most staunchly upheld it. 'Considering,' says Warton, 'the *correctness*, elegance, and utility, of his works, the weight of sentiment, and the knowledge of men they contain, we may venture to assign him a place next to Milton and just
above

above Dryden.' In the same manner Bowles 'cheerfully admitted that Pope will remain unrivalled for the *correctness* and delicacy of his taste, as well as for the vigour of his judgment.' Nothing more could be desired by any reasonable admirer of Pope. But scarcely had this first great quarrel been brought to something like an amicable composition, when a far more deadly and deliberate attack was made on the poet's reputation. It will be observed that, both in Warton's and Bowles' estimate of Pope, special emphasis is laid on his virtue of correctness. But a later school of critics, followers for the most part of the Lake school of poetry, and rebels against all eighteenth century 'authority,' maintain that 'correctness' in poetry is no virtue, and that, even if it be, Pope is not correct. Prominent among these critics stand De Quincey and Macaulay, and the sum of their opinions on Pope's correctness may be given in the words of Mr. Elwin:—'We might be tempted to think that the claim which Warton and others set up for Pope was an insidious device to injure his reputation, by diverting attention from his merits, and basing his fame on a foundation too slender to support it.'

Now let us hasten to say that, if Pope be not 'correct' in Warton's sense of the word, his reputation falls. Ever since the hint which Spence tells us he had from Walsh, correctness in writing was the poet's first aim, and if he missed this, he missed his poetical mark. What, then, is this correctness? In the first place the word evidently implies limitation, and it is noticeable that some of those who decry limitation in poetry do so for exactly opposite reasons. Macaulay despises correctness, because he is of opinion that the freedom of poetical imagination expires under the fetters and refinements of art; Mr. Elwin despises it because he thinks the field of poetical imagination is as boundless and indefinable as nature. 'We think,' says Macaulay, 'that as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. . . . In a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, but little poetry.' Mr. Elwin, on the contrary, says: 'The advice of Walsh was foolish. A poet who believed originality to be exhausted might have spared his pains. . . . The aspects under which the world, animate and inanimate, may be regarded by the poet are practically endless. The latent truths of science do not offer to the philosopher a more unbounded field of novelty.' It is plain that these two contradictory theories cannot be true together.

But

But what are the limitations which Warton meant to express by the term 'correctness'? Macaulay had few equals as a rhetorician, and the rhetorical device in which he particularly excelled was the *apparently* exhaustive statement of an adversary's argument, as a preliminary to exhibiting its shallowness and imbecility. He has nowhere used this artifice with more brilliant effect than in his disquisition on the meaning of Pope's correctness. For instance, supposing that the word may mean accuracy of description, he says that, in that case, Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, would be more correct poets than Pope and Addison, since 'the single description of a moonlight night in Pope's "Iliad" contains more inaccuracies than can be found in all the "Excursion."' 'But if,' he continues, 'by correctness be meant the conforming to a narrow legislation, which, while lenient to the *mala in se*, multiplies, without a shadow of a reason, the *mala prohibita*; if by correctness be meant a strict attention to certain ceremonious observances, which are no more essential to poetry than etiquette to good government, or than the washings of a Pharisee to devotion, then assuredly Pope may be a more correct poet than Shakespeare; and if the code were a little altered, Colley Cibber might be a more correct poet than Pope.'

Nothing could be more effective; the only thing to be said is that the word 'correctness,' as used by Warton, did not mean this, nor did it simply mean accuracy of description. The true meaning of the term may be gathered from a passage in Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Discourses,' in which he defines the limits of painting:—

'Everything is to be done with which it is natural for the mind to be pleased, whether it proceeds from simplicity or variety, uniformity or irregularity; whether the scenes are familiar or exotic, rude and wild, or enriched and cultivated; for it is natural for the mind to be pleased with all these in their turn. In short, whatever pleases has in it what is analogous to the mind, and is therefore in the highest and best sense natural.'

The doctrine of Sir Joshua implies that all art is founded upon Nature; that its function is to produce pleasure; that there is a general order in Nature which is designed to excite pleasure, and a common constitution of the mind which is prepared to receive it; and that when art of any kind produces results upon which general and lasting pleasure follows, then that art is beyond all question correct. Correctness in poetry may therefore be defined as the production of any effect of metrical composition with which it is natural for the mind to be pleased. Is it possible to fix with any precision the limits of this pleasure?

We

We agree with Macaulay that the effects of poetry with which it is natural for the mind to be pleased are most abundant in a rude state of society; and also that this is the state in which the mind itself is capable of receiving the most intense and exhilarating pleasure. Whatever advance is subsequently made by society in knowledge and refinement is so much encroachment on the territory of the imagination. The sources of poetical pleasure have to stand a constant drain from the increase of judgment, comparison, custom, prejudice, ennui, and all the artificial tastes that accumulate in the mind of an old and historic society. They are further exhausted by the growth of poetical 'property,' and by the unceasing demand of the reader for imaginative novelty. A frequent complaint of late writers is want of materials. Virgil, for instance, piques himself on the invention of the design of the 'Georgics':—

'Cetera quæ vacuas tenuissent carmine mentes
Omnia jam vulgata.'

And La Bruyère, in exactly the same way, though in a more despondent spirit, exclaims: 'Les anciens ont tout dit; on vient aujourd'hui trop tard pour dire des choses nouvelles.'

On the other hand, taking the word poetry in its wide and generally accepted sense, it is surprising to us that a judge of Macaulay's soundness and penetration should have committed himself to an opinion which the most cursory survey of facts proves to be untenable. What was the stage of civilisation in which were produced the poems of Sophocles, Virgil, Corneille, and Milton? If the poetical temperament in its highest perfection be found in a rude state of society, then Thespis ought to have been a greater poet than Euripides; the miracle plays of the monks must have had more merit than the dramas of Shakespeare; and Cædmon, not Milton, should have been the author of 'Paradise Lost.' But, in truth, the performances of the later writers would have been out of the power of their predecessors. However gifted in point of imaginative sensibility, the latter would have failed for want of art. Learning, judgment, the power of composition, a language rich in precise yet ample terms, and in varied resources of harmony—in all of which essentials early writers are, as a rule, conspicuously deficient—go to the making of a great poem; and, instead of sharing Macaulay's surprise that 'Paradise Lost' should have been written in an advanced stage of society, we are of opinion that at no other stage could such a poem have been possible.

We find then, in poetry, so long as it continues to be genuinely productive, a twofold process; a constant exhaustion of poetical material

material (and here we have the misfortune to disagree with Mr. Elwin) and a constant increase in the resources of poetical art, at which point, as we have said, we part company from Macaulay. In the production of poetical pleasure there is a balance of loss and gain. If much pleasure is subtracted from the imagination, much is added to the judgment; if refined society misses the rapture and freedom of its early enjoyments, the want is to some extent supplied by the increased delicacy and profundity of its perceptions. The objects of imagination are brought into a more contracted area, but they are more distinctly seen; language loses in point of imagery, but gains in comprehensiveness and precision; constituted opinion begins to exercise a control over the irregular freedom of the individual. Hence arises the standard of correctness. For while primitive speech is of necessity poetical, while, that is to say, it falls naturally into terms of expression that are perfectly adapted for metre, critical society comes to perceive that there are certain subjects, which, by their very nature, are bound to be expressed in prose. Men learn to choose, reject, and combine ideas; and those who avail themselves with the nicest accuracy of the different capacities of the two forms of expression are recognised as the truest artists. And in proportion as thought and language become less imaginative, so much the greater grows the reputation of those who excite pleasure by the correct use of metre. No one wonders much at the skill which produces plentiful harvests in the valley of the Danube; but every one would admire the high farming which obtained anything like the same results in the wilds of Siberia.

This is the sense in which Pope's works are correct. In one of the pleasant papers of his '*Covent Garden Journal*,' Fielding compares the different epochs of English poetry to the various forms of government; and says that, in the monarchy founded by Dryden and descending to Pope, the latter was inclined to stretch the prerogative too far. The image is not quite exact. '*King Alexander*' was a constitutional monarch. When he succeeded to the throne, the exchequer of imagination was too much exhausted to allow of a poet playing the despot in the style of Marlowe or Shakespeare. The romantic spirit of mediæval society was dead. All the picturesqueness of life, the local humours, the country customs, the festivals of the calendar, all that mixed graduation and equality, encouraged by the Catholic Church, and represented in the '*Canterbury Tales*,' had passed away for ever. There was no longer any entertainment to be furnished by the machinery of romance. The illusions of magic and the phantoms of knighthood had vanished, with their enchanted shields

shields and horns, in the *allegory* of the 'Faëry Queen.' With the period of the Reformation and the great Civil War, ushered in by Marlowe and closed by Milton, had disappeared the elements of the epic and the drama. Pope was not wanting in the greatness of epical thought, but he wanted materials; a nation has never in it the making of more than one great epic; and England had already 'Paradise Lost.' For the drama he had no genius; but if he had felt all Shakespeare's inspiration, he could hardly have given it utterance under Walpole and the two first Georges. With bitter irony Pope, in his 'Imitations of Horace,' called on George II. to correct the prevailing anarchy of taste; but he knew that the Augustus, to whom he made his appeal, could barely read the language in which he was addressed, and that the only artists who had any value in the eyes of his Mæcenæ were venal pamphleteers.

The influence of the Court on letters was no longer felt. Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Charles II., had been magnificent patrons of literature; and though their taste had not always been employed to encourage morality, it had helped to preserve a high standard of imagination and breeding. Hitherto there had been few readers outside the Court. But the cessation of the Civil War, and even more the settlement of 1689, brought into the field of taste a new factor, public opinion. The great spread of wealth and luxury during the reigns of Anne and the Hanoverian monarchs increased proportionately the desire for intellectual amusement. Pope describes the universal passion for letters:—

'Now times are changed and one poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich;
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays;
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays.'

The more men read and reflected, the stronger grew their judgment, and their taste more difficult to please; and so far is it from being true that Pope had the power, even if he had the will, to be a despot, that he was, at the beginning of his reign, hard put to it to defend his prerogative against the encroachments of the critics. The critics, like the Whig Parliamentary lawyers, were everywhere crying up against the poets what they asserted to be the true principles of the poetical constitution. They swarmed in the coffee-houses, and debated in the clubs. Some of them, like Dennis, were men of considerable learning; but the majority of the writers commemorated in the 'Dunciad' were hired scribblers, whose only hope of earning a livelihood lay in preying on the reputation of others. Their principles of criticism

criticism were as poor as the spirit in which they were conceived. Some were all for Aristotle's rules ; some for decrying all authors who were not at least a century old ; and others, having written 'dull receipts how poems may be made,' were stout in their condemnation of every composition that did not square with their own edicts.

How to strike the balance between imagination and judgment, between the liberty of the author and the rights of the reader, was the problem which poets had henceforth to solve ; and this Pope very well knew. 'I am inclined to think,' said he, in the Preface to his works published 1717, 'that both the writers of books and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with the right of controlling the opinions of all the rest ; so on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but think that writers and readers are under equal obligations for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.'

The conditions of the problem he perfectly understood, and when he was barely twenty-one years old defined them in his 'Essay on Criticism.' Very conflicting opinions have been passed on the merit of this poem by the critics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. 'If he had written nothing else,' says Johnson, 'this would have placed him amongst the first critics, and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish, or justify didactic composition,—selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression.' On the other hand, De Quincey considers it 'the feeblest and least interesting of Pope's writings, being substantially a mere versification, like a metrical multiplication table, of commonplaces the most mouldy, with which criticism has baited her rat-traps.'

We are ourselves all on the side of the eighteenth century. 'The Essay on Criticism' is in our eyes the Magna Charta of Poetry. But the weight and authority of the adverse critics entitle their arguments to every consideration, and the arguments themselves are straightforward and intelligible. Separated from the wealth of illustration and the brilliance of epigram, by which they are supported, the central principles of the Essay may be briefly stated : 'Follow Nature : imitate the classics ;' while the
objectors

objectors say that the observations on the first maxim are commonplace, and on the second unsound.

'Many of his remarks,' says Mr. Elwin, 'were the common property of the civilised world. A slight acquaintance with books and men is sufficient to teach us that people are partial to their own judgments; that some poets are not qualified to be poets, wits, or critics; and that critics should not launch beyond their depth.' True: as Mr. Elwin puts them, these maxims are understood to be commonplaces. But as Pope puts them they are felt to be common truths; and between the two things there is a wide difference. '*Proprie communia dicere*' is the secret of all good writing, as the wish to say something novel and surprising is generally the secret of bad. The answer to Mr. Elwin is admirably given in Addison's estimate of the 'commonplaces' in Pope's essay.

'As for those truths which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that the reader, who was before acquainted with them, is still more convinced of their truth and solidity.'

But there is another, and more weighty argument for Pope's 'Commonplaces.' 'Follow Nature,' was no doubt a maxim common to the civilised world, but it was one which was by no means commonly understood. On the contrary, there was no principle of art which, throughout the century preceding the lifetime of Pope, had been so flagrantly violated. The poetry of the first half of the seventeenth century shows the exhaustion of the materials, and of the spirit of medieval imagination. Among the school of poets founded by Donne, we see a perpetual endeavour to retain the forms of the romantic past, either in the shape of the gallantries of knighthood, or of the fancies of scholastic philosophy. They are always struggling to be sublime under difficulties. They did not feel the 'nature' that lay around them, but took refuge in affectation and conceit. Cowley, with an ample and vigorous genius, could not resist the temptation to be 'witty.' Dryden himself, who well knew the viciousness of Cowley's style, was not free from the same infection, which, indeed, corrupted poetical taste till the purge was finally applied by Pope. But of all the metaphysical writers who, in the impotence of invention, 'tortured one poor thought a thousand ways,' probably the worst offender was Crashaw, a passage from whose poem entitled 'The Weeper' (consisting of about forty stanzas) we subjoin, as perhaps the most wonderful specimen of poetical lemon-squeezing to be found in the whole range of literature:—

'Hail

'Hail sister springs,
Parents of silver-footed rills,
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing crystals! snowy hills
Still spending, never spent! *I mean*
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

'Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars;
'Tis seedtime still with thee,
And stars thou sowest, whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
Whatever makes heaven's forehead fine.

'Upwards thou dost weep;
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream;
Where the milky rivers creep,
Thine floats above and is the cream.
Waters above the heavens what they be,
We are taught best by thy tears and thee.'

To correct the false judgment exhibited in this kind of writing (and the passage we have quoted is typical), Pope advises all poets to imitate the classics; a doctrine which has procured for him the severe censure of Mr. Elwin. 'Pope's principles,' says his editor, 'were those of a mere imitator;' he was 'a foe to originality;' 'an exclusive partisan of classical poetry;' 'he seems to have been unconscious of the vast metamorphosis which the world had undergone since the close of the Greek and Roman eras.' We think that the charge against Pope is alike refuted by his main doctrine, 'Follow Nature,' and by the truly original character of his own poetry. But supposing him to be a 'mere imitator,' let us hear what Sir Joshua Reynolds (whose admirable Sixth 'Discourse' should be read as a commentary on Pope's Essay) has to tell us on the subject of imitation in the sister art:—

'For my own part, I confess I am not only very much disposed to maintain the absolute necessity of imitation in the first stages of the art, but am of opinion that the study of other masters, which I here call imitation, may be extended throughout our whole lives without any danger of the inconveniences, with which it is charged, of enfeebling the mind, or preventing us from giving that original air which every work undoubtedly ought always to have. I am, on the contrary, persuaded that by imitation only variety and even originality of invention is produced. I will go further; even genius, at least what is generally so called, is the child of imitation.'

This is excellently well put, and it is essentially the same doctrine

doctrine as Pope's. When Pope said 'Follow Nature,' he was only saying what Sir Joshua afterwards said in other words, 'Everything is to be done with which it is natural for the mind to be pleased.' But this freedom implies limitation, and the boundaries of natural pleasure are to be settled by authority. Had anyone declared himself pleased by the passage we have quoted from Crashaw, and defied Pope to show that his pleasure was unnatural, the poet's answer would have been first to point out in what respects the verses offended against sound taste, and then to back his opinion by reference to the work of those who had been most successful in producing lasting pleasure. This, and this only, is what Pope meant when he said that Virgil 'imitated' Homer. This, and this only, is the sense of his own couplet:—

'Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
We copy Nature when we copy them.'

Once more we quote Sir Joshua in corroboration of our poet.

'It is from a careful study of the works of the ancients that you will be enabled to attain to the real simplicity of nature; they will suggest many observations which would probably escape you if your study were confined to nature alone. And, indeed, I cannot help suspecting that, in this instance, the ancients had an easier task than the moderns. They had probably little or nothing to unlearn, as their manners were nearly approaching to this desirable simplicity; while the modern artist, before he can see the truth of things, is obliged to remove a veil with which the fashion of the times has thought proper to cover her.'

The fertility of Pope's invention is shown by the great variety of his compositions. Setting aside his translations as not bearing on the question under discussion, and his lyrical poems as devoid of real genius, we may divide his poetical works into four classes:—(1) his Pastorals, including the 'Messiah' and 'Windsor Forest;' (2) his Mock-heroic poems, comprising 'The Rape of the Lock' and 'The Dunciad;' (3) his 'Love Elegy and Epistle;' (4) his Satiric and Didactic poems, namely, the 'Essay on Criticism,' the 'Essay on Man,' the 'Moral Epistles,' and 'Imitations of Horace.' In all these various orders of poetry, except one, he was successful in penetrating beneath the modes and fashions of his time to 'the truth of things,' and in building his art on the secure and lasting foundations of natural pleasure. The exception is, of course, his pastoral poetry.

His four first Pastorals were published in 1709, and though they had been composed between his seventeenth and nineteenth years,

years, they surpassed in smoothness and regularity of versification any English verse that had yet appeared. But he seems to have imagined that the eclogue, which, as a rule, was the product of idleness and affectation, was as much a regular division of poetry as the epic, the drama, and the ode, which have, each of them, a foundation on the enduring passions of the mind. From the time of Virgil the eclogue had always been the favourite poem of courts. Its traditions had passed from Rome to Italy, France, and England; and whenever a courtier was particularly anxious to display his letters or his breeding, he had only to imagine himself a shepherd in the Golden Age, and he might at once in this character bewail his friends, complain of his mistress, or air his theology, as if his rusticity were the most natural thing in the world. And indeed, Pope believed it to be Nature. 'If,' says he, 'we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of the Golden Age.' Now had he studied Theocritus, as he tells us in the Essay on 'Criticism' the ancients ought to be studied, he would have seen that the shepherds and fishermen, introduced by the latter, were native Sicilian, and that all his images of rural beauty and humour were drawn from the nature about him. But as he was fully possessed with the prejudice that Theocritus was the poet who lived nearest to the Golden Age, from which the eclogue had come down as an immutable form of poetry, he thought that if he wanted to know anything about the Golden Age, he must look for it in the *forms* of Theocritus.

Hence he became an imitator in the ordinary and servile sense of the word, and, without any misgiving, joined in grotesque association the whole machinery of classical pastoralism with his own local circumstances. Pan and the Satyrs, the Dryads and the Loves, came trooping into Windsor Forest; Strephon and Daphnis, engaged in a Virgilian contest with the Virgilian wager and Virgilian riddle, by the banks of Thames; Alexis lamented to Garth; and the deceased Mrs. Tempest, being suddenly recognised by Thyrsis in the shape of a constellation, was propitiated by his rival Lycidas with the sacrifice of a lamb. The subject of the Pastorals was the 'Four Seasons,' but such seasons as were never known in this island. The rivers, which are always amiably interested in the shepherd's loves, behave as we may believe them to have behaved in the days of Bion and Moschus, but not at all as they behave in England; vines flourished in the neighbourhood of Windsor, while roses, crocuses, and violets all bloom at the same time. Yet, with so much vital incorrectness, the poet piqued himself on

his judgment. When the Pastorals were first published, they contained the following couplet:—

‘Your praise the tuneful birds to heaven shall bear,
And listening wolves grow milder as they hear.’

‘The author,’ says Pope, solemnly, ‘young as he was, soon found the absurdity, which Spenser himself had overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.’ As Mr. Elwin justly remarks, there was ‘no absurdity on Pope’s own principle that the scene of pastorals was to be laid in the Golden Age.’

In point of imagery, pathos, and fancy, Pope’s Pastorals are thoroughly unnatural, and if it had not been for his general reputation they could scarcely have outlived those of his rival, Ambrose Phillips. The best thing that can be said of them is, that their name suggested to Thomson the idea of ‘The Seasons.’

So long as he continued to write in the pastoral style, he failed to attain to anything like perfect correctness. His ‘Messiah,’ published in 1711, in imitation of Virgil’s sixth Eclogue, wonderful as a poetical *tour de force*, is radically faulty in its design. ‘It was written,’ says he, ‘with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet were superior to those of the poet.’ Surely the reader might do this for himself, without having the language of Isaiah paraphrased after the manner of Virgil. To confine the wild freedom of Hebrew inspiration within the limits of Latin stateliness, was like converting Westminster Abbey on the principles of the Parthenon.

‘Windsor Forest’ (1713), a poem in which he perhaps rivals Denham in weight and dignity, while he certainly excels him in invention and arrangement, shows a tendency to unite the pastoral with the didactic manner, in which he no doubt felt already that his real strength lay. The survey of the history of the Forest and the lines on the Peace of Utrecht are much the finest parts of the poem. The latter passage was, however, written five years after the rest. Pope was still hampered by classical pedantry, as appears by the introduction of the trivial episode of ‘Lodona.’

He seems to have set little value on his descriptive poetry, at any rate he alludes to it slightly in his Prologue to the ‘Imitations.’

‘Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny’s was my flowery theme;
“A painted mistress or a purling stream.”’

By

By this time he must have become aware that he was capable of much higher things, for the 'Essay on Criticism' was published in 1711, and in 1714, the year after the publication of 'Windsor Forest,' appeared his acknowledged masterpiece, 'The Rape of the Lock.'

The incidents on which this celebrated poem is founded are well known. Lord Petre had cut off a lock of hair from the head of Miss Arabella (or, as Pope calls her, Miss Belle) Fermor, and his gallantry had given the lady offence. The parties were Roman Catholics, and Pope, who was probably acquainted with them in this way, was asked by a common friend, John Caryll, a gentleman of Sussex, to effect a reconciliation. In answer to the appeal the poet wrote the 'Rape of the Lock.' As composed at first, the poem contained neither the machinery, nor the description of Belinda's toilet, nor her voyage on the Thames, nor the game of cards, nor the moralising speech of Clarissa in the third book. Yet even in this ruder form, Addison, to whom Pope showed it, pronounced it to be 'merum sal,' and when the poet confided to him his design of inserting the machinery, advised him not to touch it. Pope ascribed the advice to envy and bad faith; as we doubt not, unreasonably. Addison had praised the poem liberally before Pope suggested the alteration; as an experienced writer, he knew that to alter was not always to improve; and he had no means of knowing beforehand the felicity of Pope's invention. The slight difference thus produced between the two friends widened into a breach on the simultaneous appearance of the rival translations of the 'Iliad.'

Many ingenious theories have been offered to account for the universal pleasure excited by the 'Rape of the Lock,' yet we know of none that is completely satisfactory. Johnson appears to agree with Warburton in assigning its charm almost entirely to the invention of the machinery, but this explanation cannot be accepted, as Addison was delighted with the poem before it had any machinery at all. Bowles, who sought to make it an example of his own theory that poems of manners are inferior to poems of passion, described it as *primarily* a poem of manners; but he is evidently wrong, for manners in themselves are not essential to mock-heroic poetry. Mr. Elwin, in company with Hazlitt, is inclined to regard the poem as a satire; but in its first form it was almost entirely wanting in those touches of moral pleasantry which were afterwards added without in any way affecting the main design.

* The first edition appeared in 1712.

To appreciate the success of the 'Rape of the Lock,' we ought to consider its real nature. It is a mock-heroic poem, and the whole and sole end of this species of composition is to 'mock' the epic. It ought to mock the greatness of the epic action, persons, and machinery; and in accomplishing this, the 'Rape of the Lock' approaches more nearly to perfect correctness than any mock-heroic poem in existence. This may be seen if it be compared with its two most celebrated rivals, 'La Secchia Rapita' and 'Le Lutrin.' The subject of the former is the war between Modena and Bologna, occasioned by the capture of a bucket in a midnight raid on Bologna by the Modenese. Here the *cause* of the action is small, and there is much humour in the narrative of the inadequate incidents that led to great results; the embassies for the recovery of the bucket and the council of the gods are admirably ludicrous. But when he had got thus far, the poet's materials failed him; the action, though not heroic, was certainly not small; there is nothing ludicrous in actual war. Three-fourths of Tassoni's poem are in consequence dull or trivial.

The action of the 'Lutrin,' on the other hand, is conducted throughout with perfect propriety. Nothing could be more insignificant than the quarrel about the position of a reading-desk which distracted the Chapter of la Sainte Chapelle. But though the action is small, the passions excited by it are really great; and the merit of the poem lies entirely in the scope of the satire. Wherever the mock-heroic form intensifies the satire, Boileau is successful. But, contrarily, the satire often drags down the mock-heroic to the gross level of the objects satirised. Boileau wanted art to heighten the meanness of his action; his incidents are few and poorly contrived; and his machinery, besides being frequently superfluous, is sometimes absolutely incorrect.

From faults like these the 'Rape of the Lock' is entirely free. The action described is of the smallest; yet from first to last it is conducted with an ever-increasing pomp and progress, which culminates in the celestial transformation of the 'Lock.' Objects the most trivial assume an epic importance; every country and climate is laid under contribution to Belinda's toilet; the pedigree of her bodkin is described as majestically as Agamemnon's sceptre in the 'Iliad'; the game at ombre is as lofty as Homer's chariot-race; and the image of the sea of chocolate raging beneath the mill, with which Ariel threatens the negligent sylph, is Miltonic. An air of perfect breeding pervades the whole piece; the satire, if that may be called satire which never exceeds a gay pleasantry, does not obtrude itself, but

but mingles with, and is imperceptibly lost in, the bright hues with which the poet invests the toilet of his heroine, and her progress on the river. Over all the human action hovers the airy army of the sylphs, a race not sufficiently powerful to preserve the Lock, but imagined with such delicacy and distinctness, that it is impossible not to believe in their existence. Dennis objects to them, as Johnson seems to think with reason, that they neither 'hasten nor retard the main event.' But their power, after all, only differs in degree from that of the gods in the *'Iliad,'* who are equally with the sylphs bound by the decrees of Fate; and it must be a hard heart which can condemn such delicate beings for their impotence and insubstantiality. The chief blot in the poem, and that is but a venial one, is the battle between the wits and the ladies, which Johnson justly describes as degenerating into a 'game of romps.' But all faults are lost in the dazzling brilliance and beauty of a whole, so compact of invention, fancy, grace, and wit, that there is not one point in which our sense of the ludicrous perceives a deficiency, or our sense of proportion discovers an excess. It is easier to conceive of an age so debased as not to recognise the sublimity of *'Paradise Lost,'* than of one so matter-of-fact as to be insensible to the humour of the *'Rape of the Lock.'*

Such a triumph could scarcely be repeated, and in our opinion the *'Dunciad'* (1727) makes no approach to the correctness of the *'Rape of the Lock.'* We doubt if at the present day the former poem is read with real pleasure—and there is good reason why it should not be; it is not founded on the 'truth of things.' The subject is the extension of the Empire of Dulness from the city to general society, a pretended action that had no basis of fact. Pope himself, the most successful poet of the day, was evidence to the falseness of his theme; the popularity of the works of Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot, showed that the public knew how to value true merit; and even if the King and the Court were notoriously inaccessible to the Muses, the doors of Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Cobham, Chesterfield, and a host of others, were always open to welcome them.

What had Pope to show in support of his argument? That Theobald, who had published a stupid edition of Shakespeare, had spoken ill of his works; that Curll had piratically printed a volume of his early Correspondence; that Dennis had criticised the *'Rape of the Lock';* that Ralph, Oldmixon, Concanen, and an obscure multitude, of whom the world had never so much as heard till it saw their names in the *'Dunciad,'* had abused his person, libelled his character, and disparaged his genius. Public cause for the poem there was none; but its private motives were obvious

obvious and cogent. Pope intended the 'Dunciad' to be a satire on his personal enemies; he chose the mock-heroic as the form best adapted to display his own genius, and to bring into the strongest relief the poverty and insignificance of his foes. The poem was perfectly successful in accomplishing its purpose; but the purpose was temporary. All the world laughed, and the dunces were confounded. But when the momentary triumph had passed, the faults of the design stood apparent. Pope himself confesses that he had not annihilated his enemies.

'Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
Lost the arched eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?'

Judged as a work of art, there is no famous poem, ancient or modern, which shows such an extraordinary disproportion between the means and the end as the 'Dunciad.' Never had dazzling wit and rare invention been lavished on such mean and contemptible objects. The unworthiness of the poet's design worked its own retribution; and so much did the vulgarity of the subject hamper his inventive powers, that it is difficult in the gross atmosphere to recognise the delicate and airy genius of the 'Rape of the Lock.' There is no real movement in the action, which is nothing but a string of episodes; the parodies are commonplace; the games dull, disgusting, and sometimes inappropriate. The fourth book is the only one which rises to satiric dignity; in this book the poet strikes at the *public* taste; and the energy, eloquence, and music, of some of its passages are unsurpassed; but the book itself was an after-thought, due, it is said, to the suggestion of Warburton, and quite unconnected with the main action.

Of all Pope's works there is none that more remarkably exhibits his powers as an artist than his 'Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.' Here he was working on precisely the same principle as in the 'Messiah,' but with a far more correct design. From first to last there is scarcely a thought in the poem which he can call his own; and yet, from the completeness with which he has re-cast his materials, not one of his compositions has a more original air. The letters in Latin are written with much sensibility, but like those in the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' they are not quite natural. We seem to see the author casting about in his own mind for feelings which a woman like Héloïse would have been likely to experience, and taking care, when he had found them, to give them an elegant expression. But Pope has so selected, combined, heightened, and intensified the images of the original, that in his poem Héloïse carries away our sympathies with an
overmastering

overmastering force. Her words have an irresistible eloquence; they rush; they burn. Perhaps the greatest triumph of art in this wonderful poem is the influence which the cloister is made to exercise on the imagination. Nothing can be more impressive than the awful gloom of the opening description, which shows Héloïse wondering to find herself still thinking, in such precincts, of her earthly love; nothing more artful than the rapture of memory, which bears her for the moment beyond the consciousness of time and place; nothing more pathetically tragical than her re-awakening to the presence of the marble saints, and the sense that her life is devoted to the contemplation of God, while her heart is ever reverting to the image of Abelard.

So deeply is the poet's imagination impressed with the genius of the place, that he at times sacrifices to it a dramatic thought of the original. 'I accompanied you,' writes Héloïse, 'with terror to the foot of the altar, and while you stretched out your hand to touch the sacred cloth, I heard you pronounce distinctly those fatal words, which for ever separated you from all men.' This, it seems to us, is beautiful. The passion of Héloïse is so full and complete, that she thinks of Abelard's vow rather than of her own. But Pope makes her think of herself.

'Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's feet we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When warm in youth I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kissed the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale.
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.'

In spite of the greatness of the imagery in this passage, we wish that Pope had followed his text. In some passages, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that he has followed it too closely. The bold defiance of Héloïse's avowals outstrips modesty, and goes beyond the limits of nature, while the intensity with which her imagination pursues the most painful recollections of Abelard's history exceeds the just limits of art. But as a whole the 'Epistle' is far ahead of anything of the kind in ancient or modern verse. The picture of the unfortunate woman, distracted between the memory of love and the instinct of devotion, is unsurpassed, and we know not where in English poetry we should find anything, for direct eloquence of passion, to excel the following:—

'Of all affliction taught a lover yet
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

How

How shall I lose the sin yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove?
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign
 For hearts so touched, so pierced, so lost as mine!
 Ere such a soul regain its peaceful state
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
 But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired;
 Not touched, but rapt; not wakened but inspired!
 O come! O teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for He
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.'

Mr. Elwin rightly regards the 'Epistle' and the 'Rape of the Lock' as the most perfect of Pope's works, and we quote his remarks as a fair specimen of his discriminating criticism:—

'The "Rape of the Lock" and the "Epistle of Eloisa" stand alone in Pope's works. He produced nothing else which resembled them. They have the merit of being masterpieces in opposite styles. The first is remarkable for its delicious fancy and sportive satire, the second for its fervid passion and tender melancholy. Two poems of such rare and such different excellence would alone entitle Pope to his fame. Like most great authors, he published not a little which is mediocre; but he is to be estimated by the qualities in which he soared above the herd, and not by the lower range of mind which he possessed in common with inferior men. The "Rape of the Lock" is a higher effort of genius than the Epistle. Pope's adaptation of his airy, refulgent sylphs to the ephemeral trivialities of fashionable life; the admirable art with which he fitted his fairy machinery to the follies and commonplaces of a giddy London day; the poetic grace which he threw around his sarcastic narrative, and which unites with it as naturally as does the rose with its thorny stem, are all un-borrowed beauties, and consummate in their kind. The story and sentiments of Eloisa were prepared to his hand, and the power is limited to the strength and sweetness of his language and versification, and to the vigour with which he appropriated and expanded a single leading idea. . . . Of Pope's better qualities the chief appears to have been a certain tenderness of heart, and this enabled him to enter into the feelings of Eloisa. He employed all the resources of his choicest verse to perfect the picture; and though the details he transferred from the letters deprived him of the credit of invention, the supposed historic truth of the representation increased the effect. The difference between legitimate and worthless imitation could not be more forcibly illustrated than by comparing the tame landscape,
 and

and affected love-babble of his Pastorals, with the local descriptions and impassioned strains in his "Epistle of Eloisa." * *

But it is, after all, on his didactic poems, as forming the greater part of his works, and showing the extent of his resources, that Pope's reputation as a poet most securely rests. Hitherto we have seen him excelling in those forms of composition where fancy and imagination have abundant room, but in his didactic poetry he was restricted by the limitations of moral truth. And in judging of his correctness in this class of poetry, it must be remembered that his task was by no means so simple as the limitation seems to imply; for though truth be apparently the primary object of didactic poetry, its actual object is pleasure. No doubt as Horace says, its design is to 'mingle the useful with the pleasant, but it must be pleasant first and useful afterwards. The poet who should seek to make truth his first consideration, to convince rather than persuade, to appeal to the reason before the imagination, would be a bad artist; and those parts of his poem in which philosophical forms should predominate over poetical, would be essentially incorrect, because their substance could be expressed in prose better than in verse. Hence we are inclined to consider the 'Essay on Man' the most incorrect of Pope's didactic pieces, as the philosophy is thrust into ostentatious prominence.

Besides, in abstract reasoning Pope was by no means proficient. He had not that native power of mind which made Dryden such a master of poetical debate, and he was a poor logician, as is evident from the bare-faced *petitio principii* with which he opens the argument of the 'Essay,'

'Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain
There must be somewhere such a rank as man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this,—If God has placed him wrong.'

It is not quite true, as De Quincey contends, that 'all Pope's thinking was the result of discontinuous jets.' The argument of the 'Essay on Man,' though it is confused and inconsistent, is yet a connected whole. But his general notions of things were all borrowed, and though he spared no pains to master other men's thoughts, the frequent defectiveness of his philo-

* Elwin's 'Pope,' vol. ii. pp. 232, 233.

sophical expression shows that his labour was not uniformly successful. Mr. Elwin devotes a masterly and exhaustive argument to the exposure of the fallacies in the 'Essay;' while Pope's ostentatious theory of the 'ruling passion,' and the solemn commonplace of his observations on the motives of the miser and prodigal, in his 'Epistle on the Use of Riches,' furnish additional proof, if that were needed, that his philosophy was shallow and contracted.

But the less he succeeds as a thinker, the more he triumphs as a poet. That a work like the 'Essay on Man,' with all its defects of reasoning, should have been subjected to serious refutation by critics like Crousaz and Mr. Elwin, is a proof of Pope's mastery over those arts of persuasion which are the secret of all successful rhetoric, whether in verse or prose.

'This essay,' says Johnson, 'affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment more happily disguised. . . . The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the grandeur, sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment by overpowering pleasure.'

Pope's qualifications for didactic poetry lay chiefly in his knowledge of character, his correctness of taste and judgment, and his power of arrangement and illustration.

As a historical portrait painter he may be compared with Dryden. Dryden was the poet of an age of faction, conspiracy, and controversy; Pope, of an era of peace and speculation. Dryden, therefore, excels in the epical description of character, and Pope in the ethical. In the former, the leading features of strong characters in action are represented with extraordinary power; in the latter, the secret springs and motives of human conduct are traced with unequalled subtlety. There is nothing in Pope that can compare with the force and dignity of conception in the characters of Achitophel and Zimri. On the other hand, there is nothing in Dryden to match the rare delicacy of the portrait of Atticus, or the ethical impressiveness of the lines on Buckingham, or the deep irony of the dying speech of Euclio. Dryden is the superior in strength, imagination, and originality; Pope in variety, finish, and observation. Dryden has left no character of a woman. Pope's female portraits are numerous, and Chloe and Atossa are drawn in his happiest vein.

His judgment and good sense are conspicuous in the maxims
of

of criticism which are scattered through his work. Besides the sound knowledge of his own art, he was acquainted with the principles of all the others. In his 'Epistle to Jervas,' he characterises with great felicity the points of the chief masters of painting. His taste in gardening was proverbial. In our October number we quoted Walpole's eulogy on the disposition of his grounds at Twickenham, and Kent was indebted to him for those principles of landscape gardening which he afterwards developed into a system. Pope was the first to ridicule the practice of universal clipping, and the application of the principles of sculpture to shrubs and trees, where

'Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers,
And gladiators fight and die in flowers.'

He was equally severe on the absurdity of preserving the passing fashion of the time in monumental marble—

'That livelong wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.'

And in architecture his natural good taste taught him to laugh equally at the frigid symmetry of Canons, and at those followers of 'art for art's sake,' who, imitating a style because it is a style,

'Call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door,
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.'

Some of his finest lines are written in praise of public engineering:—

'Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds the subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.'

No poet ever possessed a more complete command over his materials. He had the finest perception of the value of individual thoughts and of their relative proportion to the whole effect. The 'Essay on Criticism,' the most technical of all his compositions, is clothed with an air of brightness, and even of fancy, by the wealth of epigram, metaphor, and illustration with which the various maxims are supported. And in the same way,

way, in the 'Essay on Man,' after passages of the most abstract reasoning, the mind of the reader is suddenly relieved by the introduction of some beautiful image like the 'poor Indian' or 'the lamb.' In the difficult art of transition he was a master, and his skill in this particular is nowhere more visible than in the latter half of the 'Epistle on the Use of Riches.' His brilliant invention found opportunities, even where its sphere seemed most confined. We know not whether to admire most, in his 'Imitations of Horace,' the felicity with which he discovers likenesses between himself and the Roman poet, or the irony with which, while seeming to suggest a parallel, he emphasises the differences in their respective situations.

The correctness of Pope's language has been variously judged. Some critics regard him as a kind of 'faultless monster.' This opinion is untenable. 'If,' says Hazlitt, 'he had no great faults, he is full of little errors. His grammatical construction is often lame and imperfect . . . In the "Translation of the Iliad," which has been considered his masterpiece in style and execution, he continually changes the tenses in the same sentence for the purposes of the rhyme, which shows either a great want of technical resources or great inattention to punctilious exactness.' We believe it to have been the latter. That Pope should have given the same pains to finish the 'Translation,' which he gave to his shorter poems, is not to be expected. It was a mechanical task, intended to have been performed by fifty lines a day, and the probability is that, under such conditions, he did not conceive himself bound to laborious accuracy. Mr. Elwin, however, considers that his errors were the result of a poetical incapacity. 'Language,' says he, 'not industry, failed him. Happy in a multitude of phrases, lines, couplets, and passages, his vocabulary and turns of expression were often unequal to the exactions of verse.'

If this censure had been made more particular, we could have agreed with it. We think it will be found that most of Pope's inaccuracies of expression, and especially his harsh ellipses, occur in those parts of his didactic poems where his thought is most abstract. To put such thoughts into verse at all is a task of extreme difficulty, and, as we have said, it was one for which Pope's powers by no means thoroughly qualified him. In the passages referred to he fails in expression, not so much for want of words as for want of a complete mastery over the thought to be expressed. De Quincey, one of his severest judges, blames him, not without reason, for the obscurity of his philosophical expression, and quotes in support of his opinion the couplet,

'Know

'Know God and Nature always are the same:
In man the judgment shoots at flying game.'

But he has the temerity to pursue Pope further, and to challenge him on ground where we venture to say he is unassailable. Of all passages, he ventures to impugn (with the approval of Mr. Elwin) the correctness of the writing in the character of Atticus : let the reader judge with what success.

'Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;]
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?'

'Why,' says De Quincey upon this, 'must we laugh? Because we find a grotesque assembly of noble and ignoble qualities. Very well, but why then must we weep? Because this assemblage is found actually existing in an eminent man of genius. Well, that is a good reason for weeping; we weep for the degradation of human nature. But then revolves the question, why must we laugh? Because if the belonging to a man of genius were a sufficient reason for weeping, so much we know from the very first. The very first line says:—

"Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires."

Thus falls to the ground the whole antithesis of this famous character. We are to change our mood from laughter to tears upon a sudden discovery that the character belonged to a man of genius, and this we had already known from the beginning. Match us this prodigious oversight in Shakespeare!

Match

Match us, rather, so prodigious an oversight in any critic of De Quincey's talent and acuteness! The point has been entirely missed. We are not to weep because this assembly of noble and ignoble qualities is found in a man of genius, but because it is found in *Atticus*. We laugh like Democritus at the ridiculous incongruity of human nature. We weep when we know that the incongruity exists in the most refined of humourists, the most delightful of companions, the ever-welcome 'Spectator,' the author of 'Sir Roger.'

The language of Pope is of the most varied excellence. We have seen him ardent and impassioned in his 'Eloisa,' delicate and discriminating in his 'Atticus;' let us exemplify his powers of epic enthusiasm by the concluding lines of the 'Dunciad.' The passage is supposed to be so well known, that we perhaps owe our readers an apology for giving it at length; but as we are contending for Pope's correctness, we feel sure that the more closely the lines are examined, and the elements that compose the noble effect analysed, the more perfect will appear the propriety of each image, and the strength, terseness, and accuracy of each expression:—

'In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls; the Muse obeys the power.
 She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of night primeval, and of Chaos old!
 Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after art goes out and all is night.
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
 Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion, blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires!
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!

Lo:

Lo: thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
 And universal darkness buries all.'

In contrast to this, take the exquisite grace of the following:—

'Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies in romance, assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant streams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined
 He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart;
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.'

The inventive turn of his satire exhibits itself in the fine idea of making Dulness quench Cibber's holocaust with a frigid poem of Ambrose Phillips. The last line is very expressive:—

'Roused by the light old Dulness heaved the head
 Then snatched a sheet of "Thule" from her bed;
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.'

Better still in point of delicacy of expression is the stroke at the City Muse, and the Lord Mayor's Ode:—

'Now, night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But lived in Settle's numbers, *one day more.*'

For happy selection of images and words we may mention the 'Death of Buckingham,' or the, perhaps, less well-known picture of the Miser's House:—

'Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
 No raftered roofs with dance and tabor sound,
 No noontide bell invites the country round;

Tenants

Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;
 Benighted wanderers the forest o'er
 Curse the saved candle, and unopening door;
 While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.'

If these lines are admirable for their force and distinctness, the following couplet is as remarkable for its extreme sensibility, a quality in which Pope is sometimes supposed to be deficient:—

'The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
 Feels at each thread and lives along the line.'

Nor can we omit the beautiful verses expressive of his filial piety. Is it possible that the man who wrote them could have been the monster imagined by Macaulay?—

'O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
 Me let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky.'

To have aimed at so many styles, the keenest satire, the most delicate humour, the loftiest rhetoric, the truest description, the most tender pathos, and to have succeeded in them all, is an achievement scarcely within the power of a laborious, but incapable, versifier whose 'vocabulary and turns of expression were often inadequate to the exactions of verse.'

In his versification Pope has sometimes been blamed for his excessive evenness and supposed uniformity. Bowles, in a somewhat hesitating and parenthetical fashion, gives expression to this opinion:—

'Pope sometimes wanted a variety of pause, and his nice precision of every line prevented, in a few instances, a more musical flow of modulated passages. . . . Johnson seems to have depreciated, or to have been ignorant of, the metrical powers of some writers prior to Pope. His ear seems to have been chiefly caught by Dryden, and as Pope's versification was more equably (couplet with couplet being considered, not passage with passage) connected than Dryden's, he thought therefore that nothing could be added to Pope's versification. I should think it the extreme of arrogance to make my own ear the criterion of music; but I cannot help thinking that Dryden and, of later days, Cowper are much more harmonious in their general versification than Pope. Whoever candidly compares these writers together,

together, unless his ear be habituated to a certain recurrence of pauses precisely at the end of a line, will not (though he will give the highest praise for compactness, skill, precision, and force to the individual couplets of Pope separately considered), will not, I think, assent to the position that "in versification what he found brickwork he left marble."

Whatever Bowles writes is worthy of consideration, but in spite of the 'fine ear' for which Mr. Elwin justly gives him credit, we are unable to follow him in blaming Pope for not more frequently breaking the pause after the end of the couplet, while his preference of Cowper (whom he actually classes with Dryden), as a master of the heroic measure, over Pope, appears to us unaccountable.

Dryden and Pope each used the couplet in the way that best suited their own genius. Dryden's style, as we have said before, is always large and epical. No English writer, with the exception of Shakespeare, can approach him in his command of idiomatic English, at once noble, vigorous, and homely. What he wanted for his effects was point and room, and he obtained these by working just as he chose within the limits of the couplet, which he relieved by the frequent introduction of the triplet. Thus his thoughts appear to be struck off at a heat, without any appearance of balance or premeditation.

Pope, on the other hand, whose thought was extremely calculating and precise, though, like Dryden, he made the couplet the unit of harmony, yet broke it up into different parts, balancing one part of the line against the other, and the first line against the second. In this way he packed far more matter into his couplets than Dryden's as a rule ever contain. We never meet in Pope with such a great epical couplet as this:—

'Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'

Nor do we find in Dryden the finish and balance of the following:—

'Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.'

Bowles seems to imply that Dryden wrote with a view to passages of combined harmony. We doubt this. The couplet in Dryden is quite as much of a unit as in Pope. But the former excels in debate; his mind was crowded with images which he poured out in rapid succession, and with amazing force and swiftness. Pope, on the contrary, while pausing at the end of each couplet, really writes with a view to his paragraph; *he*

masses his effects; each couplet is varied in its construction, and each by a subtle association of sense and sound is so linked to its predecessor that it seems an essential part of the metrical whole.

The following passages may serve as examples of the two poets' respective styles:—

'The dame, who saw her fainting foe retired,
With force renewed, to victory aspired,
And looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour owned his deity,
Pronounced his words, "she whom ye seek am I."
Nor less amazed this voice the Panther heard,
Than were those Jews to hear a God declared.
Then thus the matron modestly renewed;
Let all your prophets and their sects be viewed,
And see to which of them yourselves think fit
The conduct of your conscience to submit.
Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion to the rest:
Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy:
Yourself the fairest for election stand,
Because you seem crown-general of the land:
But soon against your superstitious lawn
The Presbyterian sabre would be drawn.
In your established laws of sovereignty
The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
And call rebellion Gospel liberty.*

The next is from the 'Essay on Man':—

'All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all.'

Besides the obvious difference in the general effect of these passages, we note two particular effects which are characteristic

* 'Hind and Panther.'

of the respective types of metrical balance in the two poets; one, the use by Dryden of the triplet which Pope almost entirely abandoned; the other, the more emphatic marking by Pope of the *cæsura*. In twenty-two lines of the 'Hind and Panther' we get three lines like the following:—

'The conduct of your conscience to submit'

'With absolute exclusion to the rest'

'Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn.'

It is too much to say that Pope never composed lines of this type, for we have—

'Or ravished with the whistling of a name.'

'We lose it in the moment we detect.'

But such lines are only introduced at rare intervals to relieve the massiveness and antithesis of the general effect. For the same reason, and for the sake of impressiveness, we occasionally find in Pope lines, which Mr. Elwin thinks are 'not metrical unless pronounced with a strong emphasis, as—

'False eloquence like the prismatic glass.'

'which,' says he, 'only ceases to be prose when "the" and the last syllable of "eloquence" are accentuated, and it is then no longer English.' We venture to think that no one would have objected to this line in blank verse where the fall of the accent is precisely the same. Though not regular, the line is extremely effective, and by the break after the fourth syllable and the slurring of the sixth, the antithesis 'false eloquence,' 'prismatic glass,' at once strikes the attention through the ear.

We have endeavoured to explain the true grounds on which Pope's reputation for correctness rests. Defining correctness in poetry as the knowledge and command of those effects of metrical composition by which the mind is naturally pleased, we have sought to show that, judged by this standard, Pope has every right to be considered correct. More than this, he has a well-founded title to the position, once generally conceded to him, as *the* correct poet of England. The public appreciation and esteem of a poet may be accurately gauged by the extent to which he is quoted, and we think it is indisputable that of all English poets, next to Shakespeare, Pope has furnished the largest number of those maxims and phrases that have a currency in literature and conversation. His ambition, in which he succeeded like Boileau, was that his verses should

'Par le prompt effet d'un sel réjouissant

Devenir quelquefois proverbes en naissant.'

His popularity is also attested by the number and ability of his editors. Warburton, Warton, Wakefield, Bowles, Roscoe, Mr. Elwin! What poet except Shakespeare can boast of such a body-guard of scholars willing to devote their time and learning to the arrangement of his text and the illustration of his beauties? But, after all, the surest proof of his pre-eminent correctness lies in this, that he is of all our poets—and here we make no exception—the most readable, the one who has been most successful in producing the pleasure at which he aimed with the least mixture of alloy.

A brief survey of the field of English poetry will show us how much, even in our most famous writers, must be confessed to be local and temporary. Chaucer, whose correctness in design has rarely been equalled, was necessarily deficient in some of the most essential materials of art; his language is too archaic to be read with instinctive pleasure, and the sense of his allegories is obsolete. Spenser, unsurpassed in the richness and splendour of his resources, and the picturesqueness of his invention, was incorrect in his design, and seems not to have considered that to sustain the attention through so long a poem as the 'Faëry Queen,' without the element of human interest, was impossible.

'Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house bill
Call the divine! the matchless! what you will)
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.'

His mortal parts are now visible in much obsolete wit, extravagance of fancy, and obscurity of expression. These are the poets of what may be called the ante-critical period of our literature, and their venial incorrectness springs from a redundancy of poetical materials, and the predominance of imagination over judgment.

A new period began with the Restoration.

'Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.'

The most celebrated names of this era are Milton, Dryden, Thomson, Pope, Gray, Collins, and Goldsmith. All of these were artists in the truest meaning of the word; all of them composed with a conscious and careful selection of material, and with a just subordination of means to ends; hence their compositions retain unimpaired, like the pictures of Raphael and Titian, all their original sense, beauty, and harmony. Of the two who stand first on the list, and who wrote before the swell and

and tumult of the Civil War had quite subsided, Milton, in point of blended genius and art, is the greatest name in English poetry. Yet his inspiration sometimes sinks beneath the weight of controversy and theology peculiar to his own age :

'In quibbles angel and archangel join ;
And God the Father turns a school divine.'

And Dryden, in respect of genius and imagination, a greater born poet than Pope himself,

'Even copious Dryden wanted or forgot
The last and greatest art—the art to blot.'

None of the poets of this epoch who wrote in the comparatively calm and regular atmosphere that prevailed after the settlement of 1689 and the Peace of Utrecht, err through carelessness. Thomson, however, who, in fancy and richness of description, resembles Spenser on a small scale, is less correct than the rest. His manner is heavy ; and the 'Seasons,' like the 'Faëry Queen,' drags in the absence of human interest. Gray, Collins, and Goldsmith, succeed by the same arts as Pope, but, as the number of their compositions stands to his in the ratio of about one to ten, they are not entitled to dispute his claims to supremacy. The palm for correctness, therefore, remains with Pope. Faultless he certainly was not ; but, with the exception of his Pastorals, there is scarcely one of his poems that is not eminently readable. The outlines of his characters are as firm, their colours as fast and brilliant, his wit as irresistible, his judgment as sound, and his language as idiomatic, as when these excellencies first delighted Swift and Atterbury.

Measured by this unfailing test of enduring popularity, none of the more modern English poets can compete with Pope in his peculiar excellence. Pope has been dead nearly sixty years longer than Cowper, eighty years longer than Shelley, one hundred years longer than Wordsworth. All three of these poets express in adequate language, thoughts and feelings with which the cultivated readers of our times are still familiar. Yet their poems are beyond all doubt less widely read, less habitually quoted, less ably edited, than those of Pope. The reason lies on the surface. Compositions like the 'Task,' the 'Excursion,' or the 'Revolt of Islam,' appeal to classes of men ; but the 'Essay on Man' appeals to all men. 'The Essay on Man,' says Johnson, 'is clearly the work of a poet.' On the other hand, the 'Task' is clearly the work of a theologian ; the 'Excursion,' of a philosopher ; the 'Revolt of Islam,' of an enthusiast. Theologians, philosophers, and enthusiasts, will doubtless

doubtless prefer these poems to the 'Essay on Man,' but then it is easy to conceive that the special systems of opinion which they represent may lose their vitality; whereas it is extremely improbable that the questions raised in the 'Essay on Man' will ever cease to interest mankind, or (whatever may be thought of the philosophy of the poem) will be presented in a metrical form, better adapted to excite curiosity and pleasure.

Of all modern poets, the only one who can compare with Pope in his power of satisfying the 'common-sense' of imagination is Byron. Nor can we forget that, while yielding to the temper of the times, Byron stood alone among his contemporaries in asserting the unsubstantial principles of the new school of poetry, and the superior vitality of the classical tradition represented by Pope. Had he lived to witness the extravagances for which the modern Muse is responsible, we think he would hardly have altered his opinion: while he would have seen much to justify his foresight in the reaction that has set in against the prevailing license, and in the disposition of the public to reconsider its judgment on Pope's merits as a poet.

Two qualities of Pope's genius are particularly deserving of recognition at the present day. In the first place, he is eminently a poet of Nature. Nature, we are frequently told, has failed us. And, indeed, there is no disputing that the source of inspiration, springing from the French Revolution, on which our poets have been depending from the beginning of the present century, has run dry. Improving on the dogma of Macaulay, the disciples of the picturesquely-melancholy school tell us that we live in an 'empty day'; that all the materials of imagination are used up; that, in short, poetry has said its last word. What then do they think about the poetry of Pope? Do they say with Warton, that it is not 'genuine poetry' at all? The common-sense of the world gives a different judgment. Pope lived in an age as critical, as artificial, as conventional as our own, yet, as we have seen, he found in it materials for metrical composition of the most varied kind. His poetry is not wildly imaginative, sublime, or pathetic; his judgment is as strong as his imagination; much that he says might have been with propriety expressed in prose; his justification and honour is that it could not have been expressed in prose so well as he has expressed it in verse. Is Nature in the England of to-day, with its historic past, its imperial present, with all the lights and shades of its varied society, less propitious to the modern poet than she was to Pope? If so, it is the poet's fault. The sphere of imagination must, doubtless, contract, and its objects vary with

with successive phases of society ; but the true poet will avail himself of the materials which Nature, in whatever shape, affords ; it is only the mediocre poet who excuses his poverty by attributing it to the exhaustion of Nature ; when all that is really exhausted is his own method of regarding her.

In the second place, Pope's is the poetry of good sense. The belief that genius and common sense are incompatible is an error never more widely propagated than in our day.

' *Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas,
Democritus, bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.*'

Pope is said to be a conventional poet ; and so he is ; but so are all great poets. Taste is founded on Nature interpreted by convention. Sublimity, pathos, grace, humour, are conventional phrases, symbolical of those common perceptions which we all of us derive from the unity of nature. Language, the outward sign by which we communicate our thoughts and feelings, is nothing but convention. No single man made the words he uses, any more than he made the family, the law, the religion, and the history which have stamped those words with their current meaning. A language belongs to a nation, and the poets who use the language should belong to the nation too. It is the fatal error of the modern poet to employ language as if it were something peculiar to himself, and to survey his nation as if he himself were somebody outside it. We have had within the last forty years philosophical schools of poetry, picturesque schools, spasmodic schools, but no English school. Pope's school was English in the sense that Shakespeare's was English : that is, he was the poetical representative of all who in his own age used the English tongue. Poetry in his mind resembled his own definition of wit :—

' *Nature to advantage dressed ;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.*'

To select those objects which floated vaguely and in embryo before the public imagination ; to piece them in a proportioned whole, to the main design of which all the parts contributed ; and not to be satisfied till he had secured the exact word required for the expression of a thought, or the melody of a cadence, this was the task he proposed to himself in his ideal of correctness. An enduring reputation, not far short of two hundred years, is the evidence of his success. His monument may

may be inscribed with the words of his favourite Spenser; words that are the monument of all genuine poets:—

'For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise words, taught in number for to run,
Recorded by the muses, live for ay;
Ne may with stormy showers be washed away;
Nor bitter breathing winds, with harmful blast,
Nor Age, nor Envy, may them ever waste.'

One last word with reference to Mr. Elwin's labours. Our object throughout this article has been to present the reader with a general estimate of Pope's merits as a poet, and the space at our disposal has not allowed us to consider his editor's detailed criticisms on each poem with all the attention to which they are entitled. Often as we find ourselves in disagreement with Mr. Elwin in his judgments, it is a pleasure to us to avow our conviction, that there is scarcely an Englishman now living so well qualified to edit the works of his illustrious author. Sound scholarship; accurate learning; unwearied assiduity in research, are qualities which are growing old-fashioned; without these an edition of Pope would be worthless; it is by the exercise of these that Mr. Elwin has compiled a monumental work, which, for patience and thoroughness, must elicit the praise of every lover of literature. The edition is still incomplete, and we wait with particular expectation the notes on the 'Dunciad' and the 'Satires,' which are sure in Mr. Elwin's hands to prove a mine of historical and biographical interest.

We have already quoted Mr. Elwin's own record of his labours in the collection of Pope's correspondence. Of the manner in which he has performed this part of his task it is impossible to speak too highly. He has arranged for us, more completely than has ever been done before, a gallery of the self-painted portraits of the most illustrious actors in that famous age, which of all the periods in our annals excites the liveliest personal interest. The whole correspondence presents a wonderful spectacle of human nature. It is full of old-fashioned idioms; incidental traits of life and manners; glimpses of half-veiled character; frank avowals at one moment of feelings, which most men are anxious to conceal; and studious concealment, at another moment, of the same feelings, under colour of motives which all are ready to avow. There is an irresistible fascination in the picture, but our space forbids us to dwell upon it. For the present we must part company with

Arbutnot,

Arbuthnot, Swift, Orrery, Bathurst, Bolingbroke, and Martha Blount, to whom, however, as the friends of Pope and the representatives of a most attractive period of English social life, we shall hope to return on a future occasion.

ART. II.—*The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, 1846-1865.* By the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. 2 Vols. London, 1876.

HORACE thought that certain poems would be all the better for being withheld from the public for nine years, and Talleyrand extended the period of literary reserve for political Memoirs [to at least two generations. There was much good sense in both suggestions. Obviously they were aimed neither at true poets, nor at wise biographers. A good poem is good from the first; so is a good biography. For as genius, which in its mood of inspiration puts pregnant thought or true emotion into perfect words, goes to the one, so does that sound judgment, which knows not only what to say, but also—more important still—what *not* to say, go to the other. Could we suppose a happy land, in which the canons of these two excellent judges were enforced, how many books, that are in truth no books, would never see the light!

Adopt Horace's rule, and it is at least possible that the poems of amateurs of the Piso stamp, at the end of the prescribed period, might have lost even for their authors much of their fascination. Misgiving might have taken the place of those raptures 'of self-gratulation which only poetasters feel. The world might be made richer by one book the less, and the author's friends—and where is the fortunate man who cannot appreciate this boon?—be spared the inward shame of feigning admiration, where they feel only pity or regret.

Again, apply the aphorism of Talleyrand, and see how admirably it would work. After fifty years how very unimportant many matters will appear, which once seemed of portentous moment; how many names be all but forgotten, which in their day were in every man's mouth; how many, whose influence was noiseless but penetrating, have risen into well-deserved prominence! Time, the great winnow, will have cleared away the chaff. The forces which governed events will have made themselves clearly felt, and we shall be able to see all the salient features of a period now become historical in their true perspective. Above all, by that time the whole truth may

may be told. The frailties, the follies, the intrigues of statesmen and of kings may be divulged without wounding sensibilities or endangering political relations. The figments of journalism, and the idle and often malignant gossip of social and political busy-bodies, can then be blown to the winds by the revelation of authentic documents, and the contemporaneous testimony of the chief actors in the great movements of European progress. Disclosures heretofore withheld from motives of self-respect, or forbearance to others, may then with propriety be made, which will place the characters of public men and the course of public events in their true light. The time will have come to demonstrate by such disclosures how true was the saying of M. Van de Weyer, kindest and wisest of scholars and diplomatists, that '*en fait de l'histoire contemporaine, le seul vrai est ce qu'on n'écrit pas.*' Memoirs of the type we have lately had will then shrink to their true proportions. The misrepresentations of ignorance, or passion, or malevolence, will be corrected by authentic evidence; and those who undertake to tell the story either of an individual or of an epoch will know that they do so, with the certainty that, unless they take pains to make themselves masters of the facts and documents upon which history must ultimately rest—still more, if they wilfully conceal or misrepresent the materials open to their use—detection and retribution are sure to be both swift and sweeping. Curiosity, especially in an age like ours, when, rather than not be fed at all, it is so constantly content, even in grave matters of state, to be fed and stimulated by fiction, may resent being told that it can scarcely expect to learn the true story of its own times. But the sooner it reconciles itself to the fact, the better; and in doing so, it may assimilate the further useful lesson, not to put its faith too largely in the 'own correspondents,' or omniscient writers of enterprising journals, but to believe that there are important factors in international policy, of which only the statesmen are cognizant, to whose charge the national interests are for the time entrusted.

The book before us is just one of those which would have profited by the application of the Talleyrand rule. If its author had put it aside for even one generation, we venture to think, it would scarcely have seen the light in its present shape at the end of that period. Much would have been omitted, and probably not a little added. Rash assertions and unjustifiable innuendoes would have disappeared, and some attempt would have been made at a truer estimate of Lord Palmerston and his contemporaries. It is no disparagement to Mr. Ashley to say that Lord Palmerston's reputation would have stood higher than

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it is now likely to do, had Lord Dalling lived to work up the materials which were at Mr. Ashley's disposal, and to complete the biography which he had so well begun. His literary skill, no less than his political experience, must have produced a work of permanent value, as a narrative of important events, and as the record of a very remarkable man. Although bound to Lord Palmerston by the ties of personal gratitude and regard, he was by no means blind to his defects. Lord Dalling, too, had been behind the curtain, nay, he had been 'a busy actor' in important scenes of the great European drama of his time. He carried within him much of that unwritten knowledge which is essential for the writer of contemporary political history. He knew what topics might or might not be approached without either damage to Lord Palmerston or injustice to those who had had to work with him. He had, moreover, the sense of fairness, instinctive in our leading public men, and only clouded occasionally in the heat of debate or keen party strife, which puts the whole facts of a case frankly and candidly forward, and scorns to snatch a success either by concealment or distortion.

These are the qualities which are eminently requisite for one who has to deal with events still recent, and with men whose pens and tongues are either fettered by official reticence, or who, being dead, may have no 'honest chronicler' to take up their defence. Lord Dalling, at least, knew too well what was due to those who have done their best to serve their country as diplomats or statesmen, to have given publicity, as Mr. Ashley has done, to documents which impugn their sagacity or statesmanship, without at the same time letting the world know what they had to say for themselves, and had said at the time, in answer to these documents.

It is difficult to imagine any species of revelation more to be deprecated than a one-sided publication, such as we frequently find in these volumes, of those communications, not meant for the public eye, which are constantly passing between Ministers at home, or between Ministers and our Ambassadors at foreign Courts. Such a proceeding involves great injustice to individuals, and perverts the sources of history. The despatches printed for Parliament, as all who are in the secrets of official life know, often throw much less light on the matters with which they deal than the communications of the class to which we have referred; but the occasions are rare indeed in which these have been given to the public. The famous correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour with the Foreign Office in 1853, reporting his personal communications with the Emperor Nicholas on the subject of Turkey, is an illustration of what

what we mean. But even this correspondence might probably not have seen the light in 1854, had our Government not been absolved from the established rule of silence as to such communications by a public reference in the Russian Official Journal to what had passed at the interviews between the Emperor and our Ambassador. This was so obviously published with the Imperial sanction, that it was regarded as tantamount to a challenge to produce the correspondence, and made further reticence on the part of the Aberdeen Government impossible. The free and cordial interchange of opinion between our representatives and the Foreign Powers to whom they were accredited, it is obvious, could never be maintained if there did not exist a tacit understanding that the ideas exchanged at their confidential interviews are not to be trumpeted on the house-tops, but are only to reach the responsible members of our own Government. Just so would it in like manner be fatal to the cordial co-operation of the members of a Cabinet, or to the independence of our Ambassadors, were they not to feel assured that the sanctity of their private correspondence on the political movements of the day was to be respected. Where events of historical importance are concerned, there will no doubt always come a time when this wise restraint may be cast aside, not only with propriety, but in the essential interests of truth. But that time will, as a rule, not come until those have passed away who would be needlessly wounded by premature disclosures, and, when it does come, the disclosures should at all events be candid and complete, and furnish the means of a conclusive judgment as to the motives and conduct of the persons whom they affect.

It will be an evil day for England if either public men or their biographers should cease to consider themselves bound by the principle we have indicated. In these days of books got up in haste to gratify a morbid appetite for the merely personal incidents of political life, it seems to us not out of place to recal attention to this principle; and we have placed Mr. Ashley's volume at the head of this paper because it has violated the principle in several flagrant instances, with some of which we are enabled by circumstances to deal, in illustration of what we have said.

Mr. Ashley informs us (vol. i. p. 292) that in fostering the French alliance with England in 1851, 'one of Lord Palmerston's chief difficulties was the ill-disguised hostility of the British Ambassador to the French President.' The Ambassador in question was Lord Normanby; but if his Despatches, public and private, shall ever be given to the world, it will be seen
how

how little this assertion can be justified by their tenor. Up to the period of the *Coup d'État*, at least, no man was more zealous in upholding the policy of the Prince President. He spoke of that event, and of the incidents of bloodshed and cruelty which accompanied it, in terms worthy of an Englishman, but which appear to have been very unpalatable to Lord Palmerston, bent as he was on upholding the embryo Emperor alike through good report and evil. People, we imagine, are by this time rather tired of hearing of the painful results to which this resolution of Lord Palmerston's led. Whether Lord John Russell was justified or not in severing his connection with a Foreign Secretary who was obstinately bent upon going his own way, without regard to the opinions either of the chief of the Cabinet or of its constituent members, is one of those side-issues with which future historians will make very short work, if, indeed, they will deal with it at all. The grievous mortification inflicted on Lord Palmerston was, no doubt, the *teterrima causa* of many a future cabal and struggle, for which the country was not the better. That he should feel it deeply, and resent it as he best might, was natural. But a biographer might fairly be expected to look more dispassionately at the incidents of December, 1851. This much was clear, even before the explanations given, since the publication of these volumes, in Mr. Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort,' that Lord Palmerston had acted in defiance of the line of policy prescribed by a solemn decision of the Cabinet. It was scarcely judicious, therefore, in Mr. Ashley to show that he had chosen this moment to rate our Ambassador at Paris in language, not often, we should hope, addressed by Foreign Secretaries to Ambassadors, for honestly reporting what he had seen and heard of the outrages which had signalised the *Coup d'État*. We take the letter in which he did so, as we find it at page 292 of Mr. Ashley's first volume.

'C. G., 6th December, 1851.

'MY DEAR NORMANBY,—In times of crisis and on affairs of deep importance, frankness between persons officially acting together becomes a duty, and I feel compelled therefore to say that the tone and substance of your despatches create serious apprehensions in my mind. Events are passing at Paris which must have a most important influence upon the affairs of Europe generally, and upon the interests of this country in particular, and the character of our relations with the French Government may be much influenced by the course pursued during the present crisis by the British representative at Paris. The great probability still seems to be, as it has, I think, all along been, that in the conflict of opposing parties Louis Napoleon would remain master of the field, and it would very much weaken our position at Paris and be detrimental to British interests if Louis Napoleon, when
he

he had achieved a triumph, should have reason to think that during the struggle the British representative took part (I mean by a manifestation of opinion) with his opponents. Now we are entitled to judge of that matter only by your despatches, and I am sure you will forgive me for making some observations on those which we have received this week. Your long despatch of Monday appeared to be a funeral oration over the President, with a passage thrown in as to his intentions to strike a *coup d'état* on a favourable opportunity, as if it were meant to justify the doom which was about to be pronounced upon him by the Burgrave majority. Your despatches since the event of Tuesday have been all hostile to Louis Napoleon, with very little information as to events. One of them consisted chiefly of a dissertation about Kossuth, which would have made a good article in the 'Times' a fortnight ago; and another dwells chiefly upon a looking-glass broken in a club-house, and a piece of plaster brought down from a ceiling by musket-shots during the street fights.

'Now we know that the diplomatic agents of Austria and Russia called upon the President immediately after his measures of Tuesday morning, and have been profuse in their expressions of approval of his conduct; of course what they admire and applaud is the shutting up of a Parliamert House by military force, and probably when Louis Napoleon publishes his new Constitution, with an elective popular Assembly and senate, &c., they may not think the conclusion as good as the beginning, but still they are making great advances to him; and though we should not wish you to go out of your way to court him, nor to identify us with his measures, it would be very undesirable that he should have any grounds for supposing your sympathies identified with the schemes which were planned for his overthrow, and of the existence of which I apprehend no reasonable doubt can be entertained, though you have not particularly mentioned them of late.

'The greater part of the French refugees are gone back from hence to France. Ledru-Rollin, Caussidière, and Louis Blanc, remain here for the present.—Yours sincerely,

'PALMERSTON.'

No one can read this letter without feeling that it ought never to have seen the light, except with the consent of Lord Normanby or his representatives. Of course such a document could not remain unanswered, and the least that Mr. Ashley should have done in common fairness to Lord Normanby, if he chose to give publicity to an attack of a character so serious, coming from the quarter it did, was to have shown how it was met. He has not done so; and our readers shall judge by Lord Normanby's reply, which we are enabled to produce, whether it does not place him in a very different light from that thrown upon his conduct by the language of Lord Palmerston.

'Paris, 7th December, 1851.

'MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—I have received with perfect astonishment your yesterday's letter. It is so different both in its tone towards myself,

myself, as well as in the tenor of its opinions from all I have before had from you, that I cannot comprehend its meaning.

'I shall endeavour to answer it with the calmness which becomes its probable effect upon our relation with each other, as well as the all-absorbing importance of the events in which we are at present together engaged.

'The question between us seems to be twofold; first, whether what is passing here is worthy of approbation, and in the next place the extent to which that approbation, if not felt, should be feigned or disapprobation suppressed.

'As to the last, I believe we are both agreed, that for the maintenance of the good relations between the two countries, care should be taken that no disapprobation should be incautiously expressed. Before I conclude this letter, I will prove to you that this condition I have fulfilled. To feign approbation which one does not feel, is of course impossible to the feelings of a gentleman. Then the question remains, to which I should like an answer, "Do you really approve what has taken place?" which is simply this, that a man should deliberately violate the Parliamentary liberties of his country and break the law which he alone is bound to maintain, "*Moi seulement lié par mon serment*;" this without any obvious necessity; on the contrary, weakening thereby the forces of order in their struggle with anarchy. Can it be possible that Walewski is right, and that you have given to this step your cordial approbation?

'I believe, if any one in Europe was asked which of us two was most likely to wish the destruction of the Revolutionary Maria at almost any price, they would rather *suppose* it would be me, who have had for the last four years such constant experience of the dangers of democracy; and yet your quarrel with me seems to be, that I did not run a race of approval with Hübner and with Kisseleff,* this, even now, after you have seen all the tyranny to which it has necessarily led. You flatter yourself they will be disappointed when he establishes what you called his Popular Elective Assembly. You never allude to his own description of the objects of that Assembly, though I have twice called your attention to the contents of his manifesto; but, if you will not read his pamphlet, you must surely know the Constitution of the year VIII., and remember its history. He may, of course, change all this plan, but Hübner and Kisseleff are even now believing what he says.

'Now I come to my own conduct. You will recollect that you are accusing me of endangering diplomatic relations by imprudence of language—you, who ought to recollect that I have for the four last years contrived to keep on terms of which no one has had to complain with every successive variety of Government; and that up to Monday night last I continued on such terms of confidence with the President, that he gave me personally his pamphlet. You say that you have only a right to judge me by my Despatches. I desire, too,

* The Austrian and Russian Ambassadors at Paris.

if the necessity should ever arise, only to be judged by them ; but the Bill of Indictment, which you have attempted to found upon this, so completely fails, that I cannot help recollecting that you have said once or twice latterly, "we hear," and "they say;" and it is, I am afraid, evident you have imbibed this prejudice from listening to mere hearsay and gossip, which I had a right to expect you would disregard. I have read over again my Despatch of Monday, and there is not a word in it which would justify, even in Parliamentary warfare, the interpretation you have put upon it. It had nothing whatever of a funeral oration. It was a *résumé* of events, such as I have often given you before, when it has been very differently received. The President's time expires in May next ; his chance of legal re-election I thought much damaged. The success of a *coup d'état* is always doubtful ; and because I speculated upon the possibility of there being hereafter another ruler in France, you say I pronounce "his doom." If there was any conspiracy, I have never heard of it ; I am sure it would have been best for him to let it break out, as it would have been sure to fail, as we saw by the attempt at the Joinville candidature.

'The only one phrase which you have been able to extract from all these Despatches, written daily, and of course amidst much anxiety, is upon a point which I regret to see you treat with a levity that I cannot share. The subject is the wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of human life in the late contest ; and you are merry about a broken looking-glass, forgetting that a human head, and that of an Englishman, was within a few inches of it. This was given as an instance, among many, that there was not sufficient care taken to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty. My humanity is not local in its character, and what happens at Paris I judge the same as if it were at Pesth or at Naples.

'This reminds me, that you say I made a tirade against Kossuth worthy of the "Times." I made no tirade at all. I only mentioned him incidentally to show, that if any French patriot when liberated (such as Cavaignac, for instance) had a similar reception in England, it would lead to war. You might have recollected, when criticising my Despatches, that there is not one of them in which I have not expressed, in the strongest terms, my belief in Louis Napoleon's success, and my unvarying wish, *as the question is now engaged*, that his success should be complete.

'Now as to language which you seem to suppose I have held, no one can know better than you, that if you fear people are likely to misrepresent you, you had better not see them at all. I have followed this plan. Since Tuesday I have been in no house but my own, have only been twice out on foot, happen to have seen no Frenchmen but Flahault, and just this moment Drouyn de L'Huys. I have received singly, in the course of the morning, all my colleagues who have been in the habit of consulting me, all, in short, except Hübner, Kisseleff, and Antonini ; and if, however good friends privately, we are not on that political footing, it is not my fault.

'No one can feel more strongly than I do that this is not a time unnecessarily

unnecessarily to prolong a controversial correspondence. A quieter moment will come when all this will be matter of very serious consideration for me, and I must reserve the right, in case of necessity hereafter, to make any use I like of this letter; and to ask you again, whether you approve the President's conduct, approve the step he has taken, and the policy he has proclaimed?—Ever yours,

‘NORMANBY.’

The remainder of this correspondence—for it did not end here—is before us. But we pass from it to more interesting matter, with the remark, that, whoever may suffer by its publication, it will not be Lord Normanby.

Mr. Evelyn Ashley has published several very characteristic and important letters written by Lord Palmerston on the subject of the Eastern Question in 1853. The scope of his own remarks throughout points to his belief that Lord Palmerston alone, of all our statesmen at the time, took a sound view of that question, and of the policy which England ought to have adopted. It was the current theory, as we all remember, of his Lordship's admirers at the time, that if his views had been acted upon, there would have been no war with Russia. This was based on the idea, that if the Emperor of Russia had early been told, *more Palmerstoniano*, that if he advanced upon Turkish territory, it would not be the Turks alone, but the English, whom he would have to encounter, he would never have crossed the Pruth, or, having crossed it, would have speedily created some ‘golden bridge’ by which he might have retreated with decorum. What the Emperor might or might not have done in such a case, who, that knows the measureless obstinacy and pride which ultimately swept him on to disaster and death, will venture to surmise? A man less passionate and self-willed might have seen very early in 1853, that the English Government had taken up a position which must result in war if he persisted in demands upon Turkey, which they, in common with France, Austria and Prussia, had declared to be untenable. Whether, if he had been told in the brusque language of a Palmerstonian despatch, that he must face this contingency, he would have been more likely to abate the extravagance of his pretensions, or to precipitate the war, which ultimately ensued, has always seemed to us a moot question. At every successive step taken by England and France towards a material support of Turkey the Emperor's fury certainly rose; and the policy which dictated the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope was not that of a man likely to be awed into pacific measures by any declarations, however explicit, that England and France would support Turkey in meeting force by force.

It was vital for England to carry along with her the three other great Powers of Europe in the discussions of 1853 on the Eastern Question. Any precipitate action, either single-handed or in concert with France, would have made this impossible. At the very time the disaster at Sinope occurred, we had just succeeded in establishing a complete accord with these Powers, and there was still a hope that their united diplomatic action might bring Russia to reason. Lord Palmerston, it appears by Mr. Ashley's book, was impatient of delay. Without absolutely declaring war, he was for sending our fleet into the Black Sea to shut up the Russian fleet in Constantinople, and keep them there until the Russian troops should evacuate the Principalities. Writing to Lord Aberdeen on the 10th of December, 1853, the day before the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope was known in England, *and not afterwards*, as Mr. Ashley seems to imply, he says :—

‘It seems to me that, unless Turkey shall be laid prostrate at the feet of Russia by disasters and war, an event which England and France could not without dishonour permit, no peace can be concluded between the contending parties unless the Emperor consents to evacuate the Principalities, to abandon his demands, and to renounce some of the embarrassing stipulations of former treaties, upon which he has founded the pretensions which have been the cause of existing difficulties.’

We must refer to Mr. Ashley's second volume (p. 52), for the remainder of this letter, in which Lord Palmerston advocates his view, that by shutting up the Russian fleet in Sebastopol, Russia might be forced into terms of peace. Mr. Ashley quotes a few sentences from Lord Aberdeen's reply. We venture to think it would have been fairer to have allowed Lord Aberdeen to put his view of the position in his own words by printing that reply in full. It was as follows, and is not without interest at the present crisis :

‘Argyll House, December 13, 1853.

‘MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—As I have very recently written to you on the subjects of Eastern affairs, I should not have thought it necessary to trouble you again, had I not imagined that you might have expected an answer to your letter.

‘I take for granted that we both desire to see the termination of the existing war between Russia and Turkey; but I confess that I am not at present prepared to adopt the mode which you think most likely to restore peace.

‘You think that the Emperor ought to be made to evacuate the Principalities, to abandon his demands, and to consent to a revision of the treaties between Russia and Turkey.

‘The first condition will probably offer no difficulty in the way
of

of peace, as the Emperor has repeatedly declared, that he does not desire, or intend, to retain an inch of Turkish territory.

'I agree with you, that the Emperor ought to be made to abandon all unjust demands. He has already abandoned much, and will probably abandon more. But after the former breach of engagement by the Turks, he has some right to expect a reasonable assurance of a Diplomatic Act against the recurrence of this violation of good faith, as well as that the Greek Christians should be duly protected. This claim has been put forward from the commencement of the negotiations, and to this we have repeatedly advised the Turks to accede, without prejudice to the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

'With regard to the third condition, it is vain to expect that Russia will ever agree to the revision of her former treaties with the Porte, unless reduced to the last extremity. And if Omar Pasha, instead of having only crossed the Danube, had advanced to Moscow, such a proposition would scarcely have been entertained. Neither do I see that Europe has any very great interest in procuring such a revision. Peace has been maintained between Russia and the Porte for the last five-and-twenty years, since the Treaty of Adrianople; and, if renewed, it may continue as long. The interpretation of treaties which impose a moral obligation upon one of the parties will always be open to doubt and cavil; but the substitution of the Great Powers in the place of Russia, as you propose, would probably render the execution of such stipulations still more complicated and uncertain.

'You admit that, in order to bring the Emperor to agree to those terms of peace, it is necessary to exert a considerable pressure upon him. Now what you call a considerable pressure I can only regard as war; and it is a sort of war which I do not think very creditable to the honour and character of this country. If the conduct of Russia has been so injurious to the Porte, and our own interests are so deeply affected as to make us think it necessary to resist her attack, it is not by capturing a few ships, or blockading some port, that we shall best prove our sympathy; but we ought rather at once to declare war, and to make common cause with our ally. We have no treaty engagements with the Porte; and although I do not pretend to say to what extremities we may be driven by the course of events, I do not believe that the people of this country are prepared to make such a sacrifice, or that our national honour and interests are so much concerned as would make it justifiable in us to incur all the risks and horrors of war.

'Much as I desire to avoid war, and reluctant as I am to prolong that which already exists between Russia and the Porte by aiming at unattainable conditions of peace, I would not have you imagine that, under no circumstances should I be prepared to have recourse to such an alternative. I think that Russia could never be permitted to occupy Constantinople and the Straits of the Dardanelles; and if it became evident that any such intention was entertained, I believe that the interests of this country and of Europe would justify us in resorting at once to the most active hostilities.

'Allow me to recal your attention to our actual position with respect to the negotiations for peace. We have just effected the union of the Four Powers, and our cordial concurrence in the steps about to be taken for arriving at this great end. I regard the union as a most important fact, and as calculated essentially to affect our proceedings, whether they terminate in war or in peace. We ought not rashly to endanger the permanence of this European concert; and as the Powers have declared that the integrity of the Turkish territory is an object of general interest, it is to be presumed that they will take such means as may be necessary to secure it. But if, while we have sent pacific overtures to Constantinople, and are endeavouring, as mediators, to establish an armistice between the belligerents, we should ourselves have recourse to acts of direct hostility, we can scarcely expect that our allies would approve of such a decision. I greatly doubt whether the French Government would think it just or honourable to join us in such a course.'

Two days before this letter was written, a report of the affair of Sinope had reached England through Vienna. But it was not until the evening of the 13th, and after the letter was written, that our Government received official intelligence, which showed that the attack on the Turkish fleet had been made in deliberate defiance of France and England. This at once altered the whole aspect of affairs. The blood of both countries was up, and to have longer refrained from a decided course of action would have been impossible for any Government. Two days afterwards (15th December), Lord Palmerston resigned. Mr. Ashley, with Lord Palmerston's papers at his command, must have known that this resignation had nothing whatever to do with any divergence of views as to our Eastern policy between Lord Palmerston and the rest of the Aberdeen Cabinet. He has indeed shown, under Lord Palmerston's own hand ('Life,' vol. ii. p. 19), that this was so. The reason, and the only reason, for his taking this step, was, that he could not support a large measure of Parliamentary Reform, proposed by Lord Russell, and accepted by the Cabinet. But Mr. Ashley, in his desire to claim special praise for Lord Palmerston for a sympathy with the feeling of general indignation excited by the tidings from Sinope, more than insinuates that the reason which he 'assigned' for his resignation was not the true one. 'The fact is,' he writes, 'that, as Mr. Kinglake says, he was gifted with the instinct which enables a man to read the heart of a nation, and he felt that the English people would never forgive the Ministry if nothing decisive were done after the disasters at Sinope.' And, if the fact were so, what should we think of the statesman, who at such a crisis, without waiting to know what his colleagues would do, would have deserted them, and thereby thrown affairs into

into confusion? Lord Palmerston's worst enemy could bring no severer charge against him. But the fact was precisely as Lord Palmerston himself put it in a letter to a leading member of the Government at the time, which Mr. Ashley has no doubt seen, that he would not seem to support a Reform Bill, of which he entirely disapproved—'that, in short, he did not choose to be dragged through the dirt by John Russell.'

Mr. Kinglake, in the last edition of his 'History of the Invasion of the Crimea' (1877), emboldened apparently by the countenance given to his views by Mr. Ashley, goes considerably farther than that gentleman.

'Unfortunately,* it happened,' he says, 'though for reasons which cannot yet be disclosed, that some days before the ill-omened Thursday'—the day on which it was resolved to send the combined fleets of England and France into the Black Sea—'Lord Palmerston was driven from office. Of the justice or propriety of the measure thus taken against him no one can yet be invited to judge, because its grounds are withheld' (vol. ii. p. 28).

The statement that Lord Palmerston was 'compelled to resign,' that he was driven from office, is reiterated in the paragraphs which follow; and of some extraordinary notes, which Mr. Kinglake has subjoined, the following is perhaps the most extraordinary:—

'They,' the grounds on which Lord Palmerston was driven from office, 'were even withheld, one may say, from the faithful Baron Stockmar; for the Prince's letter to him on the subject was not a real and thorough disclosure. Whether the curious outcry of those days against "Prince Albert's interference" was in any way connected with the transactions above stated I do not undertake to say; but it followed them with a very close step. The outcry was one wrongly, nay, almost absurdly directed, and was utterly silenced upon the meeting of Parliament in 1854 by Lord Aberdeen and other public men, who spoke out with unshrinking clearness upon what seemed until then a tender and delicate subject.

'In saying that the outcry was wrongly or absurdly directed, I am far from meaning to represent that it was baseless; for I think, on the contrary, that transactions, appearing to have resulted from the hostility of the Crown to Lord Palmerston in the five or six middle

* Why 'unfortunately'? Was Lord Palmerston likely to have raised his voice in the Cabinet against the decision to send the combined Fleets into the Black Sea? Why, he had been urging this very measure for months, and so lately as the 10th of December, in the letter to Lord Aberdeen above quoted! During the days when he was absent from office, he was in direct communication, as Lord Aberdeen very well knew, with Count Walewski, of whose importunacy in pressing the measure at this critical moment Mr. Kinglake is manifestly well aware,—importunacy which, it is no secret, was so unseemly, as to provoke from the not too impulsive Lord Clarendon language of spirited rebuke.

years of this century, were a very fit subject for Parliamentary inquiry, and in the meantime for that healthy, wise uneasiness which awakens the care of Parliament. What Parliament ought to have asked, and ought to have taken care to learn, was, not whether the Prince Consort, or any other "private secretary," or friend or courtier, had been giving counsel to the Queen, but, *whether any of her Constitutional advisers had been guilty of undue complacency to the Crown, or of intriguing against a colleague.*

'If the life of the late Prince Consort in 1853 should be unreservedly imparted to the public, the "grounds" above referred to as wanting will not fail to appear. The December of 1853 was a critical month in the Prince Consort's political life' (ibid. p. 29).

Mr. Kinglake, who is a master of English style, usually makes his meaning clear enough, but it would require an *Œdipus* to unravel the mystery of this note. What does it mean? If Mr. Theodore Martin, in his 'Life of the Prince Consort,' touched lightly on the question of Lord Palmerston's sudden resignation in 1853, he probably did so because the event, however curious in itself, had very little bearing upon the story he had to tell. We can quite conceive that in this case, as in many others, he has suppressed very interesting details, solely from considerations of space and due proportion, and not because there was anything to conceal which would in any way have compromised either the Crown or the Prince Consort. His very delicate and difficult task would, we can well imagine, become intolerable to himself, as it would be oppressive to his readers, if he were to go into the ins and outs of every Ministerial crisis, or the minute incidents of the story of the causes of the Crimean War, into which Mr. Kinglake has infused the fire, with something of the freedom, of romance. No doubt Mr. Martin has in the case of Lord Palmerston deviated somewhat from this rule; but it is very obvious that he was driven to do so by the indiscretion of Lord Palmerston's biographer. It could not be otherwise than painful to him to have to say unpleasant things of one who enjoyed so great a name among departed statesmen. All good Englishmen must desire to uphold the reputation of our leading public men at its highest level; and that Mr. Martin is strongly influenced by this desire seems very clear from the prevailing spirit of his volumes.

To have passed over in silence the injurious imputations in Mr. Ashley's book, against both the Prince Consort and the Queen, would have been a fatal mistake, for it would have been construed into an admission that they were well-founded. Nevertheless, Mr. Kinglake, like some others of Lord Palmerston's friends, seems to be angry that these imputations have been

been met by the unanswerable documents in Mr. Martin's last published volume. In no other way can we account for the bitterness with which, in the edition of his history now being published, Mr. Kinglake speaks of the Prince Consort. In former editions the Prince was mentioned with respect, and even with admiration. A well-known paragraph in his first chapter, as just in appreciation of the Prince's political position and influence, as it was admirable in expression, has been cancelled; and in its stead, wherever these are spoken of by Mr. Kinglake, it is, that they may be ridiculed or denounced. In what we venture to think doubtful taste, Mr. Kinglake loses no opportunity of sneering at 'the two intelligent Germans, the Prince Consort and the Baron Stockmar' (vol. ii. p. 64, note), and of inviting Mr. Martin to show that the Prince did not share the blunders in their Eastern policy, with which Mr. Kinglake charges the Aberdeen Ministry. Suppose Mr. Martin could show, that in the instances referred to, the Prince (which practically means the Queen also) was right, and the Government wrong, would he be likely to use his information for such a purpose? It may not have struck Mr. Kinglake, though it certainly could not escape the eye of a writer charged with the responsible task which has been entrusted to Mr. Martin, that to exalt the reputation of the Prince at the cost of the responsible advisers of the Crown would be an act which the Prince would himself have been the first to condemn, and which would be incompatible with Mr. Martin's duty to the Sovereign, who has honoured him with her confidence.

In the case more immediately before us, we are in a position to show that there is in fact nothing to disclose beyond what is known, and that if Mr. Martin has said so little about it, this was presumably because there was little to say beyond what he has said.

Of this, the correspondence of Lord Palmerston with Lord Aberdeen, which is before us as we write, leaves no room for doubt. Lord Palmerston, as we have said, was hostile to Lord Russell's scheme of Reform. The Cabinet, as a body, had accepted it. Lord Lansdowne shared many of Lord Palmerston's objections, and to him Lord Palmerston wrote stating his views at great length. He sent a copy of this letter, and of Lord Lansdowne's reply to Lord Aberdeen, on the 10th of December. On the 11th Lord Aberdeen acknowledged the receipt of these papers. 'I need scarcely say,' he wrote, 'that both Lord John and I would greatly rejoice if means could be found to diminish your objections, without impairing the efficient character of the measure.'

measure. From our recent conversations, however, I cannot feel very sanguine that this would be the case.'

On the 14th Lord Aberdeen again wrote :—

'MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—The objections you have stated to the proposed measure of Parliamentary Reform in your letter to Lansdowne have now been fully considered by Lord John and by Graham. I have already assured you that a sincere desire existed to meet your views, and, if possible, to obviate your objections; but they appear to be so serious as to strike at the most essential principles of the measure.* Under these circumstances, we fear that it would be impossible to make any such alterations as could be expected to afford you satisfaction. I very much regret the necessity of making this communication to you, although I concur in the propriety of the decision that has been adopted.'

Upon receipt of this letter Lord Palmerston sent in his resignation, which was accepted. However embarrassing to the Ministry, it did not take them by surprise, knowing what they did of Lord Palmerston's avowed hostility to the principles of the proposed Reform Bill; and the vacant Seals were with Her Majesty's sanction offered to Sir George Grey. Lord Palmerston had apparently counted on Lord Lansdowne following his example. But however much the veteran statesman disliked Lord John's innovations, he felt that this was not a time to weaken the Government by secession, and he announced his intention to remain. By the 17th this decision was known, and immediately afterwards Lord Palmerston let it be understood by his late colleagues, through common friends, that he wished to reconsider the step he had taken. This gave colour to the surmise, very generally entertained at the time, that he had hoped, by carrying Lord Lansdowne with him, to break up the Ministry, and so to open the way for his own ambitious aims at the Premiership. As it was, he found himself standing alone, having thrown himself out of office upon grounds that would expose him to the condemnation of his Radical admirers. Seeking to damage Lord Aberdeen, he had only damaged himself.

It was clearly of moment to Lord Palmerston's political position, that he should retrieve his blunder as rapidly as possible. Without seeming himself to initiate a movement to this end,

* It is important to bear these words in mind, with reference to Lord Palmerston's statement in the letter to be presently quoted, that he had all along '*acquiesced in the leading principles on which the proposed measure is founded.*' Lord Aberdeen, with Lord Palmerston's recent letter to Lord Lansdowne fresh in his mind, must have smiled a very sardonic smile as he read these words.

it was not difficult to arrange for its being pushed by others. Accordingly negotiations with a view to his resumption of his place at the Home Office were pressed upon the leaders of the Cabinet by influential members of the Liberal party. Sir George Grey held back from accepting the offer made to him. It was seen that the loss of so popular a man as Lord Palmerston might be serious to the Ministry, at a juncture when the public interests required that the Government should be strong in itself and in the confidence of the country. Lord Palmerston withdrew his objections to Reform, avowing that he now agreed to the principle of the measure; and the Cabinet, not, we believe, without reluctance, agreed to readmit the repentant rebel into its ranks. What ensued is best told in the following correspondence between Lord Aberdeen and himself:

‘Carlton Gardens, 23rd December, 1853.

‘MY DEAR ABERDEEN,—I find by communications which I have received during the last few days from several members of the Government, that I was mistaken in inferring from your letter of the 14th instant, that the details of the intended Reform Bill had been finally settled by the Government, and that no objection to any part of these details would be listened to.

‘I am informed, on the contrary, that the whole arrangement is still open to discussion. Under these circumstances, and acquiescing as I have all along done in the leading principles on which the proposed measure has been founded, I cannot decline to comply with the friendly wish expressed to me on the part of many members of the Government that I should withdraw a resignation which they assure me was founded on a misconception on my part, and therefore my letter to you of the 14th may be considered as cancelled if it should suit your arrangements so to deal with it.*

‘You will perhaps allow me to add that the decision which I am informed the Cabinet came to yesterday to accede to the proposal of the French Government, whereby the English and French squadrons

* Mr. Kinglake asks (vol. ii. p. 30, note), ‘In the midst of those anxious December days when England was fast driving towards war, how came it to happen that a “difference” on the then flat subject of poor old “Reform” was so used as to become the means of driving Lord Palmerston from office? *That*,’ he adds, ‘is the step of which I say in the text, that the grounds are withheld.’ Common sense asks,—if Lord Palmerston, to use his own words cited above, ‘acquiesced in the leading principles’ of the proposed Reform Bill, how could that measure have been used as ‘the means of driving him from office?’ Lord John Russell was the father of the measure, but no one of all the members of the Cabinet was sorer than he at Lord Palmerston’s desertion of his colleagues. Mr. Kinglake would apparently have us believe that Lord John, or Sir James Graham, or Lord Aberdeen, or some other Cabinet Minister, out of ‘undue complacency to the Crown’—we suppose—‘brandished’ the question of what places should be disfranchised, and to which other places the vacant seats should be given, ‘in such a way as to compel Lord Palmerston to retire from the Government.’ If the grounds for such a belief are ‘withheld,’ may this not be because they do not exist?

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will have the command of the Black Sea, greatly enters into the considerations which have led me to address this letter to you.

'The Duke of Newcastle, with whom I had a long conversation this morning, has been so good as to undertake to convey this letter to you.—My dear Aberdeen, yours sincerely,

'PALMERSTON.'

'Argyle House, 24th December, 1853.

'MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—As I had communicated your resignation of office to the Queen, I thought it right to take Her Majesty's pleasure before answering your letter received this morning.

'I confess that I cannot well understand how you should infer from my letter of the 14th instant, that the details of the intended Reform Bill had been finally settled by the Government, and that no objection to any part of these details would be listened to; as you were yourself a member of a Committee which had not completed its deliberations, when by your letter to me of the 10th instant you expressed very decided opinions adverse to all the leading provisions of the proposed measure. However, I wish to say no more upon that which you allow to have been a misconception on your part, and I very readily agree to consider your letter of the 14th as cancelled.

'Although not connected with the cause of your resignation, I am glad to find that you approve of a recent decision of the Cabinet with respect to the British and French Fleets adopted in your absence. I feel assured you will have learned with pleasure that whether absent or present the Government are duly careful to preserve from injury the interests and dignity of the country.—Ever truly yours,

'ABERDEEN.'

With these letters before us, what becomes of Mr. Kinglake's mysterious innuendoes about Lord Palmerston having been 'driven from office?' about disclosures being withheld? about intrigues by colleagues, acting from 'undue complacency to the Crown?' and about 'December, 1853, being a critical month in the Prince Consort's life?' Mr. Kinglake is a man of too high honour to make any statement which he does not believe to be true; but he should be well assured of his ground before putting forward insinuations so serious. It is not merely that they affect the reputation of statesmen, most of whom are silent in the grave; they impugn the conduct of the Sovereign, whose eyes they may never reach, and who, at all events, cannot descend into the arena of controversy to refute them. Why, if the charges which Mr. Kinglake hints were true, did Lord Palmerston never bring them to the proof in his life, when those whom he accuses in letters printed by Mr. Ashley, of 'conspiracy,' domestic and foreign, against him, would have been able to meet him face to face? If he never did so, is it too much to assume that he knew that such charges, though they might be insinuated by his devotees

devotees in irresponsible newspapers, or expressed in private letters of his own, which, we may feel very sure, were never meant to see the light, must have been confuted with disgrace to their author, if he had thrown down the gauntlet of open defiance? It is one of the mischiefs of crude and rash biographies, like this before us, that they make suggestions such as those of Mr. Kinglake possible, where even ordinary care on the biographer's part in sifting, and ordinary candour in arguing from, the evidence of authentic documents, must have made them absolutely impossible.

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- ART. III.—1. *Le Livre de Cuisine*. Par Jules Gouffé, comprenant la 'Cuisine de Ménage' et la 'Grande Cuisine,' avec 25 planches imprimées en chromo-lithographie, et 161 vignettes sur bois. Paris, 1867.
2. *L'Art de la Cuisine Française au Dix-neuvième Siècle. Traité élémentaire et pratique, suivi de Dissertations Culinaires et Gastronomiques, utiles aux progrès de cet Art*. Par M. Antonin Carême. Paris, 1833.
3. *Modern Domestic Cookery*. By a Lady. A new edition, based on the Work of Mrs. Rundell. 245th Thousand. London, 1865.
4. *Cuisine de Tous les Pays : Etudes Cosmopolites, avec 220 dessins composés pour la démonstration*. Par Urbain Dubois, chef de cuisine de leurs Majestés Royales de Prusse. Paris, 1868.
5. *Cosmopolitan Cookery. Popular Studies, with 310 Drawings*. By Urbain Dubois. London, 1870.
6. *Gastronomy as a Fine Art, or the Science of Good Living. A Translation of the 'Physiologie du Goût' of Brillat-Savarin*. By R. E. Anderson, M.A. London, 1877.
7. *Buckmaster's Cookery: being an abridgment of some of the Lectures delivered in the Cookery School at the International Exhibition for 1873 and 1874; together with a collection of approved Recipes and Menus*. London.
8. *The Art of Dining; or Gastronomy and Gastronomers*. New Edition. London, 1853.
9. *Report on Cheap Wines*. By Dr. Druitt. London, 1873.
10. *The Third Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the National Training School for Cookery, for the year ending 31st March, 1876*.

IT is now more than forty years ago since a writer in this Review discoursed, with a perfect knowledge of the subject, on the Science with which a dinner should be served and

and the Art with which it should be eaten.* The popularity which his remarks obtained, when separately published under the title of 'The Art of Dining,' proved that that generation appreciated his summary of the laws of gastronomical observation in relation to their food and wines. Would that it were in our power to say that there has been since that day real progress as well in that Art as in the Science of Cookery in England! It would be unreasonable to expect that material prosperity should bring in its train the plain and simple refinement of taste due to other conditions than those of mere wealth.

Our present object being entirely practical, we do not propose to go into the history of cookery. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to do so; for it would be difficult, if not impossible, to improve on the general sketch, given by the author of the 'Art of Dining,' of the history of cookery from the earliest period up to 1789; and his account of the celebrated cooks of the Empire and the Restoration is one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of the subject.

A glance at the present state of gastronomical science will show us that the French, while still very perfect in it, are scarcely on a par with their forefathers of the period of the Restoration; nor shall we accept the *Café Anglais*, the *Café Voisin*, good as its cellar is, still less the *Maison Dorée* of the present day, in place of the *Frères Provençaux*, *Philippe's*, and *Véfour's* of the past. If we turn northward to Belgium we shall find much that is good in cooking and eating known, if not universally practised, whilst in reference to wine the Belgians surpass all other countries in their intimate acquaintance with, and accurate knowledge of, the best vintages of Burgundy. In Great Britain we may hope that we are on the path of progress, some elements of race not unfavourable to gastronomical observation at times appearing in our strange mixture of Teutonic with other blood.

The wealth of America brings in its train some new recipes in the preparation of oysters and lobsters, and its indigenous birds offer to the 'gourmet' a new subject for discourse, and fresh test for the faculties he possesses.

Passing again northward, we find the whole science ruthlessly ignored by the pure Teutonic race of the German Empire;† and if gastronomy has not vainly claimed its due consideration in the empire of the Cossacks, it is rather because the Russians

* See 'Quarterly Review' Article on 'Gastronomy and Gastronomers,' in July 1835, and Article on Mr. Walker's 'Original,' in February, 1836.

† We must except, however, the once free city of Hamburg, where one Wilkins, a restaurateur, formerly had a dwelling-place.

have had immense advantages by the importation of French artists at astounding prices; and in their rivalry with Western civilisation, have introduced the certain advantages of croquettes with 'julienne' soup; while they serve in their truly hospitable fashion that noble fish, the sterlet, in a form and with a sauce that we rarely meet with elsewhere. Nor is their caviare to be overlooked, although in Western Europe we rarely find it, as with them, of that pale green colour which denotes an absence of salt. South and eastward we come upon remnants of the Teutonic race mixed up with Czech and Slavonic blood, and in consequence we find that singular view of gastronomic philosophy which obtains in Vienna, where people will neither dine at the right hour, eat dishes in their right places, nor insist on their cooks roasting, in place of baking, meats.

In Italy there was once a better state of science, but if it has retrograded, there are still hopes for a land where simple delicate forms of flour present models to the world; where tomatoes are indigenous, and rice has its cooks.

Let us add, that the science is not absolutely ignored in Turkey, nor looked upon as a vain and foolish thing in China and Japan. This generalisation leaves untouched the position of the science in Spain, Portugal, our colonies, and the lands outside Russia, where live the great Slavonic brotherhood. With these last, the imitative faculties promise a better future knowledge than will probably be the lot of the Spaniard, wrapped up in the dignified conceit of an aged people; or of our own colonists, the offspring of a race traditionally wedded to strong gravy soup, smoke-grilled chops, and plain boiled vegetables.

If we attempt to review the present aspect of gastronomical science, we must also take some note of drinking, and consider, too curiously perhaps for some, whether the prevalent notions about wines, what their quality should be, and when they are drunk, are based on sound principles. And however firmly convinced we may be that our views are sound, we readily admit that there is no infallibility in dogmas directed against other people's stomachs, and their habits of eating and drinking. Have we not the example of Brillat-Savarin in the neglect by the French of some of his most earnestly insisted-on precepts? What did that eminent man say with reference to the use of the rinsing-glass after dinner? that it was 'useless, indecent, and disgusting;' and who that has travelled has not known that sickening five minutes after dinner where the use of it obtains, and which, if universal, would make us seem to descend rather than advance in the refinements of civilised life? After

Brillat-Savarin's

Brillat-Savarin's efforts, how shall a humble writer hope to persuade Englishmen that they do not know what soup is, and that they rest in profound error in their abuse of champagne? The most to be hoped for is that further gastronomical observation will be encouraged, and that the votaries of the science being multiplied, general ignorance will eventually be leavened; for we think that none will dispute that there is a decided lack of gastronomical knowledge amongst our countrymen. We well remember the indignation with which a friend, an M.P., in whose eyes dining is an art, after the precepts of the author of the 'Art of Dining,' and cooking an exact science, after the manner of Carême, recounted the fatal want of observation on the part of a common friend, whom we will call Brown. Brown was staying at Spa, at the same hotel as the M.P., and had been invited to join a party for a trip to that charming little spot, Chaudefontaine, where they were to dine. On his return, the M.P. cross-examined him as to the bill of fare, the wines, &c. The menu was tolerably well described, but on the subject of drink Brown declared that they had had 'champagne and claret, or something.' 'Now,' observed our friend, 'we all know that the party was under the direction of that best of judges of good liquor, Sir H. E.; and any man with the slightest knowledge of the district, and a feeling for Art-dining, is aware that the commonest hotels abound in good Burgundy, and that no man of the baronet's experience would think of ordering claret in the Wallon country, if his guests were not absolutely averse to Burgundy.*'

Of one thing we may be sure, no British restaurateur will help the public to a knowledge of the art of dining. Individually or collectively they may run up piles of buildings, and tempt a 'clientèle' by the cleanliness and beauty of their mural decoration; but when it comes to a question of food, even supposing the quality to be moderately good, every difficulty will be thrown in the way of a man and his wife, or brother and sister, to dine modestly, but with variety. For those who are not gourmands it is probable that one portion of soup and one of fish would suffice for two, but here the restaurateur (at least

* It may be useful to the traveller abroad to know that nowhere is Burgundy to be obtained in such perfection as in the Wallon district of Belgium, comprising Liège, Namur, Spa, Dinant, &c. At little hostleries in remote districts in the Ardennes you will get Burgundy that would be of value at great banquets in London. For some reason the climate and cellars of this district suit the wine, and the people have the sense to lay down enough of it. If the traveller's peregrinations take him towards Mons, Charleroi, or Valenciennes in France, he will be wise to ask for still red Champagne, a delicate, fine wine, worthy of grave sipping and steady reflective observation.

one that we could name), steps in and says, 'you shall not have less than two portions, although one may suffice you: you shall pay me double for having placed before you what you don't want.' Of course these men know their own business and the nature of their customers, but they must not come to us for a character as assistants in the great science under notice. At one or two good-class restaurants in the West End they still keep up the old French tradition of allowing you to order just so many portions for so many people as may please you, the only true method of permitting a varied repast at a moderate price.

Let us premise that, if we may seem to extol certain forms and methods of cooking as practised in France, it should be understood that this is far from supporting the introduction of what is known as French cookery into England. Hitherto what has been imported is practically a good deal of cook's French, in the shape of titles to indifferent imitations of good dishes. Against these the Englishman naturally protests; and, as a rule, the manager of his household has yet to learn that in a French '*cuisine bourgeoise*' no shams are indulged in, and that simplicity and economy reign where we have waste and the master's despair.

The gastronomical observer, to be useful, need not trouble himself to examine how a great banquet should be prepared; that is the business of a 'chef.' What he may inquire about should be—What are the elements in the cooking for a private household in France or elsewhere which can be imported with advantage into the English household?

We begin with what should form the beginning of every dinner, namely, soup. Our first observation addressed to our countrywomen who sway in the kitchen would be that, putting aside '*purées*' of peas, carrot, hare, grouse, &c., and speaking of cheap everyday refreshing soups, the liquid whereof they are made should be regarded as the vehicle for applying to the palate certain herbal flavours, a strengthening and nutritious vehicle if you will, but still a vehicle. A strong gravy-soup, the delight of the British cook, kills all herbal flavour, and if the palate is to be considered at all, it may be counted a sound gastronomical axiom that flavour and not sustenance is the first consideration at the beginning of a sound, well-ordered repast. The herbal flavours may vary; they may be derived from fresh vegetables in the spring-time passing under the title '*à la jardinière*,' from the cabbage and carrot as in the '*croûte au pot*,' or from the mixture made by the sage inventor of the '*julienne*' soup.

Strictly

Strictly speaking, for the purposes of culinary education we must go, as Mr. Buckmaster has done in his lectures, to the 'pot au feu' which Gouffé calls 'l'âme de la cuisine de ménage'; but as we are now referring to the constituents of a dinner, let us see how julienne, the type of herbal soups, should be prepared, and compare it with the accepted julienne of clubs, restaurants, and cooks who prepare dinners for London parties. The cook, who knows his business, will take carrots, the red part only, turnips, celery, leeks, onions, cabbage, lettuce, sorrel, and chervil, in quantities proportionate to the number of persons he has to serve, and he will cut them up very small and thin. In France a special cutter is sold at the ironmongers' for the purpose. He will then pass the onions and leeks over the fire, with a good-sized piece of butter. He will next throw all the rest of the vegetables, cut up as above, into boiling water and let them rest there five minutes, after which he will place them on a strainer to drip. When the water is drained off, he will add the onions and leeks, and put all in a saucepan (a copper one), add a little sugar and some butter, pour over them a little 'bouillon' or soup, and proceed to *cook* them, by allowing them gently to simmer for a couple of hours when, being well cooked and tender, the bouillon or 'consommé' (which should assimilate to a weak beef-tea), may be added and the soup served.

Gouffé differs somewhat from this formula, which was given us by Dubost Frères, the well-known restaurateurs in Brussels, who have since disposed of their business. Gouffé directs you to let your consommé simmer, with the herbs in it, for three hours, merely adding some lettuce and sorrel, chopped up ten minutes before serving. But we think he is inconsistent with previous precepts, for in his opening remarks about bouillon he insists that vegetables should not be left in it longer than necessary for their being cooked. We should add that consommé is a more expensive thing to make than bouillon, which is the base of it. Gouffé, for instance, directs a proportion of about six lbs. of beef, four of veal, and two fowls to simmer four hours in seven litres of bouillon to arrive at a good consommé. Whatever formula may be adopted for the liquid, provided it is light and delicate, we would have it regarded simply as a vehicle for herbal flavour. Contrast a soup made as above with the English julienne soup, where hard slices of uncooked carrots are left to take their chance in a gravy that has a flavour of nothing but coarse meat, and you have a comparison which must perforce lead to gastronomical observation. You may prefer the strong gravy, but in that case your palate is at fault, and you cannot understand herbal flavour. This observation, however, affecting as

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it does the science of the cook and the art of the diner, would not be just without the accompanying remark; that to buy at the London greengrocers' good fresh young vegetables is not such an easy matter, and that, to make a reform, it is necessary that the market-gardener should aid by cultivating and bringing to Covent Garden what is young and tender in vegetable life, and not old carrots and dry turnips. Still, in the country this excuse for the cook will not serve, and that a clean herbal soup is possible at an English hotel many of the travellers by the winter coach to St. Alban's ('75-'76) had the satisfaction of finding after their pleasant outward drive.

If we were called on to give instances of the difficulty of getting julienne soup in London, it would only be necessary to name certain clubs where 'chefs hors ligne' will give you a 'bouillabaisse,' or a pepper-pot, 'quenelles de cailles aux truffes,' or a crab curry in perfection, but scarcely ever succeed, probably on account of the market-gardener, in presenting you with the true julienne soup we have spoken of.

We are aware that our recipe fails in that it does not provide the exact weight of vegetables to the proportion of consommé. M. Dubost (who, by the way, had a collection of china and 'bric-à-brac,' well worth the attention of the connoisseur) assumed, no doubt, that a chef with any knowledge of his business would always fairly proportion all that enters into a julienne soup, but to the English cook we would suggest just six times the quantity of vegetables she is accustomed to provide for the soup in question.

If we pass from the making of herbal soup to a consideration of the 'batterie de cuisine' placed at the disposition of English cooks in modest English households, we shall be compelled to observe a fatal absence of copper. Those bright stewpans with our neighbours form a refreshing sight to the 'gourmet,' however modest the 'ménage.' Just as we succeed well in boiling potatoes by means of a quick, roaring fire applied to an iron saucepan, which communicates the heat to the water quickly, so we fail in *sauté*-ing young potatoes, because for that we want a moderate fire and a copper saucepan, which communicates the heat slowly; in other words, an arrangement that does not readily burn the contents, which with an iron saucepan, in the absence of care, would be the case.

And here it is only just that we should draw attention to Gouffé, his plates, and his woodcuts. Of course, there is very little that is absolutely new in matter of recipes for dishes, but Gouffé has availed himself of chromo-lithography and a good wood-engraver to bring home to us some precepts that ought to

receive attention. Note particularly the design for a range, p. 23, fig. 16, where we have a roasting arrangement carefully out of the way, whilst still under the supervision of the cook; and the proper design for a charcoal grilling apparatus, which would meet a want greatly felt amongst those who love a clean grill. Throughout his work it will be observed that Gouffé inclines to well-tinned copper saucepans, whilst not absolutely discarding tinned-iron pans, and at the same time he sets his face against the simple cast-iron pans and the earthenware vases that have for so long maintained their place in many French households.

Returning to the grilling apparatus in fig. 16 of Gouffé's work, we shall possibly surprise many by avowing that, in our opinion, the French beat us as much in this respect as in many others. That they succeed in soups, sauces, and entrées, is undoubted, and copper saucepans go for much therein; but for the '*cuisine bourgeoise*' (household cooking) we should indicate grilling as the point where they are more entirely successful than we are. Here charcoal or '*braise*' (a form of charcoal), as the fuel, gives the French cook an advantage. It enables him to serve up fish, flesh, and fowl, cleanly grilled, not smoke-flavoured, and the sauce, if sauce there be, has nothing to interfere with its due appreciation. The English cook, as a rule, appeals to the frying-pan* and produces her cutlets, often sodden, and generally tasteless, with small idea that meat and its flavour is one thing, and the sauce appropriate to it another.† When cutlets have been cooked in this fashion, the tenant of the dining-room learns that delicate tender mutton exists no more; leather, for all practical purposes of taste, might replace it. Yet how could we expect an English cook with the ordinary coal-fuel range to have a bright fire just ready for grilling at the moment when the entrée of cutlets should be served? The charcoal or braise embers, being a contrivance apart, are, with a slight use of the bellows, always ready for the

* 'As frying properly in fat is of much importance and of constant use, no pains should be spared in thoroughly understanding it. If you attempt to fry at too low a temperature, or allow the temperature to fall more than five degrees, the things are not fried but soaked and soddened, and of a dirty-white colour. If the temperature is too high, then the thing is charred, burnt, and blackened, but not fried.'—Buckmaster, p. 112. To much useful information on this head given in the above, we may add that beef-fat is better for frying white-bait than lard. Mr. Buckmaster says as much, though not in special terms: 'Lard is the fat generally used for frying, but it is liable to leave an unpleasant flavour after it.' (P. 109.) It may also be added, that biscuit-powder is infinitely better than bread-crumbs to *paner* cutlets.

† In Gouffé's work, the percentage of dishes (fish, flesh, and fowl), the ingredients of which pass over the grill, is double that in a recent English cookery-book. grill.

grill. Speaking not dogmatically, but with conviction, we place charcoal or braise, as a grilling element, as of the first necessity in a range where due justice is to be done by the cook. Nor can we believe that this suggestion is one necessarily attended with inordinate expense. It sufficeth to put—if Gouffé's plan above mentioned is attended with difficulty—in modern close ranges a fifteen-inch square grate, sunk some three inches below the level of the top, with a regulator for the draft from without, so that the charcoal or braise shall burn freely; and we venture to say that the cost of the charcoal will be saved in the butcher's bill, to say nothing of the temper of the master, suffering under the infliction of meat wrongfully bedabbled in cinders and begrimed with coal-smoke! Let it be taken as a gastronomical observation of supreme importance to the seeker after culinary truth, that the eminence of French cookery does not lie solely in soups or sauces, but in the cleanliness with which fish, flesh, and fowl are grilled, aided by the perfectly-made sauces, separately cooked, with which such flesh and fowl are served. Not, however, that bread-crumbed cutlets are always out of place, but that the importance of clean grilling should be more clearly recognised. And let no one here cite the advantage of Dutch ovens, or similar contrivances, for avoiding the coal-smoke. They are aids to the idle, but fail in the essential application of direct heat and oxygen to the meat. Of course clubs and large establishments can afford to keep a coke-grill constantly going, and to them coke is cheaper, and, well kept up, as effective as charcoal; but in the small establishment the cook, seeking to grill, is confined to her coal-fire, and such use as she may make of it.

In many small details, also, the 'batterie de cuisine' supplied to the English cook is wanting; principally, we fancy, in the small tools for cutting up vegetables and herbs, slicing spinach, cucumbers, &c. In how many kitchens do you find a salamander, that excellent French invention for browning a dish without putting it into the oven, in order to obtain the same result at the price of its juices being dried up? It is true that this implement, being heavy, suggests sometimes to an ignorant kitchen-maid that it must be there for the purpose of breaking coal; but does not ignorance, in some form or other, often try our patience, and are we thereby to be discouraged?

Touching the general question of butcher's meat, something must be said, though with the full knowledge that it will be without effect in England. The 'Chateaubriand,' the 'entrecôte,' and the 'filet mignon' (of mutton), with other forms, are all due to the more enlarged sympathies of the French butcher for what

is perfect. We must entirely change the mode of cutting up the carcase before we can arrive at the same perfection in form of meat purchasable, and as that is hopeless, so is it useless to insist further on the subject on behalf of the public. To the country gentleman only, who may have some control over the village butcher, we may remark that very clear-coloured plates are sold in France at a moderate price, guided by which an intelligent and willing man might easily produce the desired forms of beef, veal, and mutton.

And here, again, it will not be out of place to refer to Gouffé. By bringing chromo-lithography to aid him, he has given us two plates (II. and III.), which are quite unique on this important question of quality, not form, of meat. Had he extended the idea to the interesting question of herbs he would have rendered us, though, perhaps, not his countrymen, an important service. The fact is, French cooks and French gardeners know what herbs for cooking are. A friend of ours happened to be in a country-house the other day where there was much show, little science, and a large garden kept up at great expense. At luncheon he volunteered to make a fresh salad, and forthwith proceeded to the garden to gather his materials. He desired lettuce, chervil, tarragon, and borage. The first he found; of the others the head-gardener knew nothing!

M. Jules Gouffé, all-knowing, has not known enough; he has not been acquainted with the ignorance of our gardeners and our cooks.

Having passed the stage of soup, there is not much of importance to be said until we come to the vegetables. The fish in England is infinitely better in quality and better cooked* than can be obtained elsewhere. There may be special dishes, such as 'sole à la Normande,' or the Marseillaise dish of 'bouillabaisse,' immortalised by Thackeray, worthy of consideration, but they are not essential to the 'bonne cuisine bourgeoise,' the rather because the constituents of this last cannot be obtained in perfection, save on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Of roast meat, be it beef or mutton, we can hold our own with any nation; and boiled potatoes are, for reasons connected with our extravagant use of fuel, and our iron saucepans, our 'spécialité.' But when we come to vegetables in general, we find ourselves, by old tradition, cut off from some of the most economical tasty 'plats' the French housewife will give us. Celery with us is rarely cooked, 'cardons à la moëlle' are unknown, and

* A spoonful of vinegar in the water in which fish is boiled is scarcely sufficiently insisted on in English cookery-books.

the same with 'aubergines farcies;' and 'jets d'houblon aux œufs pochés,' one of the 'primeurs' in early spring, may be looked for in vain at an English table. Perhaps the market-gardener is at fault here too. In any case, we do not get them; nor will untraveller English understand that a vegetable should be served, if cooked, as a 'plat,' to be criticised gastronomically by itself, and not as a concomitant or accident, if we may so express it, to more solid food. Game, again, is so admirably served at English tables, that there are few new ideas to import in reference to it. And yet there is a bird abroad of which we should like to know something more. We have never found it on an English table, and but once was it on our path in culinary delectation abroad, and then we passed it over (possibly in error), supposing it to vary but little from its English prototype. We allude to the Bohemian pheasant. We understand, on good authority, that this bird is fat, which our English pheasant rarely is; and not dry, which ours often is. A friend who has some shooting at Boarstall (traditionally connected with Edward the Confessor and Charles I.), on the borders of Oxfordshire, has introduced this peculiar bird into his preserves; but so far as any extra flavour goes, he tells us that he is not able to certify to it. Possibly the food in the forests of Bohemia may produce different results. That it is a recognised delicacy, and commands a high price (20s. a pair), in Berlin, is undoubted. Our friend, somewhat cynical, but possibly correct, says, that the fatness of pheasants depends on the method of feeding them; in fact, he assimilates them to plain fowls. If so, we desire all proprietors of pheasants to attend to their wants, in the interest of the gastronomical observer.

If, after all, one is obliged to admit that in Science below-stairs, and in Art in the dining-room, the English are wanting, how trifling is the addition required to put the English family dinner on a level with the 'bonne cuisine bourgeoise,' which delights the foreign 'gourmet!' Rather better-grown vegetables from the market-gardener; a habit of really cooking them on the part of the cook; a weakening of the strong gravy-soup, so that their herbal flavour shall not be overpowered; a grate of charcoal, whereby viands may be cleanly grilled, and some small instructions as to how vegetable 'plats' may be properly served, and with the best fish and mutton in the world, the English can give a really refined dinner. For we beg to remind the reader, a banquet is not necessarily a refined repast; and 'côtelettes à la réforme,' 'riz de veau à la St. Cloud,' 'vol-au-vent à la financière,' although all good in their way, do not form the real groundwork for gastronomical observation. This

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must lie for every-day work in simple herbal soups, clean-cooked meat, and delicate vegetable 'plats' that afford room for extracting the subtle essence of the garden, a subtle essence that should arrive at our palate by herbs also, herbs that are too much undervalued by the English cook. Parsley, thyme, balm, marjoram, rosemary, rue, pennyroyal, bay-leaf, chervil, garlic, shalots, truffles, morels, of all should she make the acquaintance, although to be strictly correct, these last come under the head of onions and roots rather than of herbs. Mr. Buckmaster insists upon their use, and the necessity of knowing all about them; and, we repeat, it is much to be regretted that M. Gouffé did not illustrate them, instead of giving us such utterly useless plates (among much that is admirable) as those devoted to the arrangement of cray-fish, the nature of a dessert-dish, a composition of game (frontispiece), or a 'filet de bœuf à la jardinière,' about all of which the instructed desire to know nothing, whilst to the ignorant they convey few ideas.

We have up to the present moment referred to Gouffé, of the French school, and to Mr. Buckmaster, who gave some lectures in 1873-74 at the International Exhibition. The first is an artist, in many things above criticism; but we do not hesitate to say that the latter has given one direction in his recipe for 'pot au feu' which overrides M. Gouffé. He says, in his 'precautions,' 'do not boil.' Gouffé at one point says 'boil.' We understand him to mean only for the purpose of taking off the scum, but in the meantime is not the meat ruined? What Mr. Buckmaster says, he says clearly, although from the stores of his mind there is yet much unwritten. Had he continued, he might perhaps have put in print those two recipes which we learnt through a friend from a French chef, to wit, that a lump of bread about the size of a French billiard ball tied up in a linen bag, and inserted in the pot which boils greens will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an insupportable odour to the regions above; the other, that a lump of bread stuck on the end of one of those pointed knives used in the French kitchen will prevent your eyes being affected, if you are peeling onions with the said knife.

And beyond the operations in the kitchen, a great interest attaches to the store-room and the larder. There are 'hors d'œuvre,' cold as well as hot, about which much may be said, some being at their best in one season, some at another. Cheeses, again, present an endless field of observation for the gastronomer, although, perchance, he may end by finding few planets in that orbit. Some man addicted to this preparation of milk declared that after once tasting, we think it was either

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Mont d'Or or Strachino, he wandered about Europe after a phantom cheese. If we recollect rightly, he avowed that a good Camembert had a ghostly resemblance to it; but if we mistake not, he had not made the acquaintance of Malakoff, a cream-cheese fabricated in Normandy. Certain it is that Strachino is too rare; and as for Camembert, the curious thing is that you meet with it in far better condition in London or Brussels than in Paris. As to our old English cheeses, Stilton, Cheshire, North Wilts, say even that goodly cream-cheese that in the days of our youth we tasted somewhere near Fountain's Abbey, where are they? Do large dealers buy them up for St. Petersburg and Moscow 'marchands de comestibles' who are regardless of price? We cannot deny that we have met with them in those cities far better in quality than such as we have chanced to buy in the best shops in London.

Forget not too, O learner in this field of knowledge! to pick up any happy thoughts that may occur to your host after you are seated; such, for instance, as that which occurred to a well-known artist of our acquaintance. He had invited a friend to a beef-steak at the A-Club. The steak was served, when he bethought him to inquire, *sotto voce*, if there was a clove of garlic in the house. There was; it was brought; he simply passed the knife through it, nothing more, and surprised his guest with the most delicate form of that unique flavour which the prince of the onion family can alone give.

Before we pass on to the consideration of wines, we think that something more than a slight reference should be made to an institution that has sprung up of late years, one calculated to do an unmixed good to our people, whether at home or in the colonies; we mean the National Training School for Cookery. There is scarcely anything the Englishman likes so well as facts, and, doubtful about the future, he will hesitate to permit an idea to take root with him unless it is backed up by something like success. To such we call attention to the last Report of the Executive Committee of this school. It is not brilliant; it does not show that those who first started it have made either renown or money; but it shows that very serious ignorance amongst many classes is being lessened by the persistent efforts of a few gentlemen and a sensible staff. In any case, the good they have done cannot be measured by their Report, because they can give no account of the unceasing spread of interest in this art from the pupil-teacher to the pupil in London and the local schools, and from pupils to pupils' friends and acquaintances. In the twelvemonth ending the 31st of March, 1876, 1503 pupils passed through the school, twelve gained diplomas

as teachers, and nineteen more were in training for that state of life. We understand that the Report for the present year will show an increase of something like 400, 1734 pupils having passed for the first ten months, of whom fifty-four have gained diplomas as teachers.

The number of local schools has increased from eight in 1876 to twenty-nine at the present time:—

There are now at work the following classes:—

(a.) Those who learn practically cleanliness, which is of the first importance in cookery, and attend practical demonstrations.

(b.) A practical kitchen, where students themselves practise cooking suitable for families which spend from 20s. to 100s. weekly in the purchase of food to be cooked.

(c.) An artisan kitchen, where students especially intended as teachers practise cooking for artisan families which spend from 7s. to 20s. weekly in the purchase of food to be cooked.

(d.) A course of practical teaching for students who are in training as teachers.

When we had the pleasure of visiting the school a few weeks ago, without any notice on our part, we found in the artisan kitchen a dozen young girls who had been brought from ward schools in the City by the past and present Masters of the Cooks' Company, at the expense of the latter. They were being taught by a most intelligent and energetic young lady. In the demonstration kitchen we found a number of ladies taking notes of the practical lessons most lucidly given by one of the staff; and in the practice kitchen we saw many estimable as well as charming young ladies, some qualifying themselves as teachers, others to be something better than the lazy delights of their present or future homes. Cleanliness—a most important element in the kitchen—seemed to be practised everywhere. The girls brought in by the liberality of the Cooks' Company were, at this their twelfth lesson, already competing for practice with each other in the composition of many sensible household dishes, and what they had prepared was to our taste excellent. The course of practical training for the teachers appears to be most complete in form, though scarcely long enough in practice; and the only criticism on the methods pursued we should venture to offer is that they should not keep the knowledge that may be imparted entirely within the limits of what they can do at the schools with its means and appliances. For instance, they make a most excellent and clear consommé on economical principles, that is, they manage without the chicken. But many of that bevy of fair girls will have the management of households where the cost of a fowl would not be

be a question. It is a pity that these should go away with the idea that they have attained perfection in a consommé, which we know cannot be done without the use of fowls. As the views of the Executive Committee were not explained to us on this point, we write rather suggestively than critically. To us it seems that the best means of making important dishes should be pointed out, although it might be a useless extravagance to attempt to prepare them practically at the school. We may also remark that receipts do not mean recipes. Strict English is essential in a National School.

It is very fortunate that, at last, the importance of cookery in education has been acknowledged in the revised and re-revised code, but the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education might well be asked to assist the National School of Cookery by some further practical steps in the same direction. We do not say that we should go so far as the Executive Committee in asking that it should be recognised by the State, if by that is meant a demand for a subsidy; but we do most thoroughly endorse their claim to train teachers for the use of the Council on Education at such rate of fees as shall assist in the current expenses, and encourage the Executive Committee to pursue their good work. Some one, at any rate, must produce these teachers, whether it be in music or cookery; and if this school does its work well, as, indeed, we think it does, they have a fair claim to be the means whereby sound principles of cooking shall be spread over the country. On one point we certainly think the Executive Committee of this school are right to insist that, in place of the annual grant of 4s. per scholar, now offered in the revised code for food and clothing combined, the grant may be divided into two equal parts, giving 2s. for each subject, and that a specially qualified inspector should be appointed to look to the interests of cooking. Indeed, the moment you admit that cooking is essential to the true education of an Englishwoman,* that moment you create the necessity for qualities in an inspector not always found (with a present exception in the London district) in clever Oxford and Cambridge men; and with a division in the grant we should be inclined to beg their Lordships to consider whether a young girl should not go through her course of cookery in her last year instead of in the first year of the fourth standard. Much technical knowledge picked up at the age of twelve and thirteen, and not kept up, is forgotten at fifteen or sixteen; and it would

* Since this was in type we understand that the School Board of Aberdeen have memorialised their Lordships in the sense of these observations.

be of infinite advantage to a young girl thrown on her own resources, and wishing perhaps to go into service, to be able to say, even at that age, to a lady seeking help, 'I have come straight out of the cookery classes.' If we might venture to throw out another suggestion to their Lordships in the interest of cooking, it would be that twenty lessons of three hours each would do more for a girl than the very bare limit of 'two hours a week, and forty hours in the year.' The result of many dishes cannot be given in two hours; and if we were to judge by the young girls sent by the Cooks' Company from the ward schools, who managed to have a three hours' lesson, we should deem that it was not school-work from their point of view, but a very pleasant occupation. Such girls will turn out good cooks.

The Cooks' Company, although not a rich corporation, have come forward in this matter in a practical fashion demanding every acknowledgment. Nor must the praiseworthy action of the Council of the Society of Arts be overlooked, for they have given during the last two years five free scholarships of 10*l.* 10*s.* each to be competed for, and we commend the idea to those wealthy persons who desire to perpetuate their name by a most practical form of benevolence—a cosmopolitan benevolence that tends to the comfort and well-being, not to say civilisation, of the English race.

We have criticised freely English cooking, and we have pursued, in a line which ought to satisfy any friend of reform, the shortcomings amongst us; but we do not ignore the thoroughly good and quaintly superb simplicity of dinners sent up from time to time in this country. A friend of ours was returning from Paris with two young companions (so many years ago that they made the journey to Calais by 'diligence'), when at Dover they got into a railway carriage with an elderly gentleman. The talk turned much on the restaurants they had visited, to which the elder one listened long and with much patience. At length he said, 'Well, gentlemen, I am going to have a dinner to-night that no restaurateur in Paris can beat, and it is thoroughly English.' Our friends opened their eyes and their ears, fresh as they were from the Frères Provençaux and Philippe's. 'I am going, gentlemen, to have simply four dishes, not one of which could you get in perfection in Paris; to wit, turtle soup, turbot and lobster sauce, a haunch of venison, and a grouse!' Our friends, young as they were, had the good taste to incline their heads before the mention of such a truly royal repast. We use the term royal advisedly, for we understand that a certain personage, whose example must always do much in this kingdom, persistently sets his face against elaborate and vulgar menus.

Passing

Passing now to matters of libation, we must, as in the case of soups, go to France, or rather to the mode of living there, with a 'bonne cuisine bourgeoise,' if we would be instructed what we should drink at dinner. We except breakfast, even a French one, 'à la fourchette;' for hath not Brillat-Savarin given his fiat in favour of tea, and can there be a cleaner, wholesomer drink, if you like it, in the wide world? But, for dinner, if we would keep our palate clean, let us stick to Bordeaux or Burgundy; with or without water, according to its quality; water for the lower, absence of it for the higher growths. Of course, for those who think that strong gravy or mock-turtle, and hot sherry or Cette Madeira form a fitting beginning for their repast, gastronomical observation of this kind is thrown away. It is delicate flavour in soup that makes Bordeaux possible; and when the palate has not been destroyed by fiery sherry, a glass of Lafitte or Chambertin can be as well appreciated with a saddle of mutton, as after dinner with the olives. If you insist on white wine, take Sauterne of a low growth (the higher growths, like Château d'Yquem, are only fit, like Rauenthalerberg, for dessert), or Chablis, if Burgundy is your drink for the day. Never put Bordeaux and Burgundy on the table the same day; they are distinct classes of wine, and are to be sipped on different days of the week. It is one of the gravest errors, due to the passion for thick soups, fiery sherry, and hot sauces, that good wine (by good we mean first and second growth clarets) cannot be appreciated until after dinner. As a gastronomical (drinking) observation, it may be taken that the universal introduction of red wines during dinner is as important for the improvement of the palate as the amelioration of soups.

Red wines should always be taken out of the cellar, and kept in the kitchen or butler's pantry some hours before they are drunk. They should never be placed before the fire, but allowed to become warm gradually. The temperature of the wine should be as nearly as possible the temperature of the dining-room. In a French family with which we were acquainted, it was the practice to take from the cellar every Monday morning the Bordeaux required for the week's consumption, and to keep it in a cupboard in the *salle-à-manger*, so that the family might have on Sunday their wine in the most perfect condition. How often do we find on English tables the finer growths of claret unfit to drink, simply because they have been brought from the cellar only an hour or two before dinner, and then left in a cold place, or exposed to a draught! Clarets of a third, or even a fourth growth, judiciously warmed, will taste infinitely better than the finest Château-Lafitte or Château-Margaux taken directly from even

even the best cellar. These remarks apply especially to red wines of the Bordeaux district. Belgian connoisseurs do not approve of bringing up Burgundy from its cellar (the temperature of which should be low) until shortly before use. We have heard Englishmen dispute this view in favour of greater warmth, but we think the Belgians know too much about this wine not to have their opinions treated with great respect. Burgundy, indeed, is so delicate a wine that an experiment, in bottling some from the same cask into clear and opaque bottles, and putting them in the same dark cellar, proved that a marked difference was presented at the end of a twelvemonth as against the clear bottles.

‘Here is an article called “Champagne as a social farce,”’ said a friend, glancing superficially at the list of contents of a ‘magazine’ one day. Alas! on examining it we found that as a social *force* was the use of this liquid to be praised instead of, as we had hoped, deprecated. It was a paper addressing itself to prove that Britons require vinous carbonic acid to make them cheerful; as if some generations, comprising some tolerably good names on the roll of intellect, had not passed through life without obtaining their ideas from this frothy liquid! When champagne was first brought into use it was a sweet, luscious wine, fit and agreeable to be taken, as it ought to be taken, when an ‘entremet,’ also sweet, renders the palate less observant of its saccharine quality, but utterly nauseous when drunk with leg of mutton. Then came the cry for a dry and drier wine; and as the liquor is as much fabricated as soda-water, and as little natural, the wine-merchants were not slow to accommodate their customers with a wine which, analysed, is pretty much this—a poor, thin, white wine, impregnated with ‘fixed air,’ and sometimes a good, more often a very bad and inferior, liqueur. The well-known Brussels restaurateur, already quoted, gave to it (the English mark) the appropriate title of ‘grog mousseux,’ sparkling grog; and we are told to regard it as a necessity for social liveliness, and a youngster from Eton, whom you invite to dinner, thinks himself badly used if he does not get it! But with champagne, as in everything connected with taste, we act as though no permanent rules of Art existed. We catch by a fluke of fashion some truths, which vulgarity, the imitator of fashion, seizes and distorts. In one age classical architecture is the rage, and leaves us some few exquisite monuments, much that is bad, and Grecian porticoes sadly out of place; then the mediæval fashion overtakes us, and after giving us many fine examples of what is true and beautiful, lands us in a fog of unmeaning shapes, and, because it is the fashion,

fashion, pervades our furniture until purity of form ceases to exist. In wines Providence presents us with a good article, fashion brings it into vogue, and vulgarity debases it, until we arrive at an unwholesome drug under the name of champagne. After a generation of stomachs have been ruined, and the prevalent fashion of early and perpetual pick-me-ups (due in a large measure to over-night absorption of 'grog mousseux') has been recognised by the faculty as fatal to our physique, fashion will change; it will become vulgar to give champagne, and the stomachs of Englishmen shall again have some peace, and their palate be encouraged towards rightful drinks.

And it is not in the unnatural quality of champagne that we find the only effects of fashion. Sherry is manipulated abroad and at home. This is what an ex-wine merchant, who established a firm by the delicacy of his palate, says in a letter to us on the subject:—

'During my long experience I found that a "run" upon any particular wine, or class of wine, generally followed the introduction of something superior to the ordinary "wines of commerce."

'For example; within the last thirty years repeated attempts have been made to form a pure taste for sherry amongst connoisseurs who could afford to pay for what they could appreciate. This could of course only be done by importing very old and valuable wine with the smallest possible amount of brandy. For such wines I, and of course very many other wine merchants, have paid 150*l.* to 200*l.* per butt in Cadiz Bay. Of course such wines soon gained a reputation amongst the class of consumers for whom they were intended; and then, also of course, attempts were made by a host of wine merchants to introduce a *similar* wine for general consumption. This led to every possible system of adulteration, because the wine in its genuine state was far too costly for any such purpose. Thus from time to time newspapers were full of advertisements about "Natural Sherry," or some other name given to a cheap imitation of a costly, pure, and delicious wine. At one time I remember an advertisement of "Naked Sherry" at 30*s.* per dozen, about which I made a sorry joke. I was asked why it was so called, and I said because no *decent* wine could be sold at the price. All that I have said about sherry applies to most other wines, perhaps more particularly to champagne. Really *dry* champagne, I mean genuinely dry wine, can only be had when a vintage has been exceptionally fine. In such rare cases the wine can be prepared with scarcely any admixture of liqueurs, whereas in ordinary vintages the wine *en brut* is not only unpalatable, but absolutely nauseous. Now, as very fine vintages do not frequently occur, *pure* dry champagne is a very costly beverage. Notwithstanding this, according to the advertisements, and to wine merchants' circulars, you may have champagne dry or sweet, year after year, at the same price. Create a demand for anything, and there will be a supply.

supply. The supply of genuine wine, as of every other article of consumption, is not unlimited; and the increased demand for cheap wines can only be met by deception and fraud.'

As to the attempts of certain analysts to describe in scientific terms the value of a wine, they are more than futile, they are pernicious, because they lead the ignorant astray. 'Bouquet,' as well as alcohol, has something to do with the quality of a wine. Both may be added in place of being natural. Sometimes a connoisseur in Bordeaux will be offered in a restaurant a wine redolent of the violet flavour peculiar to some wines of a good growth in the Gironde. He notices on the wine-carte that the price is a third of what he would pay a respectable wine-merchant for such wine, and if he drinks a fair bottle of it he learns on the morrow that the nose has deceived the stomach.

What future and increased knowledge of methods of analysis may do as to 'bouquet' is a separate question. At present, by the lights we have, a knowledge of the trade, and a certain respectability on the part of its members, will be a greater guarantee to the seeker after good wine than any number of laboratories, used too often more in the interests of advertising firms than in the interests of the seeker after exact palate-and-stomach-value.

In '*Le Cuisinier Royal*,' by Viart, homme de bouche, Paris, 1837, there is to be found, as an Appendix to the fifteenth edition, a '*Notice on Wines*,' by M. Pierrhugues, the King's butler, and the order of serving them, by Grignon, one of the well-known restaurateurs of that day. We observe that it has been copied without acknowledgment by the authoress of the '*Nouveau Manuel de la Cuisinière Bourgeoise*,' Paris, 1869, so we presume that in French eyes it is deemed of some worth. We merely refer the curious reader to it, preferring to take as our guide the instructive '*Essay on Cheap Wines*' by our own countryman, Dr. Druitt, whose professional science and clean palate have enabled him to give us invaluable wine-truths. It is true that we are at issue with Dr. Druitt as to the good or bad, or, as he puts it, indifferent matter of drinking many varieties of wine at the same repast, because we consider it decidedly injurious; but with this exception, and some slight allusion to a frequently careless composition in a literary sense, we can freely endorse the views of the learned doctor. Rarely has so much useful and trustworthy information on the known wines of commerce been given to the public in so compendious a form. We would particularly recommend to our readers his remarks on Bordeaux and sherry:—

'It

'It will be a good day for the morals, health, and intellectual development of the English when every decent person shall on all hospitable occasions be able to produce a bottle of wine and discuss its *flavour*, instead of, as at present, glorying in the *strength* of his potations. One thing that would go with the greater use of Bordeaux wine would be the custom of drinking it in its proper place *during dinner* as a refreshing and appetizing draught, to entice the languid palate to demand an additional slice of mutton.'

* * * * *

'Now for *sherry*, under which term are included, in popular language, all the white wines which come from Spain, and others like them. Monotony and base servile imitation are the curse of English life. . . . The fish, entrées, &c., must be accompanied with the inevitable sherry. All the fun, and the fragrance, the gratified sense of novelty, the curiosity as to the great political and social fortunes of our colonies, which would be excited by handing round a bottle of white Auldana; all the sympathy for our dear neighbours which would be excited by the taste of Meursault Blanc; all the respect for the Germans which would follow a sip of Hochheimer; all the hopes and fears felt for the Austrian empire, which would go round with the generous Vöslan, are smothered by the monotony of the *banal* sherry. When people are doing the serious act of dining, they should do it, and think about it, and talk about it; but to talk there must be novelty, not one dull perpetual round, and sherry gives rise to no ideas. England will never be merry again whilst it sticks to so sad a drink.'

* * * * *

'The best account of sherry is that given before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Import Duties on Wines in 1852, by Dr. Gorman, Physician to the late British Factory at Cadiz, long a resident in Spain. He says that no natural sherry comes to this country; it is all mixed and brandied. The quantity of proof spirit which good pure sherry contains by nature is 24 per cent., possibly 30. The less mature and less perfectly fermented the wine, the more brandy is there added to it to preserve it. Yet let it never be forgotten, Dr. Gorman added, "*It is not necessary to infuse brandy into any well-made sherry wine; if the fermentation is perfect, it produces alcohol sufficient to preserve the wine for a century in any country.*"'

All this and much more that Dr. Druitt has said is pleasing and trustworthy, because there is little appearance of a wine-merchant's element in the background. We will add only one more extract in reference to the flavour and odour of wines:—

'The organs of taste and smell stand as sentinels to watch the approaches to the stomach, and to warn us whether our food and drink are fit to be admitted or not. There are some articles respecting which these organs are not entirely to be relied upon; but certainly as regards wine, the effects of wine on the palate are known with exactitude,

exactitude, and the palate is able to distinguish wines which are wholesome from those that are not.

'Let us observe that *touch* is common to all parts of the body in greater or less degree, but is especially acute in the finger-tips, lips, and tongue. This takes cognisance of certain qualities, such as hot and cold, rough and smooth, hard and soft, and the like. *Taste* is a more delicate sense, and distinguishes properties such as sweet, sour, bitter, and salt, together with a thousand other varieties which have no name, though we well know them when presented to us.

'There is a third sense which recognises odours, and upon which they particularly operate, of course I mean the nose. Now everything that is tasted must affect the sense of touch, and the union of both touch and taste may be essential to perfect enjoyment; thus, the crispness or flabbiness of a biscuit may make a great difference. Just so the union of smell with taste is essential for the enjoyment of wine. And here let us say, that everything that is smelled can be tasted, though not everything that is tasted can be smelled. The body of wine affects both senses.'—pp. 28, 29.

To this we may add Brillat-Savarin's definition: 'Without a sense of smell complete tasting cannot exist. Smell and taste are one sense where the mouth is the laboratory and the nose the chimney, or, to speak more exactly, one is good for tasting what can be touched, the other for tasting the gases.' Now a strong stomach cannot appreciate the bad effect of a mixture of wines; and however fine the nasal sensibility of an individual, it is impossible to detect the value of a succession of different kinds of bouquet. Our own views are that Chablis or a low growth of Sauterne may be permitted with oysters; a good quality of Lower Burgundy or a 'grand ordinaire' of Bordeaux to begin the repast; but the moment you get to a point in the feast where a higher quality of wine is permitted, you should, with any regard to the stomach or the palate, stick to the same class of wine.

Not the least important element in a well-ordered repast is the coffee, which should complete it. It is very easy but not altogether just to condemn the methods of making it practised in England, and impute to them the only cause for our finding it bad here. Opinions may differ as to whether we do or do not find the several varieties of the berry, Mocha, Bourbon, Martinique, &c., which are mixed together in a French household, or by the tradesmen who sell them. What we maintain to be necessary as a first step towards a perfect beverage is fresh roasting *at home*. We should then find a very indifferent coffee-berry produce a very refreshing cup. We should get the true aroma. It would appear that, in the early part of the last century, coffee was not only ground but roasted by the ladies, as we gather from the lines of Pope in the 'Rape of the Lock':—

'For

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'For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle and the mill turns round.'

Upon which Mr. Elwin adds the following note:—"There was a side-board of coffee," says Pope, in his letter describing Swift's mode of life at Letcombe, in 1714, "which the Dean roasted with his own hands in an engine for that purpose."*

Until lately we were not aware that a roasting-machine for household use was on sale in England, but on passing down Oxford Street and Holborn we met with two kinds, similar in principle to one which we had ourselves suggested to a Parisian ironmonger before the war—i.e. the use of clockwork to turn the barrel, so that a cook's time may be saved and no berries burnt. Those we have seen do not appear quite suited for a kitchen, but a slight addition would easily adapt them to that kind of range.

One observation, not altogether known, may be added: coffee made with Schwalheim water is superior to that made with any other, due probably to the extracting power of the alkali held in solution therein, and it might be worth while testing Apollinaris or Taunus water in like manner. Also let us note that since the war, coffee, as served at the cafés in Paris, has much fallen off, in consequence, mainly, of the use of chicory. For our own part we never, during the Second Empire, considered it exceptionally fine and pure, save at the Café du Cardinal at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. It was only in private houses that one could be secure of the genuine flavour.

In the simplicity of tea-making it is only necessary to insist on water boiling at the moment it is poured on the tea: but we came upon some remarks in a modern cookery book against which we would beg to protest. The writer begins by saying that a silver or metal teapot draws out the strength and fragrance more readily than one of earthenware, a point on which we opine the Heathen Chinese would differ; nor, if we recollect right, would that interesting paper by Mr. Savile Lumley, when Secretary to the Legation at St. Petersburg, on the tea-houses frequented by the *ishvoshniks* or *droshky-drivers*, support such a view; and the said *ishvoshniks* are great connoisseurs in that beverage. The writer of the said cookery book goes on to say that you may half fill the pot with boiling water, and, if the tea be of very fine quality, you may let it stand ten minutes (!) before filling up. Now there was one Ellis, who had some reputation in

* Elwin's 'Pope,' vol. ii. p. 163.

the neighbourhood of Richmond Hill in the matter of food and drink—to be plain, for the information of the youngest generation, he owned the Star and Garter there—and his view about tea was that you lost the aroma and gained less valuable properties for all the time beyond one minute that you let it stand. We can quote no higher authority for our own most persistent view on this question.

The hours at which repasts are taken are too much at the caprice of fashion in England to admit of any hope that reason will be heard on the subject. Some day fashion will permit us to have our mid-day breakfast or luncheon, and fall to our dinner with no jaded appetite at 6 or 7 o'clock. On sanitary grounds nothing will ever surpass the Frenchman's regulation of his meals—a light breakfast in his bedroom at 8 A.M., a serious breakfast from 11 to noon, and a dinner from 6 to 8, according to his occupations for the evening. To insist any more on this would be to attempt the codification of laws that will never be codified, or if codified never carried out, save subserviently to the reigning fashion.

We will close these remarks by referring once more to two of the works at the head of this article. Gouffé's is eminently practical, and adapted to the use of man or woman who likes to go sometimes into the kitchen and converse courteously with the artist. Dubois' '*Cosmopolitan Cookery*' has some admirable recipes, *e.g.* salmon cutlets, '*sauce des gourmets*,' page 83 of the English edition, and his list of menus are worth attention. Gouffé, by the way, expressly declines to give a list, for reasons stated (p. 336). Among Dubois' menus may be noted one (p. xvii) for ten guests, served at Nauheim (1867) by Cogery, who now keeps a restaurant at Nice; p. xxi, one for forty guests, served by the same artist at Helsingfors, where good judgment is united to simplicity; p. xxvi, one for fifty guests, served by Ripé (1867) to Prince (then Count) Bismarck, a menu where we observe the Bohemian pheasant, already referred to; and p. xxii, a very good menu for twelve persons, served by Blanchet at the Yorkshire Club, no date given. But, even after thus referring to them as deserving attention, we are bound to say that they are generally over-loaded, and we opine there are few diners-out who would not be thankful to see on their plate less elaborate menus.

It proves the fallibility of cooks, even so great as one who has been 'chef' to the King of Prussia, when we find M. Urbain Dubois in his recipe for plum-pudding omit the essential ingredient of bread-crumbs! Gouffé does not commit this grave error.

In

In the matter of English cookery-books adapted to private families, few surpass that excellent work by Mrs. Rundell, of which, with some little revision and the addition of truly coloured plates, Mr. Murray might surely give us another edition. Its excellence consists in that it is a manual for the household as well as a guide in the kitchen, but we are bound to say it is lamentably deficient where it attempts to instruct us in French cookery.

We ought not to conclude this review, devoted to simplicity in cooking, eating and drinking, without a reference to condiments under various names of this and that sauce, many of which are admirable when used in their right places. We take it that the 'dernier mot' as between French and English 'gourmets,' neither of them addicted to the dishes of a City Alderman, would be, on the part of the second, 'Are not our manufactured sauces admirable?' On the part of the first—'Are they not too pungent, and do you not ask them to do the work of flavour which ought to be the business of the cook?'

The finest of them all is rather based on simple mushroom-ketchup than on Indian herbs, but it is scarcely the most popular, and those members of the medical profession who prescribe for dyspeptic individuals have as great an interest in columns of advertisements, for which in the end the purchaser pays, as even the adventurous manufacturers who fabricate sauces from the recipe of this or that nobleman. Still, let the best of them be accepted as adjuncts to a broiled bone at 2 A.M., without admitting the propriety of their position on the dinner-table.

Simple salt, and vegetable combinations that have been made with it, is worth some further comment. Salt is used at once too much and too little in English kitchens; too much, when by orders of the landlord (like the bad brandy in the sauces at suburban hotels of reputation) it is to excite a desire for drink on the part of the guest; too little when in the case of a grilled beefsteak the cook forgets that salt combines during the process of cooking more effectively in its coarse kitchen form.*

The combination of salt with herbs has notably succeeded in two instances, and it is reserved for the future to borrow from what is known, and combine more delicate, and yet more delicate, forms. We allude to known combinations in speaking of that composed of the Chili-bean rubbed up with salt, to which the maker has given the name of Oriental salt, a condiment that

* *Poulet au gros sel* is too little known in England.

has the flavour without the extreme pungency of cayenne, and would be an admirable substitute for it in that much-ill-used incentive to drink called devilled whitebait. Another useful combination is that of celery-seed and salt, sold by a well-known Italian warehouseman. On the table each must stand on its own merits in reference to the guest's taste; neither to be insisted on indiscriminately, but each in turn especially adapted to soup, fish, roast and 'relevé,' cheese or a salad.

This, to conclude, is the sum of gastronomical observation which appear to us as most worthy of reflection by those who would see the English 'cuisine' raised to a higher level, and who desire that the younger generation may at least have a palate.

1. Herbal flavour is to be desired in soups, and increased knowledge on the part of cooks of the various kinds and qualities of herbs and roots.

2. The 'batterie de cuisine' should be improved by an increased number of copper vessels, and by the use of the salamander and smaller implements for cutting, scooping and otherwise arranging vegetables. Moreover, the use of charcoal should be established.

3. The use of more butter and less lard should be encouraged.

4. The market-gardener should learn that he has duties to fulfil.

5. Red wines should be the rule and not the exception at dinner, and champagne, if served at all, should be served with the sweets and not with the mutton.

6. Coffee should be made from different varieties of the berry and, if possible, should be roasted at home, certainly always ground there.

7. Fashion should permit us to adopt more sensible hours for our meals.

ART. IV.—*History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.*
By Leslie Stephen. London. 2 vols. 1876.

IT is difficult to sum up in a few words our opinion of Mr. Stephen's book. We have to acknowledge in it such merits as are not often found united. We recognise its laborious research, its subtle criticism, its delicate literary perception, its style, always skilful, and often lucid and perspicuous, where perspicuity is not easy. But in spite of all these merits we must confess to having found it often dull. We feel that during the greater part of it Mr. Stephen has bound himself and his reader to rather an arid task, and one in which his own literary perspicacity

perspicacity is often thrown away. A history of the so-called philosophical Deism of last century would undoubtedly be useful as that of an episode in the history of thought—an episode, however, neither very important nor very productive of results. But in that case it must be written in a direct and narrative form, and must not consist of a mixture of elaborate criticism, with arbitrarily-selected reminiscences from the writings of the chief exponents of this school of thought. On the other hand, a detailed and philosophical inquiry into all its phases of thought, such as we have here, by way of recognising in the Deist controversy a new starting-point for religious, social, or political ideas, seems to us to be, in great measure, misspent labour. It is to attribute to an elaborate logomachy the generative force of a great movement of thought—such a movement as is spontaneously developed out of the instinctive energy of an age, and which finds expression in the works of genius which that age brings forth.

As a consequence of this, our recognition of the merits of Mr. Stephen's work is accompanied by a distrust of his method. Those writers, to the chronicling of whose ideas he has devoted two-thirds of his book, we hold to be hardly entitled (with one or two very conspicuous exceptions) to any abiding place whatever in the history either of thought or of fact (a distinction on which Mr. Stephen insists more than we should be inclined to do). We prefer to view the eighteenth century from quite another aspect than that which he chooses to adopt. Writers whose influence he considers to have been weak in consequence of their divorce from the philosophical thoughts of their day, we should consider to be the main forces of their age. We believe ourselves able to see strong and determining characteristics in certain elements of thought in the eighteenth century which Mr. Stephen passes over with the slightest recognition, or altogether omits. The merits of some of the individual writers on whom he passes judgment we should be disposed to rate very differently.

The most interesting parts of Mr. Stephen's book seem to us to be the short *résumé* of the general course of thought in the eighteenth century, with which the first volume opens, and the 'Characteristics,' which occupy the last hundred and thirty pages of the second. We often find ourselves agreeing with a piece of literary criticism, which the author curtails so as to show that he considers it as no essential part of his work. And yet it seems to us that it is just in this direction Mr. Stephen's work might have been with advantage increased, at the expense of the Tolands, and Collinses, and Wakefields, and their lucubrations.

brations. We often find ourselves ready to accept Mr. Stephen's hinted scepticism when we are forced to reject his definite expressions of belief. 'The ultimate victory of truth,' says Mr. Stephen, early in the first volume, 'is a consoling, we may hope that it is a sound doctrine.' When we consider what it is that Mr. Stephen means by truth, we confess to a greater sympathy with the underlying and half-cynical doubt at which he hints rather than with the professed aspiration. 'When we look,' he says again, 'beyond the narrow circle of illustrious philosophers, we are impressed with the conviction that other causes are at work besides those which are obvious to the logician' (vol. i. p. 3). And so, again, near the close of the second volume, in speaking of the advent of a vast revolution in thought, Mr. Stephen says: 'The change does not follow any purely logical order. The greatest thinkers of the century are not the first to show the working of the new heaven.' Or, again: 'The imaginative literature of an age must express the genuine feelings of the age, or it will perish stillborn. From Pope, and Swift, and Addison we can often learn more safely than from Clarke, or Waterland, or Bentley, what were the deepest convictions of their age.' But Mr. Stephen is not always so liberal. Statements of the futility of metaphysical theories are strangely blended with claims for some particular theory as the touchstone of truth, which seem to show the limitations of his liberalism. Montesquieu's grasp of the historical method 'is by no means assured,' says Mr. Stephen. And why? Because Montesquieu does not accept it as 'the record of an evolution.' But need the grasp of a method be less sure in one case than another, because men may not always pursue it to the same results? So again we find the religious revival under Wesley set aside as barren 'from its want of any direct connection with the speculative movement.' The want of any 'sound foundation in philosophy prevented the growth of an elevated theology, and alienated all cultivated thinkers,' we are told. But does not this very seriously limit the range of our sympathies? If the want of a sound foundation in philosophy produces barrenness, the presence of a mistaken philosophy must be much worse. Are we bound, then, to reject Wordsworth's 'Ode on Immortality' because we do not speculatively agree with the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence on which it is based? Are we bound to reject all the imaginative and emotive superstruction of the Platonic writings, because we do not accept, in its entirety, Plato's doctrine of the Idea of Good?

A sentence which follows and develops that just quoted, illustrates a defect with which we meet not very rarely throughout

throughout the book—that of the use of words whose sound is better than their meaning. ‘The revivalism of the present century,’ says Mr. Stephen, ‘differs curiously from Wesley’s in this respect. Though less important in its moral aspect, it has to the speculation of the time the relation, at least, of reaction or misunderstanding, and has therefore produced some valuable literature.’ Translated into facts, what does this mean? Does Mr. Stephen intend to say that Wesley’s teaching was inferior to that of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, because he, a man of learning and a scholar, chose to set aside Hume’s teaching, while they have the ‘relation’ (as Mr. Stephen chooses to call it) towards Herbert Spencer of neither understanding nor caring to understand one word of what he ever has written, or ever will write? No doubt this is not what Mr. Stephen means; but it is almost all that we can draw from a plain interpretation of his words. We have also to find fault with a certain tendency to indulge in epigrams and smart epithets, which disguise, at least, if they do not pervert truth, and hardly fit in with the subject of Mr. Stephen’s book. The description, for instance, of Wesley, as a ‘human gamecock,’ does not seem to us happy. We are sorry to see Mr. Stephen making use of the well-worn platitude of criticism which describes the philosophy, most recently represented in England by Dean Mansel, as an attempt to ‘out-infidel the infidels.’ We are still more sorry to find him bringing into a serious passage, describing the relations between Johnson and Adam Smith, an epithet borrowed from a tale of the gossips which has been long since absolutely proved untrue. In dealing with Johnson, Mr. Stephen apparently makes no effort to distinguish between the hurried fragments of heated conversation, and the deliberate written judgments of literary controversy. Johnson’s famous retort, ‘We know we are free, and there’s an end on’t,’ is quoted so as to give point to Mr. Stephen’s description of his opinions, but with no apparent perception that Johnson would just as little have used this by way of a philosophical argument as Mr. Stephen himself would. It was an effective common-sense rebuff to laborious pedantry—a rebuff which many of the combatants brought to light again in Mr. Stephen’s pages would have done well to take to heart. It tells us something of Johnson as a man; it tells us nothing whatever of him as an ethical philosopher. Speculation was, as Mr. Stephen says, ‘abhorrent to Johnson,’ and equally so to Swift: not because Swift and Johnson did not care to think, but because they saw that nine-tenths of the thinking that called itself speculation in their day was mere solemn trifling. One more of Mr. Stephen’s dangerous epigrams, and we have
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done with them. Clarke's relation to Leibnitz, he says, is much the same as that of Whewell to 'modern German philosophers.' The taste for analogies is a prominent one in our day, and we take them without much examination; but we think Mr. Stephen would find it a little difficult to explain exactly what is meant by this particular analogy.

There are two sayings, both by writers of the eighteenth century, and one of which is more than once quoted by Mr. Stephen, which may serve as maxim and finger-post in studying the general outline of its history, whether of fact or of thought. One of these is by Johnson. 'Life,' he says, 'is surely given us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value but because it has been forgotten.' The other is from Burke, written when the century was near its close. 'Who, born within the last forty years,' he asks, 'has read one word of Collins, and Toland, and Tindal, and Chubb, and Morgan, and that whole race who called themselves freethinkers? Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through?' Johnson's maxim may well induce us to allow the oblivion which Burke recognised in 1790, to rest with its dust undisturbed. Far from being a salient feature in the development of the century, we think the prosings of the Deists and would-be freethinkers that spoiled so much paper in its first half, present one of the least important phases of its whole course. The semi-rationalising, which Mr. Stephen speaks of as characteristic then, as it is now, of a certain phase of radical thought in England, was never more rife or more fashionable. But it always will be fashionable in certain states of society. In the lull that precedes great political movements, when the busybodies are stirred like insects into activity by the sluggish and heavy atmosphere, and yet can find no place in the political arena, they will actually turn their attention to moralising, or, as they call it, to the pursuit of philosophy. So it was in the reign of Walpole; so it was when revolution was simmering in the last days of the Roman republic. The pedantic reminiscences of the schools of Greek philosophy in Rome had probably just as little effect on practice as the well-turned moral platitudes had upon the fashionable or pedantic prozers in the time of George II. Tom Jones might have addressed philosopher Square in the very words that Propertius uses to his philosophic friend who had been meddling with the poet's mistress:—

'Quid tua Socraticis tibi nunc sapientia libris
Proderit aut rerum dicere posse vias?'

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The specious apophthegms had probably as little influence over the profligates of Rome as the philosophical sermon, by which the ordinary of Newgate sent Jonathan Wild to sleep, had upon that edifying hero of eighteenth-century England. But this fashionable philosophy was not only divorced from practice; it was also linked with an almost unparalleled amount of mental coxcombry. Mr. Stephen passes lightly over the figure of the sceptical coxcomb so often presented to us in the satire of the day; but the figure is too ubiquitous to be unreal. From Dryden to Fielding there is hardly a single writer of any importance who has not given us the picture. And as he impressed his contemporaries, so the writers to whom he resorted for literary pabulum impress us. They speak from no restless anxiety that drives them perforce from the attitude of orthodoxy. Their restlessness, if it exists, is that of the fidgety school-boy, not that of the grown man who feels baffled by doubt, and strains after a solution. They make no effort to conceal how much superior they think themselves to those who are still in the slough of orthodoxy, although they themselves often cloak in the orthodox dress opinions which it might be inconvenient to parade. They are stirred to critical inquiry by no overpowering scholarship: on the contrary, what little scholarship or learning they have to show in a few instances, is still 'sadly to seek.' They flounder over their logic, they murder their own tongue, they are lost amid the pitfalls of original interpretation. It is but the Battle of the Books fought over again on other ground, and with few weapons on the side of the assailants, except arrogance and a short-lived fashion. And, after all, it is such a very little way they go! The standing-place they reach, and from which they look back with such pleased complacency upon the slough of orthodoxy, is so flimsy and artificial! One, perhaps, thinks he has gone a long way in rejecting 'as many miracles as possible.' Another denies the divinity of Christ, but is confident about His second coming within twenty years. Their office is to pick holes in the faith of the orthodox, not to provide a creed that would have a sound philosophical basis for themselves. They have as little affinity with the real philosophy, represented by Locke, and Berkeley, and Hume, as with the literary genius of the day. One of them (Toland) claimed a literary connection with Locke; but it was repudiated without much ceremony by the philosopher. Hume had no sympathy with fashionable aping of scepticism, and speaks of it almost as Swift might have done. He quotes the saying of Bacon, regarding the 'multiplied indiscretion and imprudence' of not only saying in the heart that there is no God,

God, but uttering it with the lips. Even with Gibbon, whatever his belief might be, the sceptical fop was an object of contempt. 'Whatever you have been told of my opinions,' he writes to his aunt in 1788, 'I can assure you with truth that I consider religion as the best guide of youth, and the best support of old age.' 'All good historians are sceptics,' a French nobleman once said to Gibbon. Gibbon, we are told, looked displeased, and remarked that 'he had never heard that Dr. Robertson was a sceptic.' The ill-bred flippancy evidently jarred on him.

From higher thought, then, the numerous brood of semi-rationalists, like Collins, or rabid infidels, like Paine, are not only to be distinguished; they come from a source, and they lead to results, the very opposite of those from which such thought proceeds, or at which it aims. They bear intrinsic marks of their own origin. The age was essentially one, not of earnest thought and inquiry; not even of daring impiety or of energetic wickedness; but of foppery and weakness. Mr. Stephen mentions, only to set aside its verdict, Brown's 'Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times,' published in 1757. And yet, with some reservations, it seems to us that the picture is confirmed by almost all the writers, not only of that day, but of the preceding generation. Swift's anger is turned, not against wickedness or impiety, but against folly and affectation. The 'Spectator' pictures for us a society whose most pronounced member was the coxcomb. Fielding tells us deliberately, when he is defending himself against a charge of coarseness, that the prevailing feature of his age was, not its lewdness or its wickedness, but its weakness. Goldsmith does not very often satirise; but he attacks, as strongly as he attacks anything, the affectation that despises what was called 'low humour.' Brown is therefore, in all likelihood, true enough, when he says that the chief characteristic of his age was its 'vain, luxurious, and selfish effeminacy'; when he avers that low spirits, nervous disorders, and cowardice never were more rife. If so, it is not difficult to account for the genesis of the Deists. In the beginning of the century the political struggle was for the time brought to a close; but it had left behind it some traces, in a deeply-rooted dishonesty and an affected cynicism. The door of politics was closed to all who were not within a certain charmed circle. There was a need for some new activity, if only as a safety-valve. This need met a state of things which just suited it. The old fervour of religion which had breathed, perhaps, latest in the writings of Jeremy Taylor, had for a time gone out. Taylor was, we might almost say, the last of those who brought to

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bear upon religion the fresh energy of spirit that extended from the Renaissance to his day. Religion in his hands had been clothed with all the wealth of imagery, with all the lavish splendour of illustration, all the grandeur of eloquence, that makes his the most poetical prose in the language. Puritanism had done all this to death. Religion had become formalised, and for the time had lost its power over all who did not submit to its formalities. A generation, thus chilled at the core, vain and affected in its tendencies, shallow in its thought, found no employment so congenial as that of building up quasi-philosophical theories as formal as that phase of religion which they were meant to supersede. They did so, by virtue of no advance upon their predecessors, but by a simple accident of history. Their ideas were as flimsy and affected as the authors. To attempt to chronicle them is much the same task as if we were to attempt to construct a history of contemporary thought by summarising a few sermons of Mr. Voysey. They are at the most but flimsy and accidental aberrations, which passed away as quickly as they came. A theory of evolution must have better evidence than the appearance of such a prototype of common-place Broad Churchism, in order to be accepted as an advance upon Hooker, and Taylor, and Milton.

We have no desire to take up the cudgels for the opponents of the Deists in answer to Mr. Stephen. We are perfectly ready to admit that the essential weakness of the position extended to the bulk of the orthodox writers, as well as to their adversaries. We do not seek, now, to mitigate even the severe judgments passed on Mr. Stephen's pet aversion, Bishop Warburton. Except for their superior scholarship and trained habits of reasoning, the Clarkes, and Chandlers, and Woolstons are little better than those whose arguments they combated. Both sides may well be left in the oblivion to which they have long since been committed. But we would rather show how the jejuneness of the struggle, on the one side and on the other, comprised but a small part even of contemporary thought, and how it passed away as completely as if it never existed when stronger influences came into play.

In considering the main sweep of eighteenth-century thought there are two principles which, as we believe, ought chiefly to be kept in view. First of all, it is to be noticed that, more than any which preceded it, this century was one in which the leaders amongst men stood even more than usually prominent amongst their fellows. If it is the aristocratic age, so far as politics are concerned, it is pre-eminently so in the sphere of thought. Laborious investigation, the storing up of material,
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the wood-hewing and the water-drawing of literature, brought little honour. From one end of the century to the other, the men who stand forth are those who, out of comparatively little material as the fruit of research, accomplished what they did by the sheer effort of genius. Lesser men tried to vie with them and miserably failed. Men who might have made competent commentators, who might have gathered stores of philological facts for future use, who might have pursued new scientific observations, or specialised for themselves some line of antiquarian research, attempted, instead, to emulate a Locke, a Berkeley, or a Hume, and with the natural result. We must beware, therefore, of studying some narrow school of thought in all its details, and believing that thereby we reach the vital movements of the century. We must reach these movements through the leaders of thought: not necessarily the leaders of speculation, but those who, for whatever reason, made the mass of people accept their rule.

Secondly, we must beware of detaching the passing phases of thought or literature in that century from the social or political surroundings in which they appear. The degree of their respective gregariousness is just one of those points in which it is hard to pronounce any very decisive verdict as between the men of different ages: but we are strongly inclined to think that men lived much less alone in the eighteenth century than they do in our own day. What the Literary Club is to one of the modern institutions of Pall Mall as regards social communion, such, we are inclined to think, was London society in the days of Johnson (and of the generation before as well as that after him) to London society of to-day. What men thought and wrote was influenced to an unusual degree by their surroundings: and as amid these surroundings there was generally one conspicuous light, we may say that the thought and writing of each clique was more or less the reflection of the spirit given to that clique by its leader. More than this, the strength of the social tendency impressed literature very strongly with the prevailing questions of the day, whether social or political. Men could not shake themselves free from some mastering bias, and the very influence they possessed was sometimes owing to the force with which they represented that bias.

In the first part of the century the leaning was in the direction of party politics. Perhaps the most typical names that can be chosen to illustrate the age are those of Addison and Swift. By nature both were, above all things, examples of the purely literary spirit. Addison is most at home in the dignified ease of a literary criticism which often more than threatens to be pedantic.

pedantic. Swift first won his spurs in a literary controversy. The writings of both are full of denunciations of party spirit—the bane of the age, the curse of the age; that which makes it a misfortune for a man to have been born in the age; that which makes men lose every fundamental principle of rationality or of morals. But, in spite of all these denunciations, party politics made slaves of them. They were constrained to the fetters they despised. With Addison the effect was, perhaps, less disastrous. He never, fortunately for himself, became a master at the work: and, in spite of the lavish praise of Macaulay, the papers in the Whig ‘Examiner’ and the ‘Freeholder’ read very tamely beside the political essays of Swift. It was through these last that all the force of the most tremendous satire that English or any other literature has ever seen, had to pour itself. Through these English literature advanced to a satiric power that extended beyond the narrow lines of Whig and Tory party, but which, nevertheless, retained something of its old political tone to the end.

It is to the virulence of party spirit, then, that the first gift of the eighteenth century to English literature, that of its greatest specimens of satire, is directly due. But mere virulence would not have added a great power to literature, had it not found a mouthpiece in Swift. It is not too much to say that the main force of controversial literature from that day to this has consisted in an imitation, more or less successful, of Swift’s manner. It was a manner the very opposite of that of the Deist controversies which Mr. Stephen has resuscitated, eagerly as these strive to repeat some of its worst features. The most consummate part of its art was what we may call its veiled personality. Swift knew human nature too well to appeal to general maxims, however well reasoned. He throws his whole force into what will directly strike the common feeling, and his unrivalled power of insight enables him to do it with success. Whatever he has to enforce he presents in such a way as to strike the commonest apprehension, yet without leaving any logical fallacy which trained thinking can expose. Because he does not appeal to reason, but to passion; he seeks not to convince, but to carry men away. He insidiously hints his premises: but once grant them, and your power of resistance is at an end. He veils personalities by introducing them only as illustrations. The grimness of his humour adds to its satiric force. What can be better for the purpose of political controversy, for instance, than the contrast between the long list of Marlborough’s pensions and offices, which he reckons at 540,000*l.*, and the rewards of the victorious Roman General, reckoned,

reckoned, from the Arch at 500*l.*, down to the laurel crown at 2*d.*—at exactly 994*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*? The whole is given as gravely as a State paper; and at the end our only answer is that the things compared are incomparable; we cannot impugn the terms of the comparison.

The force of Addison's satire, on the other hand, lies, like that of the rest of his writings, in his calm and polished humour. After the invectives of Swift, it was but a light thing for a political opponent to have his literary efforts laughed at as 'high nonsense, which blusters and makes a noise, stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical, and has something in it like manliness and force. In a word, your high nonsense is like *Æsop's* ass clothed in a lion's skin.' He gives a good-humoured caricature of the Tory fears 'of the set of men among us preaching up that pernicious and diabolical doctrine of self-preservation—which may even induce people to rise up in vindication of their rights whenever a wicked prince shall make use of his authority to subvert them.' 'When a leading man,' he says with a quiet humour, 'begins to grow apprehensive for the Church, you may be sure he is either in danger of losing a place, or in despair of getting one.' He parodies the Tory's creed; he gives us a picture of the Tory fox-hunter 'who thought there had been no good weather since the Revolution.' As we read we feel the animation to be simulated, and that the author is ready, wherever he can, to get quit of controversial tirade, and slip on the easy dress of his 'Spectator.' Party politics could not subdue him as they did Swift, because he was a less useful adherent.

But the controversial writings developed by party politics, and of which Swift and Addison are the two chief representatives, had an enormous after-influence upon English thought and literature. By them what we are disposed to think the chief characteristic of the century, viz. its power of humour, was mainly shaped. Its deep-reaching penetration, its infinite humanity, was common to both these writers. From Addison it drew its repose, its bonhomie, its easy polish. To Swift it owed its deep-lurking melancholy, and the grim cynicism with which it is impregnated. It was chiefly Swift that taught it those boldest flights which others attempted, but in which none vied with him. It was Swift who arraigned before its tribunal all that poor human nature fancied it had of most reverent. Goethe has said somewhere—with what truth we care not to inquire—that an age where humour is strong, is generally a thoughtless age. Be that as it may, this intense and subtle humour,

humour, with its shifting phases, its subtle blending of light and shade, its deep-rooted melancholy, enriched English literature and helped to shape English thought; and it did so chiefly through the work of Swift and Addison. It taught humanity to get out of itself for the moment, and laugh, half-sadly, at its own antics. Whatever it was, the whole tribe of the Deists stood either immeasurably above, or immeasurably below it.

The development of this humour, when from politics it turned to social life, is the phase of thought which we would consider as next in order of time. Its representatives are all of them men who, from Mr. Stephen's point of view, get at the most a very cursory glance. The Deists were as little to them as they to the Deists. Swift has caricatured the would-be philosophers in the sages with whom he has peopled Laputa. Goldsmith is never tired of ridiculing them. 'To acquire a character for learning,' he says, 'among the English at present, it is necessary to know much more than is either important or useful. It seems the spirit of the times for men here to exhaust their natural sagacity in exploring the intricacies of another man's thought, and thus never to have leisure to think for themselves. Others have carried on learning from that stage when the good sense of our ancestors have thought it too minute, or too speculative, to instruct or amuse.' Or, again; 'The most trifling performances among us now assume all the didactic stiffness of wisdom.' Fielding has ridiculed the freethinker in Square, and the pedantic refutation of freethinking in the Ordinary's sermon in Jonathan Wild. Sterne has given a highly wrought picture of laborious logomachy in Tristram's father, and with him alone it gets a sort of contemptuous sufferance; it is one man's hobby, he says, let him, if he please ride it to the death. It may be a sudden impulse will come to make the steed throw his rider, or the rider choose another steed: but till then, 'poor devil, there is room in the world for thee and me.' All this proves that the humourists were not inattentive to the noisy struggle of the pedants that was raging to its close. They gauged its issues, and stood contemptuously aloof. What was their own contribution to the thought of the century?

In one form or other—the Essay, the prose Idyl, or the novel of everyday life,—they all turned men's thoughts directly on individual character. They stript away the uniform and the passwords of sect or party, and forced men to see themselves as they actually were. They put on one level the pedant and the schoolboy, the prude and the village hoyden. Jones finds his philosophical Mentor Square in Moll's bedroom: Miss

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Allworthy is found to be no better than her humbler neighbours. They deal a death-blow to cant, because they show men what cant is. Before the rough levelling of Fielding and Smollett, in the delicate irony of Sterne, the mechanical contrivances of pedantry fell to pieces. To Sterne, gravity was only a mysterious carriage of the body to hide the defects of the mind. Sterne's pathos, which Mr. Stephen places low, is not, as he would make out, the main constituent of his genius, but only a very secondary embellishment. The true secret of Sterne's power lies in a humour which stands second only to that of Shakespeare, if second even to his. Mr. Stephen's accusation of the prominence of the cap and bells with Sterne is an old one; and it very little affects our estimate of his genius. Sterne would not have taken the trouble to deny the charge. True, he might have said, 'my pathos is artificial—is it my fault if human pathos mostly is so? You detect the hollow ring behind my laugh: it is true that in my case the laugh comes from a half-wasted skeleton: but can the broadest and soundest chest among us give a hearty laugh for long? Call this sentimentalism and fooling, if you will: it is but the name I give it myself. At the most you have only one more sham to laugh at.' The laugh of Fielding and Smollett is healthier than this, but it has the same main characteristic: it helps to detect and shake away the artificiality of human nature, and to build a broad defence against its shams. The first step towards this is to expose them.

A natural result of this humour, both in its heartier and in its more subtle phases, was to develop just after the middle of the century a strong independence of thought, which ranged from sturdy common-sense to the boldest flights of a freethinking quite different from that of the Deists. Mr. Stephen traces a sequence from the writings of the Deists to those of Hume. But whether had Hume more affinity to the laborious pedantry of the schools, or to the subtle humour which had grown alongside of, but beyond, them? Hume's 'Philosophical Essays' were the fruit of his earlier days; in his later years he fought shy of their inferences. Having stated with a calm apathy, that had little to connect it with the fretful trivialities of his predecessors, his destructive criticisms, he left others to follow them up if they chose. Hume stands almost alone as a sceptic; he does not stand alone as an independent thinker. What he did in one direction, Johnson, who stood at the opposite pole of thought and sympathy, did in another. The cant that others had laughed at, Johnson fought with, and tore to pieces. His aversion to speculation, such as he saw generally fashionable around him, was only one side of his character; the main work

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he did was to strive against what he believed to be in any way untrue or unreal. He stands out in the century with a personality more marked than that of any other figure there. No one could with more truth have repeated the words of Chremes in the play :

‘Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.’

No question of real human interest could be started into which Johnson was not drawn, as it were, instinctively : and no man was less disposed to apply to such a question the formulæ of a pedantic system. His intellect, far from resting in the grooves it had formed for itself, could never satisfy itself with a ready solution. His friends complained that he combated one day what he supported the next. Strain what he held to be true only a little too far, and Johnson at once saw the point of attack. He could detect not only an intellectual, but a moral fallacy, as few men can do. Once enlisted in a cause, his habit of argument and his force of advocacy often turned him into a special pleader, who used even fallacies on its behalf. But authority, popular or customary ideas, the inertness of intellectual habits, were absolutely without power over him. ‘He has no formal preparation,’ says Boswell to Sir Joshua Reynolds, ‘no flourishing with his sword : he is through your body in an instant.’

It is as the representative of this strong independence, in which, with all their dissimilarities, he and Hume have a far closer kinship than either has with the ‘semi-rationalistic’ Deists, that Johnson chiefly affects the greater movement of thought in the century. But popular feeling, once loosed from the trammels that so long had held it, was stirred to renewed energies by a still stronger and farther-reaching force. The arid sands of theological controversy were again flooded by a form of religion which, whatever its faults, was impelled by the strong current of human sympathy. The dreary hairsplitting of the schools gave way to a fresh vitality which might be extravagant in its form, but was animated by a real force of motive. Mr. Stephen’s view of Wesley and his work seems to us in many ways defective. He recognises Wesley’s astonishing energy, his untiring activity, his power of organisation, his position as a leader among men. But the higher and more intellectual side of Wesley and his creed is hardly noticed. And yet here, as it seems to us, lies the chief interest of the movement. We should prefer not to take the picture of Wesley as it is painted for us in the acrid and dreary work of Mr. Tyerman, from which Mr. Stephen’s references are taken. To our mind the ‘Life’ by Southey gives a far more gracious view of the man than the sectarian work to which we have referred, even if its information

is less accurate in detail. It is above all valuable, because it shows us the growth of Wesley's opinions, and the phases through which he passed before he was forced into schism. It shows how the first stirrings of the new movement came, not from any popular revival, at the head of which Wesley placed himself, but from that inward and personal struggle which has always given to the leaders of great religious movements their first impulse. Wesley was first moved by the 'De Imitatione,' and it is to this that he traces back his earliest impressions of an enthralling personal religion. But the book failed to satisfy him; it gave him the idea of a contemplative religion, but it did not supply an adequate motive for unconditional devotion. But what this failed to accomplish was done when Wesley went back to the older English theologians, when he drew a new animation from those richer stores of theological literature, on which the Deist controversy had not been an advance, but from which that controversy had been a retrogression. Jeremy Taylor was the divine whose writings gave him the sustenance he required. From him Wesley drew energy for asceticism, and enthusiasm enough to dispense with the common pleasures of life. When ordained, his ordination vows wore a solemnity that was based on those High Church notions that mark Wesley's earliest, and in great measure even his latest, ecclesiastical tendencies. Schism was what he most abhorred. Again and again he reiterates his adherence to the authority of the Church and the Fathers—the 'consensus veterum, quod omnibus, quod ubique, quod semper creditum.' Whenever he deserted this standpoint, 'I am lost,' he says, 'in the labyrinth of uncouth hypothesis.' His political opinions were Jacobite: and in 1734 he involved himself in some danger by preaching a Jacobite sermon. He was an opponent of the Whig Government of Walpole. He says of himself in so many words, 'My doctrines are in the strictest sense High Church.' In the sermons he preached at St. Mary's, in the opinions professed, in the notions of episcopal authority maintained by Wesley and his Oxford brotherhood, there must have been a strange resemblance to those preached exactly a hundred years later in St. Mary's by one who still lives amongst us. From this earliest attitude Wesley passed into a phase of mysticism. The distrust of mysticism which Mr. Stephen assigns to him is only half understood, unless we recollect that Wesley has passed through a mystic stage himself. New ideas, he tells us, grew upon him as he became acquainted with writers 'whose noble descriptions of union with God and internal religion made all else appear mean, flat, and insipid. In truth, they made good works appear

so too: yea, and faith itself, and what not?' In a state like this, as he himself says, 'Love is all: all the commands besides are only means of love: thus were all the bonds broke at once.'

But this phase, too, passed away. Wesley shook off what he felt to be a danger to his whole being: and in place of self-exaltation we find him in the extreme of self-abasement. 'I have learned,' he says, 'in the ends of the earth that my whole heart is utterly corrupt and abominable, and consequently my whole life: that my sufferings, the most specious of them, need an atonement for themselves.' But it was not long after that yet another step was taken, and that the subtle variations of that singularly susceptible mind seemed to catch something from without that threw them into a definite and ever-narrowing channel. Hitherto he had influenced men only through the vivid impression made by his intense fervour: now he was to gain a new point of contact wherewith to popularise his religious ideas. What is known in religious circles as the assurance of personal salvation was now reached by Wesley. He chronicles very minutely the access of this new religious concept. At a meeting in Aldersgate in 1738, 'about a quarter before nine, I felt my heart strangely warmed: I felt I did trust in Christ for salvation.' 'Before this,' he goes on, 'I was striving, yea fighting with all my might, but I was often conquered; now I was always conqueror.' Now began the miraculous manifestations, —those strange phenomena in which he turned into proofs of his providential mission, what were the natural effects of his own ardent and impressive genius.

This last change at once laid the foundation of Wesley's great influence as the founder of a sect, and finally narrowed his intellect to the mould of a popular religionist. We have traced the development of his ideas at some length, because we believe Mr. Stephen, in assigning to Wesley the niche which he supposes him to hold in the historical evolution of the century, has assigned far too little weight to his individual character and growth. To him Wesley is only the founder of a sect which arose as a reaction against the apathetic listlessness of the Church. He is not the ecstatic enthusiast of those early Oxford days: he is not the hater of religious iconoclasm who criticises the excesses of reforming zeal: he is not the friend of Johnson, of whom Johnson could say that 'Mr. Wesley can talk excellently of anything,' and with whose approbation Johnson consoles himself for the lack of popular applause. Nor do we find in Mr. Stephen's picture of one he calls a 'human gamecock' any trace of that profound melancholy which links Wesley to the deeper spirit of his age, and which speaks in

words like these: 'After carefully heaping up the strongest arguments I can find in ancient and modern authors for the very being of a God and the existence of an invisible world, I have mused with myself, What if all these things which I see around me, this heaven and earth, this universal frame have existed from eternity? What if it be true,

οἷηπερ φύλλων γενεὴ τοίγδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν,

What if the generation of men be exactly parallel with the generation of leaves? What if it be true, death is nothing, and there is nothing after death? How am I sure that this is not the case? that I have not followed cunningly devised fables? And I have pursued the thought till there was no spirit in me, and I was ready to choose strangling rather than life.' Surely the man who wrote thus has more individual interest for us than merely as one link in a process of natural development, or even as the founder of a sect of peculiarly 'narrow range and defective sympathies.'

But the vigorous independence for which the humourists had paved the way, which Johnson had so sturdily asserted, and of which Wesley was the chief religious representative, took other directions as well. We have not space to follow its operation in the domain of poetry. Mr. Stephen shows, with much critical subtlety, that the first impulse which turned poetry from the town to the country was not a very vigorous one. The Nature of Thomson and Collins and Gray was a very demure and conventional goddess after all. The century was drawing very near its close before Burns struck the first far-off note that gave the key to the true spirit to which alone Nature could yield up her secrets. The moral and philosophical direction which Wordsworth gave to the poetry of Nature is hardly visible before the century has closed; but lingeringly as the change and the re-awakening came, it came surely. In the hands of Burns it was linked with a scathing denunciation of the rancour of ecclesiastical hypocrisy which he saw around him. He lashed it and tore it to pieces, and made it the laughing-stock of all the ages. Mr. Stephen sees in this a work accomplished, one bond the less to gall humanity, one step gained in the progress towards emancipation. Burns might not know that he was an ally of Rousseau, but he was so, we are to understand, all the same. Alas! the facts in this one case might go far to dispel the hopes of theory. Is the ecclesiastical rancour which Burns slew a whit less vivacious in our own day? We are afraid, however strange it seems, that it has survived even the 'Holy Fair' and 'Holy Willie's Prayer.' Hew it to pieces as Burns might,

might, from its fragments a teeming brood has grown, and springs vigorous from each new onslaught.

The same temporary re-awakening may be seen in the political world as well as in society, religion, and literature. The fall of the long Whig monopoly in 1760 might be fraught with some constitutional danger for the moment, but it really opened a new flood-gate in politics. The tendency to break the charmed circle of aristocratic cliques was visible even before George III. brought back the Tory squires to Court. When the elder Pitt forced himself and his foreign policy on a reluctant Court, and made Newcastle submit to his dictation, the government of cliques was really at an end. In his open defiance of aristocratic influence, in his appeal to popular enthusiasm, in his fierce denunciation of political corruption, Pitt did for politics what Johnson did for literature, what Wesley did for religion. Thwarting influences were not, indeed, even then absent. The phantom of divine right and prerogative again raised its head, and had to be dissipated. The free popular influence wielded by Pitt was lost to the Earl of Chatham. His last administration forgot, in his own broken health, in his embittered and disdainful spirit, amid the scattering of his party, the traditions of the first. The work he had begun had already fallen into a maze of different lines, which no one hand could gather together before his own life was ended. But though under the twelve years of Lord North's administration, Government seemed again to have contracted itself to a very narrow basis, this was only the superficial aspect of things. North's administration was the very opposite, so far as stability goes, of Walpole's or even of Pelham's. It was at most a makeshift; it owed its continuance to no strength of its own, but to disunion amongst its enemies. Its defeat in time was a matter of absolute certainty. It never silenced opposition as did Walpole and Pelham; on the contrary, it was in opposition that the whole national feeling found itself expressed. To have lived, and still more to have taken part in politics under Walpole or Pelham, would have been to Burke, and Charles James Fox, and the younger Pitt, one prolonged agony and torture. To sit in the House under North, meant only that they should influence the Government of the country not in office, but in opposition. There was no stifling heaviness in the political atmosphere; on the contrary, one at least of the three statesmen whom we have named fixed the landmarks of English political ideas much as they have remained since his day. When power finally was centred in the hands of Pitt in 1784, the earlier years of his ministry reflected, in the acts of Government,

ment, all the new notions to which the previous quarter of a century had given birth and consistence.

Mr. Stephen pauses before the last decade of the century. If we were to look there for the summing up of its results, we should find but little to support any theory of consistent progress. Mr. Stephen sees at the conclusion of the century, 'an intellectual chaos, in which no definite movement has attained supremacy.' We should rather be disposed to see in it a period of distinct reaction. The political volcano which upheaved itself abroad, gave birth in England, for the most part, to almost exaggerated fears. Such fragments of associated ideas as made their way into this country were at the most only fitful and evanescent. In the main, the feeling they created was that of intense repulsion. It was the same with the religious fervour of Wesley, the political aspirations of Burke, the poetical instinct of Burns. The last dreads the revolutionary tyranny of the mob, as much as the first dreads its reckless impiety, or the second its heedless breaking with a hallowed past. England is plunged into a war, at first urged by motives of blind fear of revolutionary infection, and afterwards renewed for the very existence of European liberty. Up to 1792, Pitt had educated the Tory party. He had made that party the instrument of progressive reform, of expanded economical ideas. But the revolutionary excesses of France coloured all reform with the taint of revolution, and Pitt's party took the bit between their teeth. For ten years more he governed—the apparent autocrat, the real instrument, of his party. The schemes he had once cherished were abandoned; he was forced to pursue a war which he hated, and his life closed amid clouds and thick darkness. England was in the throes of a great struggle, the necessity for which we would be the last to deny; but her chief characteristic during that darkest hour was not free expansion, or the sanguine hopefulness of progress, but rather the concentrated determination of a life-and-death combat. It was with clenched teeth and bated breath that she entered on the fight.

We have thus attempted to give, in the merest outline, our view of a century which opened with a period of political exhaustion and moral cynicism, which found in that very exhaustion and cynicism the powerful instrument of humour which was to strip away disguise and brace the age to a new vitality; a century which, when it had run more than half its course, gave the most striking instances of that renewed vitality in the strong independence and the bold flights of genius: only to close at last amid the clouds and thick darkness of an atmosphere crowded with terrors on every side. We have followed the

the salient features only of its thought, instead of examining in detail, as Mr. Stephen has done, any one of its directions. The Deist controversy, to which the greater part of his book is devoted, we think singularly dull in itself, and we are disposed to set its influence upon the general course of thought much lower than he does. We would attribute less to any consistent law of evolution, and more to the force of individual genius and temperament than Mr. Stephen does. But this does not prevent our acknowledging what we owe to his critical insight and conscientious research, even though from many of his conclusions we are bound to enter our dissent.

ART. V.—*Histoire de Ma Vie.* Par George Sand. Nouvelle édition. Paris, 1876.

N EARLY forty years have passed since George Sand, at that time the most widely-talked-of woman in Europe, was meditating in her garden at Nohant. A weariness of life and work, and of the babel of good and evil report, had taken possession of her mind, as she sat in the little grotto which her mother had built with her own hands. The idea of testing her strength by some physical feat, and of thereby finding ground for a guess as to the number of days that might remain to her, occurred to her fancy. She tried to raise one of the heavy stones of the rockwork in her arms, and, lifting it with ease, 'Ah! mon Dieu,' she cried, 'j'ai peut-être encore quarante ans à vivre.' She lived to accomplish almost the exact number of the years of her prediction, and her recent death removed a literary force which was not abated by extreme age, though its manifestations had little active influence on politics or society. But though George Sand's stream of new novels no longer agitated people as her early tales had done, it is still extremely difficult to reach any fair estimate of her talent and character. Such an estimate it must always be hard to form, when a person of genius has just left the world in which his memory is still fresh, and his conduct still a disturbing force for good or evil. The right perspective can scarcely be found, and prejudices on one side or the other confuse the vision. But the task becomes harder still when the person to be criticised is a woman, and when the sphere in which her influence was most disturbing is precisely that of the domestic duties and consecrated relations which have been established by the common consent of universal experience and sanctified by religion.

It

It is tolerably certain that George Sand's enduring fame will be that of an artist in words, of a painter of life; not—as might once have been expected by her friends and foes—of a thinker, a philosopher, or of a disturber of society. In the thirty-four years of incessant toil which remained to her after the day in the garden of Nohant, she did not give up the hope of moving the world in the direction of her own changeful ideas. Her romances continued to express her opinions on the social questions of the day. In 1848 she actually entered into the lists of party, and appealed to the working classes in her own name. But she early shot her bolt, and early reached the summit of notoriety. Long before her death she had descended into stiller air, and had taken up the position of a clever and fertile story-teller. The terrible George Sand, the man-woman, the unsexed and emancipated creature, came to be content with the part of Grandmother and of Lady Bountiful. It is possible to trace the slow evolution through a variety of processes.

None of George Sand's century of romances is so interesting as the narrative of her own life, the account of her feverish struggles, her disappointments, and her resignation. To tell that story truly is a delicate, and sometimes the reverse of an engaging task; but it is one from which she herself but rarely recoiled. No woman ever was further from adopting the Greek view of woman's honour. None was ever more talked about, and few have talked so much in public about themselves. The success of no author since Byron depended more on the personal element in the work, on the exciting glimpses of the powerful character which worked the puppets on the romantic stage, and spoke every now and then in a natural voice, or revealed an indignant, a resigned, or a despairing face unmasked. It was an open secret that many of George Sand's novels were woven out of her own experience; that many of her persons were elaborate studies of men and women she had known, or were at least ideal developments of the dispositions of living people. It was the strangeness of her private life, and the many stories about her, that first caused intense excitement about her early writings. All through her career she kept up a personal relation with her readers, telling them in prefaces to her novels, or in '*Les Lettres d'un Voyageur*,' something about her own state of mind, and her own judgment of her performances. Of course it was never the real George Sand that appeared in these confidences, but the ideal George Sand of the moment. The same half-imaginary being is the heroine of '*L'Histoire de Ma Vie*,' a book very useful to the student of the psychology of Madame Dudevant. The incomplete autobiography has been called a romance;

romance ; but at least it states events as the writer preferred to think that they happened, and displays her as she saw herself in the mirror of her own fantasy. With all these materials, and with the hints of other authors who knew her, but whose evidence must be received with a good deal of caution, it is not impossible to make a guess at what manner of woman the 'mysterious Lélia' really was. Probably the result will not go to prove that she was a model of almost superhuman fairness and devotion, which is nearly her own view of her character ; nor that she was the impious assailant of society, who came home drunk from parties at the barriers with Pierre Le Roux, as certain of her enemies said ; nor that she was the cruel vampire who lived on men's hearts and brains, and ruined their lives and fame, as a few of her lovers were accustomed to declare. She was a woman, not without nobility of heart, and true pity for the 'deep sighing of the poor ;' a woman with strength beyond that of her sex, often unjust, and yet full of longing for a justice not made manifest on earth.* She was borne by her own courage and intellectual energy into the tempest of opinions, and was tossed hither and thither among unscrupulous men, for whom she was more than a match. George Sand played and won in a game from which all other women have risen losers ; and she outlived and outlasted more easily than did the men with whom her lot was cast the stormy succession of passions and the aberrations of purpose and of belief. Perhaps her very best qualities became snares to her, for her versatility was so great and eager that no camp could hold her long ; while her keen sense of her natural nobility obscured her view of acts on her part that were just the reverse of noble. Her severest critics must allow her the praise, if it be praise, of having risen superior to some of the weaknesses of her sex, while her most indulgent admirers must admit that good women, when compared with her, are truly 'things enskied and sainted.' No one in any case can deny that the circumstances of George Sand's life and the wild blood in her veins prepared for her singular temptations and unwonted dangers.

The critical method of Sainte-Beuve and of M. Taine, the method which looks on a writer as the result of his ancestry, of the influences of his place of birth, and of his personal history, has rarely had so interesting a subject to treat as George Sand. She

* In a short letter to M. Ulbach, written in 1869, and printed at the end of the new edition of her autobiography, George Sand says that she had earned a million of francs by her pen, and had given all away, except 20,000 francs ; "and I am not likely to keep this capital, for there are sure to be people in need of it."

herself disliked the fatalism of this fashion in criticism; and while she believed in 'inherited tendencies' as the fatal element in character, believed also in what she rather vaguely styled 'a counteracting grace.' Her own genius and personality, however, may, with a little ingenuity, be apportioned among her various progenitors. Amantine Lucille Aurore Dupin was born in 1804, the child of Maurice Dupin, and of his lately-married mistress, Antoinette Sophie Victoire Delaborde, the daughter of a bird-catcher and dealer in birds. On both sides the strain of blood was wild enough, as will appear from a glance at the pedigree, in which bends sinister are the rule. Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony, called the Strong, was father, by Aurora von Königsmarck, of Marshal Saxe. The Marshal, in his turn, honoured with his attentions a certain Mdle. Verrières, or Rinteau, of the Opera, and Marie Aurore Rinteau or Verrières, or by courtesy De Saxe, was the daughter of the Marshal and the singer. This lady, the grandmother of George Sand, and almost the only decently-conducted person in the genealogy, was protected by the Dauphiness, a niece of Marshal Saxe, and was admitted to the famous school for daughters of the poor noblesse, established by Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr. While still very young, she was nominally married to Count Horn, a natural son of Louis XV., and, after the Count was slain in a duel, she went back to her dubious old mother, in whose house she met Buffon, La Harpe, and Voltaire. When Mdle. Rinteau died, she appealed in vain for assistance to the great *philosophe*, and had to retire to a convent, from which she emerged at the age of thirty, and married M. Dupin de Franceuil, the patron of Rousseau. Madame Dupin had but one child by this marriage, namely, Maurice, the father of George Sand. She was left a widow after about twelve years of matrimony, and was involved in the dangers of the Revolution. Only a cruelty as indiscriminating as that of the Terror could have brought this lady, whose quiet life was mainly passed in her own house of Nohant, in Berri, within peril of the guillotine. By a freak of fate her prison was shared by the girl who was to be the wife of her son. Mdle. Delaborde, the bird-catcher's daughter, had been one of the supernumeraries in the vast Republican spectacle. As the prettiest girl of her quarter, she had been chosen to present La Fayette with a rosy wreath, which the Cromwell Grandison replaced, with a neat speech, on the blonde head of the giver. Falling afterwards from the purity of her civic virtue, Mdle. Delaborde was found singing a royalist ballad, and was immured in the Couvent des Anglaises. Maurice Dupin may have seen her there when he went to visit
his

his mother, but their paths in life did not cross till some six years had passed.

Nothing can give a more vivid idea of the moral tone of the society in which the future novelist was educated than the letters of Maurice to his mother. M. Taine has used these and other documents published by George Sand in his new history of France before the Revolution. The young soldier—for Maurice joined the army of Italy—communicates his amour with the utmost frankness to his mother, a lady of strict virtue. 'On savait vivre et mourir en ce temps,' says her admiring granddaughter, and she has drawn in 'Valentine,' as well as in her memoirs, a picture of a rouged and jewelled old lady, who was 'l'esclave d'un savoir vivre aimable.' Madame Dupin's amiable wisdom listened with pleasure to the tale of the loves of her son and of Mademoiselle Delaborde, who by this time was advanced to be the mistress of the General under whom Maurice served. It was on the eve of the battle of Asola (1800) that young Dupin, in a letter to his mother, described a touching scene with 'the dearest of women.' Next day he was a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians; but in February 1801, he managed to find his way back to his comrades and to Mdle. Delaborde.

From this date the life of Maurice entered into a cycle of domestic storms, which raged about the childhood of his distinguished daughter. 'His heart was rent by two irreconcilable affections.' When he paid a visit to Nohant, Mdle. Delaborde followed him, took up her quarters at the inn, defied the authorities, and greatly vexed Madame Dupin, who, with all her delightful *savoir vivre*, did not easily reconcile herself to an attachment which threatened to end in a *mésalliance*. Her fears were well founded, for in 1804 her son married Antoinette Delaborde, a month or two before the birth of *Aurore*. It is not without reason that George Sand has been blamed for making, in all this long story, the confessions of other people, when she should have confined herself to writing her own. Looking at the matter with the eye of disinterested science, George Sand, perhaps, wished her readers to detect the various ancestral qualities which were combined in her own character. Just as the fire and endurance of Marshal Saxe, and the artistic taste of Mdle. Verrières of the Opera, came to the novelist through her grandmother, so she derived from her mother the passionate instincts of a daughter of the peasant-class. Again, the constant struggle between the mother and the grandmother for the possession of the girl's affection embittered her early life, and gave her the first experience of the passion of jealousy, which

which she afterwards described with such subtle power. From her very earliest years she lived in the midst of domestic broils and of public turmoil, and her character could not fail to be affected by the view of quarrels at home, as well as by the excitement of days of triumph at Paris, and of days of battle in her journey through Spain. When she was only three years old she was held up above the crowd to catch the eyes of Napoleon. When she was four, she crossed the Pyrenees with her mother, and joined her father in a palace at Madrid. Maurice Dupin was on the staff of Murat, and, to please his General, had his little girl dressed in a boy's suit of uniform. It is almost touching to note the stress which she lays on this early precedent for her scandalous experiment of wearing men's clothes. Nothing in her years of *Sturm und Drang* so much offended common decency, and there is no act in her life for which she makes so many half-apologies.

No part of George Sand's Memoirs is more interesting than the description of the development of her own genius. To remember the dreams and confusions of childhood, never to lose the recollection of the curiosity and simplicity of that age, is one of the gifts of the poetic character. A keen sense of her own personality, an unwearied pleasure in contemplating her own mental growth and mental changes, was aided in George Sand by a remarkable tenacity of memory. She lost nothing that had once impressed her, and the abiding influence of the affections of her youth, of old friendships before passion entered into her life, of attachment to country places, of sentimental regret for beliefs once passionately held, prevented her from reaching the same blank end of speculation as that at which Sainte-Beuve arrived. In many respects their characters were alike; George Sand herself noticed the resemblance. Both were 'preoccupied with things divine,' both wandered into the camps of various creeds, both had a period of fervent Catholic belief. But George Sand felt through all her career the enduring hold of orthodox opinion, and it was perhaps to the tenacity of the impressions of her girlhood that she owed her unshaken faith in certain important doctrines of religion. Her powerful memory widened her sympathies in another and very different way. She was enabled to recall the 'mol ennui' of days passed in the cradle, and the faint reflections of hours of childish pastimes. She was alive, as most clever children are, to the mysterious hints of an unknown world of poetry, which are uttered even in the burdens of nursery ballads. For example, when she joined in the dances of little girls of her own age, the chorus of—

'Nous

'Nous n'irons plus aux bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés,'

used to waken in her endless musings. 'Je me retirai de la danse pour y penser, et je tombais dans une grande mélancolie; je n'en ai jamais perdu l'impression mystérieuse.' Even before she was old enough to join hands in the dance the future novelist had composed fictions for her own amusement. In her day-dreams the Queen of Fairies, *La Grande Fade*, rode through the endless forest, and heaped benefits on countless princes and princesses. Prisoned between four chairs, for she was an active and mischievous child, the little girl made herself happy with these inventions, in which she herself was always the heroine in disguise. Indeed, through most of her printed novels it is easy enough to detect an idealised portrait of the author in one or other of her moods.

The 'Stories between four Chairs' naturally ended after the return from Spain to the house at Nohant. The child became strong enough to wander about in the fields and drink in with delight the sweet air of the country. Next to the transmitted forces of her ancestry, no appreciable influence entered so strongly into the genius of George Sand as that of natural beauty. It may be worth while to quote from 'Valentine' a description of the land she knew and loved:—

'The south-eastern division of Berri contains some leagues of singularly picturesque scenery. As the highway which crosses the country and runs from Paris to Clermont is surrounded by the more cultivated and populous districts, the traveller scarcely suspects the beauty of the neighbouring landscape. But the wayfarer who, in search of shade and silence, penetrates into one of the deep and winding lanes, which at frequent intervals open on the main road, will find himself suddenly among fresh and quiet scenes, meadows of the softest green, brooks with a certain sadness in their song, groups of alders and of mountain ash, Nature full of sweetness and pastoral melancholy. Within a radius of many miles it would be useless to look for a house built of stone and with a slated roof. At most a slender thread of blue smoke, wavering behind the leaves, may proclaim the neighbourhood of a cottage. If the wanderer marks beyond the knoll the spire of a little church, within a few paces he will discover a bell-tower of red tiles, fretted with lichens; a dozen scattered cots, with their gardens, and plots of ground; a stream with its bridge of three planks; a graveyard of an acre, surrounded by a quick-set hedge; four elms in a quincunx, and a ruined tower. The whole composes what is called a *bourg* in the country.'

The child of the château lived much with the peasant children, and wandered with them far a-field. She listened to the old
monotonous

monotonous chants of the ploughmen, and to the song of the swineherd, fragments of pre-Christian antiquity. She heard the traditional lore of the flax-spinners, and found that the country people could see things hidden from her eyes. Thus her companions would be terrified by *La Grand Bête*, a flying and shapeless horror of the night, or by the sounds of horns and hounds when Arthur's hunt (*Le Grand Veneur*) was up, while she heard and saw nothing but the common sights and noises of the summer woodlands. She never had the fortune to meet *Le Meneur de Loups*, the warlock shepherding his evil flock of wolves, nor the golden bull that guards the hidden treasures of the old town of Boussac. Perhaps the most interesting of her writings on this subject is the little story of 'Mouny Robin,' a poacher gifted with the 'second sight.'* When she came to be a woman she recognised in the rural superstitions materials for a French series of romances in the manner of Scott. She imitated the great master in her use of popular traditions, though her peasants, reflective and serious creatures, unconsciously filled with the secret meanings of natural beauty, are not very like Scott's shrewd and humorous Lowlanders.

The peaceful tenor of life at Nohant was very early broken by the death of George Sand's father, who was killed by a fall from his horse. Here ensued a series of quarrels between the old Madame Dupin and her daughter-in-law. There were journeys to and fro between Nohant and Paris, in which the forest of Orleans, haunted, not by fairies, but by the bodies of robbers, hung in chains on the scene of their misdeeds, had to be traversed.

In Paris, about this period, George Sand says that she first began to exercise her natural powers of observation in the society of old canons and old countesses. She was also subject to a kind of involuntary visions, in which she beheld with the clearness of actual sight the adventures of the Great Army of Napoleon in its march through the Russian snows. It is not easy to understand the sort of hallucinations which George Sand declares to have 'possessed and fatigued her.' They were probably the day-dreams of childhood, which reached extraordinary distinctness in an imagination naturally active, and may be fancifully compared to the forms which children are said to behold in the

* * It is curious to compare the account of Mouny Robin's clairvoyance with that of the second-sighted Eorl given in the Njal's Saga. It is almost certain that George Sand had never read the Icelandic legend, and yet her description of Mouny Robin's trances, and mode of finding out where the game was concealed, is like a translation of the Eorl's doings, when he wanted to detect a fugitive in his ambush. The coincidence may be traced to similarity of French and Norse superstition. *La Grand Bête*, under another name, is known in Yorkshire.

ink of Egyptian necromancers before the entrance of the great visionary procession which magic summons into their sight. The genius of the future novelist declared itself in a more commonplace way, and before she was twelve she began to write sketches in prose. Her first efforts were descriptions of her favourite *Vallée noire* by moonlight, and it may be remarked that her poetic talent never found in later life more congenial subjects than in the scenery of Berri, and in the mysterious effects of twilight or of a moonlit sky. Readers of her stories will remember the sleeping flowers in the canon's garden, in 'Consuelo'; the scene of the migration of the swallows in 'Mauprat'; and the page on the noises of the night in 'Un Hiver à Majorque.'

The day-dreams of childhood, on which George Sand dwells with pleasure, were interrupted after her first communion. The old quarrel for the possession of her affections broke out anew between her mother and grandmother, and, by way of a compromise, she was sent to the Couvent des Anglaises in Paris. It would be pleasant enough, if space permitted, to quote from the amusing description of convent life, to note the freaks of the *diabes*, or naughty girls, and to follow their midnight searches for the victim whom the worthy nuns were supposed to have walled up in some secret cell. In a study of the development of George Sand's character, however, it is only necessary to mark a moment of ecstatic devotion, a conversion, and reaction against the influences of her earlier education. Although her faith failed, and her orthodox belief passed away; although she went through a period of mocking despair, she never became a renegade from the *sentiment* of her short-lived pietism. She retained the feeling of the value of religion, and her girlish fervour was transmuted into the ardour of her original or borrowed schemes of theosophy. The trace always remained in a certain earnestness and unction, which often appear, strangely enough, in the midst of romances the reverse of edifying, and which, no doubt, helped George Sand to believe tenaciously in the purity of her own productions.

As soon as Madame Dupin saw reason to suspect the existence of the germs of a 'vocation' in her grandchild, she removed her to Nohant. Family quarrels and troubles increased, and the old lady sank into second childhood. In the lonely country house, when she was free from attendance on the invalid, George Sand had an important space of time to use as she would. Instead of going straight from the convent into married life, she was left to read what books and pursue what studies she chose; and the works of Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Locke, Condillac,

Condillac, and Leibnitz, soon shook her Catholic certainty, and prepared her for a new and eclectic faith. She was, as she has said, like the Alexis of her own romance of 'Spiridion;' and she plunged into the study of heresies with the conviction that she could refute their reasonings. It needed no more than the tragedy of her grandmother's death-bed, and the assiduity of a silly and vulgar priest, to convince her that she and the Church must part company. After her silent quarrel with orthodoxy came a more noisy rupture with the society of the country town. A young lady who rode on horseback and went out to shoot in clothes not unlike those of a peasant, who read Leibnitz and studied anatomy, came under the ban of the village gossips. George Sand described, with bitter power, in 'Indiana,' the malice of little towns; and in the picture of a village festival in 'Valentine,' she took revenge for the affronts of her neighbours.

The path, by which George Sand wandered from the fold of the Church into the wilderness of casual creeds, was the beaten highway of scepticism. Much reading of philosophical writers, and some personal annoyance, made her break with established religion; and she passed from decent society and went into the camp of revolution through the usual breach, that of an unhappy marriage. When the death of her grandmother left her with the choice to make between her plebeian mother and her noble relations, the heiress of Nohant threw in her lot with the former. The choice did credit to her heart, but life with her jealous mother soon proved to be unendurable. The girl accepted the proposal of a certain M. Dudevant, the natural but acknowledged son of a colonel in the army. The union turned out to be most wretched. Heine declared he could exhibit himself for money, because he had once seen M. and Madame Dudevant under the same roof.* But George Sand admits that the early years of her marriage were peaceful and prosperous. She became the mother of two children; Maurice, the *littérateur* of that name, and Solange. Though there was no romantic passion between husband and wife, there was a good deal of affection. M. Dudevant, whatever his faults may have been, was not like the old and morose tyrant Delmare, of 'Indiana.' His originally harmless character is said to have changed for the worse in the indolent festivity of the life of a small squire in Berri. Between a woman of extraordinary genius and with eager love of the things of the intellect, a woman with fits of depression and of wild gaiety, and a man who passed his life in the company

* 'Lutèce,' p. 67.

of rustic revellers, there was nothing in common, and sympathy ceased to exist. In 1831 Madame Dudevant left Nohant by a strange though amicable arrangement, and, with no provision but her scanty pin-money, began the life of a student and writer in Paris. Of that extraordinary life, *vie excentrique*, as George Sand mildly calls it, all the world soon heard more than enough. When a young lady of beauty and genius imitates the social arrangements of a Parisian student, when she even adopts his dress, she acts in a manner to which it is superfluous to give a name. Matter which the daring author of 'Lélia' passes over almost without a word, we may as well be careful not to handle. The loves of Goethe have been written about with tender enthusiasm, but who is to tell the epic of the friendships of George Sand? Who is to understand the conscience which, in face of its defiance of God's laws and man's customs, thanks Heaven that it has preserved the purity of its ideal? The utmost that can be said in defence of George Sand at this period is, that though some unhappy years of her life may have been the expression of her temporary opinion as to the sort of existence that her sex might reasonably aspire to, she never formally stated that opinion in her works. The nearest approach to such an apology is in the discreditable tale of 'Lucrezia Floriani;' but Lucrezia, however much her conduct may have belied her name, did not affront public decency as well as private morality.

After various attempts to make a livelihood by the exercise of petty industries (like the heroine of 'Leone Leoni,' she painted flowers on Spa-wood cigar-cases), Madame Dudevant determined to try her fortune in literature. She had discovered in an experiment made before she left Nohant that she 'could write easily, quickly, for a long time without fatigue; that her ideas, confused while they reposed in her brain, took life and arrangement when she held the pen; that in her existence of inward loneliness she had observed much, and divined the character of the people whom she met; that in consequence she understood human nature well enough to paint it; finally, that of all the industries of which she was capable, literature was that which offered the best chance of success as a profession, and, to be plain, as a mode of winning daily bread.' George Sand here touches on some of the qualities that served her best in her long career. Fluency, facility, observation, she never lacked, and she soon added to them a store of personal experience. The natural gift and faculty of what may be called 'vision,' the intensely keen discernment of the creatures of her fancy, was one which she had in common with Scott, and indeed some of her

descriptions of the vivid distinctness with which her fancied persons appeared to her mind's eye may be compared with passages in Lockhart's life of the Great Magician. This gift showed itself in the wonderful clearness and naturalness, so to speak, of the pages in which she touches on the supernatural, as in the ghost-scene in 'Spiridion,' and in 'Les Dames Vertes.' But George Sand's peculiar quality, that in which she is unapproached, was the rendering of the beauty of landscape into words singularly appropriate. It is hard to say whether this gift was the result of study, or of intuition, at all events, it answers in literature to the effect produced by the music of Chopin. George Sand pleased herself with a mystic theory of *correspondances* between certain musical harmonies and certain forms and phenomena of nature. It may be said in the same way, that her choice of words, and of cadences of sound, enabled her to reproduce scenes of natural loveliness or charm by a method quite distinct from what is called 'word-painting.' With these qualities, and with a heart full of indignation at a society in which she had not obtained her due share of happiness, George Sand was certain to produce an effect on French literature. At the moment of her appearance in Paris, fiction was not a field in which scrupulously delicate people were likely to find their subsistence. The historical novel, as we learn from Balzac's 'Illusions Perdues,' had ceased to please. The romantic school, in its search for the new and the strange, was producing stories that were little better than organised nightmares. Without naming many books now justly forgotten, and many others only remembered by bibliomaniacs, it is enough to say that the man to whom George Sand applied for an introduction to literature was the author of an inconceivably loathsome romance. This person refused to help her, but Delatouche, a native of Berri, and the critic to whom we owe the first edition of André Chénier's poems, gave her a little work to do for the 'Figaro,' and a great deal of good advice. Not to imitate any one, to shun *pastiches*, to be herself, was the burden of Delatouche's counsel. He was not too well satisfied with 'Rose et Blanche,' which Madame Dudevant wrote in collaboration with Jules Sandeau.

Her second novel, 'Indiana,' was all her own; it was written under the roof of her husband, and first made notorious the name of Sand, which Madame Dudevant borrowed from her friend. 'Indiana' caused a great deal of talk as soon as it appeared. Much curiosity was excited, and every gossip had his own version of the history of the author. It was assumed that in 'Indiana' George Sand told the story of her own life, and that the complaints of

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the heroine were intended to be arguments in support of the doctrines of Saint-Simon. George Sand always protested that she did not share that philosopher's views of love and marriage, but the world was full of the schemes of *Enfantin*, and insisted that '*Indiana*' was a manifesto in favour of these vagaries. Looking at the novel in the perspective of time, it is difficult to account for the disturbance which it caused among a people whose literature has been constant in scorn of matrimony. Probably the style—strong, fresh, and musical—differed so greatly from that of the fiction of the day, that a similar strength and novelty of opinions were expected. After all, '*Indiana*' is only the story of a passionate Creole girl who is madly in love with a man of the world, and who pours forth a volume of eloquent reproaches against society when she finds that her admirer does not think that a love affair with her is the only thing worth living for. People fancied that the author had some original remedy for the social sores which she probed, and insisted that she was the disciple of *Enfantin*. In point of fact, George Sand spoke the truth when she said that she had no anti-social doctrine, and no philosophy of licence. Indeed, it is hard to see how any theory could have given her more liberty than she was taking in practice. It was not her doctrine that was mischievous, but her example, and the example of her characters. Opinions she would alter and modify at will, but action is necessarily eternal in its influence. In the case of any author but George Sand, it must be said once more, remarks on personal conduct are perhaps superfluous and impertinent. But this lady, in her books, almost always took up the position of a reformer and a teacher after her own fashion; and it thus became necessary to speak of her influence as it was, and not merely as she supposed it to be. She had some virtues, especially those of benevolence and of charity to the suffering, in unusual measure, and while she preached the exercise of these, she mingled with her sermons much disregard of other virtues, without which society would simply be disintegrated.

George Sand's ideas about marriage and the family have sometimes been spoken of as a powerful force in French society. By way of showing how changeable these and, indeed, all her other theories were, it may be useful to examine the steps by which she returned to more sane and hopeful views of life and of duty. The success of '*Indiana*' won her a place among the writers in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*.' The novel of '*Lélia*,' which followed close on '*Indiana*' and '*Valentine*,' was the high-water mark of her revolt. Readers who came to '*Lélia*' in the hope of finding it a new study of manners and character were

shocked and perplexed. Criticism was outspoken, perhaps spiteful, and M. Planché fought a duel in defence of George Sand's literary character. People found themselves in the society of four or five beings, who now seemed allegorical personages, as vague and more vapid than the heroes of Ossian, now portraits of well-known living people, now mere characters in a loose tale of intrigue. Was 'Lélia' written in earnest, or in mere bitter jest? they asked; was it a protest against religion and society, or an introduction to new theories of existence, or the prophetic raving of the St.-Simonian school, or a satire on that sect of dreamers? One thing was certain, namely, that many of the scenes were audacious copies of the orgies of Balzac's romances, placed in studied contrast with dithyrambs on the splendour of the midnight heavens, and prose hymns on the rising and setting of the constellations. The author has tried, with her usual frankness, to dissipate the mystery which hung over the meaning, if meaning there was, of 'Lélia.' The book was written, she says, by snatches, without plan or purpose, conscience or aim; its scenes are a mere phantasmagoria, reflecting changeful moods of intellectual doubt and of emotional despair. She was unhappy for a hundred good reasons, private and public; she was sickened by the sight of the hopeless pauperism of Paris; saddened by events in Poland; wearied by passion, and the reaction from passion. In that state, like most persons of talent in her time, she 'made her Werther,' as the French say; that is, she announced that 'the world was a trap of dulness, into which her great soul had fallen by misadventure.' The world was full of clever people, who found time too short for them, life too fleeting, love a folly, religion a dream. The book of modern Lamentations that had most effect on George Sand was the 'Obermann' of De Sénancour, 'Je l'ai bien aimé, je l'aime encore,' she wrote thirty years after 'Lélia,' 'ce livre étrange si admirablement mal fait, mais j'aime encore mieux un bel arbre qui se porte bien.' De Sénancour had but two persons in his confession, himself and Nature, to which he poured out his complaints. George Sand required more characters to utter the expression of the moods of her melancholy. Her heroine, Lélia, is a woman of boundless wealth and intellect, of mysterious origin too, who has sought in vain for happiness and rest in love, in faith, in poetry, in ascetic retreat, in romantic adventure. Her companions are the poet Stenio, a sort of prophecy of Alfred de Musset; and Trenmor, an absurd creation, convict, prince, and stoic philosopher, just released from the galleys. Stenio is of course in love with Lélia, who sometimes extends to him a *maternal* tenderness, which makes
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both poet and reader say 'votre bonté me fait mal,' and at other times shrinks from him, and from the risk of a fresh passion. 'A flower beaten by all winds, a barque tossed on all the seas of doubt and shattered on the rocks of all despair, she may not attempt a new voyage!' Nothing can be much more tedious than the aspirations of Stenio, the vacillations of Lélia, the wisdom of Trenmor. The style of all of them is affected by the then popular bombast of Macpherson and the rhetoric of Chateaubriand, and, in an unnamed valley of the Alps, they live a life as vaporous as that of the ghosts in the echoing halls of Selma. But this existence of shadows is broken in upon by episodes which are real enough. Lélia, for example, falls ill of cholera, and goes to Venice for change of air. In the city of pleasure she meets her sister, the shameless Pulchérie, and the pair make confessions to each other, which are not edifying, in the midst of scenes of luxurious debauchery. It is impossible to describe the adventures through which Lélia passes to be the abbess of a convent, in which position she converts a cardinal to the truth as it was in the Abbé Lamennais.

If it were worth while to compare Lélia with Obermann and René, and other specimens of mental and moral pathology, the story would be found to possess one or two peculiar features. In the first place the despairing writer has not the pleasure of thinking that despair is an original discovery of her own. 'I am vexed and ashamed at finding myself so trivial and commonplace a type of the suffering of a weak and sickly generation.' The result of this secondhand gloom and of these 'merry days of desolation,' is a want of sincerity, an absence of the really austere gloom of Obermann. Pulchérie and her boon companions may, of course, be defended as allegorical representations of the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, and the philosophy of pleasure. But it is unlucky that these should be the most real and vividly coloured characters in the book, that the Alpine mists should vanish at their approach, and give place to the fumes of the punch which Stenio lights with Lélia's letters. This mixture of the trivial and vulgar with the false sublime, of Ossian and Chateaubriand with Balzac's orgies, is the chief fault of 'Lélia' as a work of its own diseased school. But it possesses one real source of interest. No reader would have believed that the mind of the writer would ever regain its balance, would ever become the mouthpiece of placid morality. George Sand herself looked for no such change. 'Eh quoi! ma période de *parti pris* n'arrivera-t-elle pas? Oh, si j'y arrive, vous verrez, mes amis, quelles pesantes dissertations, quels magnifiques plaidoyers, quelles

quelles superbes condamnations, quels pieux sermons découleront de ma plume !' The time for all this came in less than six or seven years, and when George Sand wrote in a newspaper started by Lamennais her 'Lettres à Marcie,' she made a kind of palinode for the sins of Lélia. Marcie, like that heroine, is a discontented woman, full of aspirations, and eager for a change in woman's lot. George Sand consoles her in the most tranquillising strains. *Il s'agit d'attendre*, 'in returning and rest shall be your strength,' is the burden of her morality. What are we that we should despise others, and what right have we to sigh for the cedars of Lebanon and the pines of Morven? The sight of a virtuous man, however badly dressed (*de grossiers habits couvrent des trésors de bonté*), should console us for the tameness of our existence. As to religion, it is superfluous to invent new creeds before we have given a fair trial to the old and to the efficacy of prayer. The agitation for Women's Rights shows, by its absurdity, how little capacity women have for politics. Each sex has its own duties, and why should society try to reverse the admirable order of Nature? Thus George Sand's speculations end with the belief that women have their own sphere, and that their first duty is to win respect and love, while continuing to be themselves. Their highest satisfaction will be found, not in a series of passions, but in one unbroken love. But beside the marriage, for example, of the heroine of 'Le Marquis de Villemer,' there is always present the shadow of the husband's tragical intrigue, which the novelist treats as a matter of course. This is an instance of the kind of writing which most English readers find distasteful in George Sand.

Between the fever of 'Lélia' and the calm of the 'Letters to Marcia,' George Sand had passed through *Sturm und Drang*, and had felt the force of many influences. When one speaks of 'influences' in her case, one generally means the influence of this or that man. 'Le style c'est l'homme,' said Madame de Girardin, talking of her friend, but it would have been more true to say, 'La pensée c'est l'homme.' After the days of Sandeau and Delatouche, came those of Gustave Planche and Sainte-Beuve. The gloom of the former critic is traceable in 'Jacques,' that 'Obermann of married life,' as George Sand calls him, who in his dismal courtship explained to his bride that love was a transitory passion, and found out too soon the truth of his own doctrine. The influence of Sainte-Beuve was more purely literary: he was the friend of George Sand in her wild youth, and describes her as 'a young woman with fine eyes, and a noble brow, with dark hair, worn rather short; dressed in a sombre morning-dress

morning-dress of the simplest fashion.* Very different from the calm friendship of Balzac and of Sainte-Beuve was the *liaison* with Alfred de Musset. Every one appears to have had his own version of an affair which the French have discussed so much, and which it seems absurd to discuss at all. A married woman of thirty goes off to Italy with a poet of twenty-three; she is all maternal solicitude; he all jealousy, inconstant, cruel, profligate. Or again, it is he who is all affection and constancy; and she who is fickle, spiteful, coarse, and cruel. Whoever cares to pursue the theme through three or four novels by the chief persons in the intrigue and by their friends, will probably come to the conclusion that De Musset was unendurable, and that George Sand was gifted with a sublime belief in her own purity, self-devotion, and fairness. Very lately M. Paul de Musset has again broached the subject in his biography of his brother. There are some amusing anecdotes about these strange lovers, and it is odd to read how George Sand called on De Musset's mother and won her reluctant consent to the Italian tour. But, after all, nothing is more clear than that De Musset's suffering heart very soon found abundance of consolation.

When the two writers parted company in Venice, George Sand remained for some months in the city, which took her fancy captive. The novels of 'Jacques,' 'André,' 'Leone Leoni,' books full of bitter melancholy, were the fruits of this period. The author was actually writing for her daily bread, and was reduced to her last franc, when a delayed remittance from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' enabled her to leave Venice. Looking back on the city from the more peaceful years of later life, George Sand made it the scene of 'L'Uscoque,' and 'Les Maîtres Mosaïstes,' historical novels; of 'La Dernière Aldini,' and of the opening chapters of 'Consuelo.' She never excelled the beauty of her descriptions of moonlight and sunset in the lagoons, nor surpassed the vivid picture of the heat and torment of the *piombi*, the prisons under the leads of the Ducal palace, in the 'Maîtres Mosaïstes.'

The 'Lettres d'un Voyageur,' on the other hand, are the but slightly veiled expression of her personal sufferings from day to day. Some of these letters were addressed to De Musset (whom she compares to Christ!) in various moods of tenderness and reproach; others to M. Neraud, who sagely told her that her maternal instinct would bring her back to Nohant and to her children. Another of George Sand's correspondents was Michel

* 'Portraits contemporains,' vol. i. p. 507.

of Bourges, the barrister who was so conspicuous in the great state trials of 1836. This person was Madame Dudevant's advocate in the lawsuit which ended in her separation from her husband (1836), and was among the first of her friends to introduce her to the active politics of the time. The lady was naturally Republican; 'République, aurore de la justice et de l'égalité, divine utopie, salut!' she cries, in the '*Lettres d'un Voyageur*.' M. Michel, too, was Republican; but he thought that the best way to bring in the divine Utopia was to annihilate existing institutions. George Sand quotes a frenzy of his on this topic, and aspirations which were partly accomplished in 1871. 'Civilisation,' he cried, in a passion, as he smote his cane against the resounding balustrades of the bridge, 'yes, that is the great word with you artists—Civilisation! I tell you that before your corrupt society can be renewed and refreshed, this fair river must run red with blood; this accursed palace (the Louvre) must be burned to ashes; this vast city, over whose expanse you gaze, must be made a desolate shore, where the family of the poor will drive their plough and build their huts.' 'He appealed,' George Sand goes on, 'to the poignard and the torch; he cursed this impure Jerusalem in Apocalyptic strains; then, after these pictures of desolation, he salutes the approach of the world of the future, the manners of the Golden Age, the earthly paradise that was to be raised on the smoking ruins of the past by the magic of some beneficent fairy.' After this scene George Sand's affection for M. Michel cooled a good deal, and he himself married a rich widow. But the seed was sown; and though the novelist was quite unjustly accused of admiring the poignard as a political agent, and of wearing an assassin's hair in a bracelet, yet she became a believer in the beneficent fairy, the golden world, the charming social future of humanity.

When the author of '*Lélia*' was deep in her speculative confusions and sentimental sorrows, M. Sainte-Beuve recommended to her two physicians of souls, namely, M. Jean Reynaud and M. Pierre Leroux. These sages had the advantage of being more emancipated from Catholic prejudices than M. Lamennais, whose influence, at the moment a sedative one, we have observed in the '*Lettres à Marcie*.' One or two singular novels speak of a period of divided allegiance between 1836–1840. In addition to her moral and intellectual hunger and thirst, George Sand retained the feelings of a woman and an artist. In a curious passage of '*Les Lettres d'un Voyageur*,' she has described a dream which was often repeated in her sleep. She seemed to be wandering on a deserted shore, when a barque full of friends, making sweet music, floated towards her down the stream. They

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cried aloud, 'We are sailing to the unknown land.' They made her join their company, and disembarked on a strange yet familiar coast. 'Who are these mariners and minstrels?' she asks. 'Are they the transfigured souls of the dead, or the semblances of the living whom I have ceased to love?' In any case, it appeared to her in the dream that their society made her real life, and their nameless shore her home. The whole vision is an allegory of the free future of fancy, peopled with fair passions, and the home of impossible joys. M. Pierre Leroux, though not exactly a practical figure in the eyes of the sarcastic Heine, was, in real life, one of George Sand's guides to the ideal future. 'He means,' says Heine, 'to build a colossal bridge, with but a single arch, resting on two pillars, of which one is fashioned out of the materialist granite of the last century, and the other of the moonshine of the future, and this pillar is to be based on an undiscovered star in the galaxy.' While M. Leroux was the pilot, M. Chopin was the minstrel of the allegory. For six or seven years he made part of Madame Dudevant's family, and when she took her children to pass a winter in Majorca, the musician accompanied them. The experiment was not successful. Lodged in the ruinous convent of Valdemosa, the party had to endure cold, solitude, and every kind of discomfort. The nerves of the consumptive Chopin gave way, he was the most querulous and discontented of invalids. 'No temper,' says George Sand, 'was ever more unequal, no feelings so easily hurt, no demands so impossible to satisfy.' Dr. Liszt, in his florid biography of Chopin, makes out that this was a sunny period in the life of the musician, who was afterwards shattered in health and happiness by a change in George Sand. The story is not more edifying than many other stories about the relations between the lady and her friends. There was a quarrel, after Chopin, or some one very like him, appeared as the detestable Prince Karol of 'Lucrezia Floriani.' When the musician died of consumption, his friends blamed George Sand, whose conscience entirely absolved her. The trace of Chopin's literary influence is to be found in 'Consuelo,' and in the vague allegory called 'Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre.' The moral of that apologue seems to be that all man's faculties and emotions, however precious in themselves, lose all their value if they do not harmoniously combine in the religious sentiment; and the philosophy of George Sand's religion is expounded in 'Spiridion.' In spite of a trace of the manner of Mrs. Radcliffe, the form of 'Spiridion' is impressive, whatever we may think of the doctrine. Among the sighing winds and midnight terrors of the ruined convent of Valdemosa, George Sand learned to describe

describe the singular abbey which Peter Hebronijs, in her story, founded and haunted. Hebronijs was a Jew, converted to the Reformed religion, next a proselyte to Catholicism, and, lastly, the inventor of a creed of his own device, which his ghost takes a good deal of unnecessary pains to hand on to his successors in the abbey. The whole is an allegory of the adventures of the soul in search of truth; and the truth, when discovered, is rather vague and negative, as it may be read in the answers of the Père Alexis to his young neophyte:—

“So father,” said I, “we are no longer Catholics?” “Nor Christians,” said he, in a firm voice; “no, nor Protestants,” he added, as he clasped my hand; “nor philosophers, like Voltaire, Helvetius, and Diderot; we are not even Socialists, like Jean Jacques, and, for all that, we are neither pagans nor atheists!” “What are we then, Father Alexis?” I asked.

And so does the bewildered reader, without getting any satisfactory reply. Perhaps Hans, in the ‘Sept Cordes de la Lyre,’ gives as good a definition as it is possible to make of George Sand’s metaphysical and theosophical belief.

“Master,” says Hans, “let a disciple repeat his lesson. God has cast us into this life, as it were into an alembic, where, after a previous existence which we have forgotten, we are condemned to be re-made, renewed, tempered by suffering, by strife, by passion, by doubt, by disease, by death. All these evils we endure for our good, for our purification, and, so to speak, to make us perfect. From age to age, from race to race, we accomplish a tardy progress, tardy but certain, an advance of which, in spite of all the sceptics say, the proofs are manifest. If all the imperfections of our being, and all the woes of our estate, drive at discouraging and terrifying us, on the other hand all the more noble faculties, which have been bestowed on us that we might know God and seek after perfection, do make for our salvation, and deliver us from fear, misery, and even death. Yea, a divine instinct that always grows in light and in strength, helps us to comprehend that nothing in the whole world wholly dies, and that we only vanish from the things that lie about us in our earthly life, to reappear among conditions more favourable to our eternal growth in good.”

With these words George Sand sums up her religious speculations. Having taken leave of love, as she says, she was free in 1841 to turn, with all her eager interest, to social questions. Pierre Leroux became her father confessor, as Heine puts it, and instructed her in the mystic socialism which he developed, after deserting the other visionaries of the Rue Taitbout. It is worth while to quote from his Parisian letters, Heine’s description of George Sand at this moment, when she had broken with the ‘Revue

'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which refused to accept her novel 'Horace,' and when she was living in a curious society of musicians, socialists, and artists.

'George Sand, the greatest writer of France, is at the same time a woman of remarkable beauty. Like the genius which she shows in her works, her face may be called rather beautiful than engaging; for everything that interests and attracts does so by virtue of some deviation from the formal lines of loveliness, whereas the countenance of George Sand has a classic regularity. Her features are not, however, entirely marked by antique severity, but softened and saddened by a veil of modern sentimentality. Her forehead is low, rather than high, and her rich chestnut hair falls over her shoulders. . . . Her conversation is no more remarkable than her voice, and she absolutely lacks the sparkling wit of the French and their endless flow of babble. It is her way to give nothing, in talk, and to take in everything, "and therein," as De Musset said, "she has a great advantage over the rest of us." She listens when others speak, and reproduces their thoughts, embellished and elaborated by her own receptive genius.'

George Sand's own account of herself partly bears out this only half-friendly description, and she especially insists on her dislike of *esprit*. Indeed, it would be difficult to extract half-a-dozen good things out of all her novels, and she almost wholly wants the more playful kind of humour.

After the rupture with the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' George Sand encountered two foes of her style—socialism and the *feuilleton*. Writing day by day for the daily supply of the press, she was tempted, or rather compelled, to spin out and weaken the adventures of Consuelo. That charming and impossible heroine was sent wandering through the wildest regions, and found illustrations of the socialism of Leroux among the haunted castles of Mrs. Radcliffe. After all, George Sand's economical doctrines of this period were too transparently absurd to do much harm. No one is likely to become a Communist because George Sand's virtuous carpenters refuse to marry rich heiresses, as Pierre does in 'Le Compagnon du Tour de France.' People might be interested by descriptions of the old mummeries of the French 'companies' of artisans, without being prompted to invent the International. If there was discontent at Lyons, it can hardly have been awakened by George Sand's description of the socialistic Marquis, who, in 'Le Pêché de M. Antoine,' leaves his vast estates to make two lovers happy, with remainder over to the possible Commune of the future! It was the ghostly fortresses, the trap-doors and secret stairs of 'Consuelo,' it was the ideal character of Pauline Garcia etherealised, that

that pleased, and the world was no more likely to imitate Count Albert when he pauperised his neighbours by indiscriminate charity, than when he took up his abode in a well.

In spite of her friendship for Michel, while it lasted, and for Louis Blanc, it may be doubted whether George Sand cared much for the political side of Republicanism. But her speculations about the philosophy of alms-giving and charity (in which duty she was constant) led her to believe that a new order of society was necessary, and she thought that the new world was at the doors, in the March of 1848. She expressed her opinions in two pamphlets, called '*Lettres au Peuple*;' she appealed 'to the heart of the working-classes, which is synonymous with their reason;' she averred that 'their pretended masters had lost themselves in their miserable system of political economy.' She avowed that 'the Republic is a baptism, which can only be received by people in a state of grace; that is, people who detest evil too much to believe in its existence and its influence.' At the same time she called on the artisans to maintain society as they found it; and, in short, she must have proved no very intelligible guide to the people whom she addressed. She has been formally accused of writing electoral addresses for Ledru Rollin, and of helping Barbès to edit '*La Commune de Paris*.' Whatever amount of truth there may be in these charges, and whatever blame they may involve, it is certain that the days of June drove her back, in sorrow and terror, to her profession. Among the woods of her beloved Nohant she composed '*La Petite Fadette*,' one of the most popular and attractive of the rustic novels which will always maintain her reputation.

It is generally believed that George Sand will be best remembered by her stories of peasant life, her *Bergeries*, as she called them. Her imagination needed and delighted in the repose of Nature, the tranquillity of hills and forests, the spectacle of the ceaseless round of rural labour. With the story of '*Jeanne*,' written about the time (1843) when the painter Millet first exhibited pictures of the peasants as they are, George Sand entered on a new domain of her genius. She, too, chose peasants for her chief characters, though she gave them somewhat of an ideal grace, and poured a flood of warm light on the fields, which is strange to the landscapes of Millet. In choosing rural themes she only yielded to a temptation which poets have felt most strongly in times of over-refined civilisation. Laying aside the artificial manner of the eighteenth century, she looked at her shepherds and shepherdesses rather with the eyes of Virgil and of Scott than of Watteau. Like Scott, she depicted the grave humours of individuals, and adopted in moderation

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the dialect of her district; like Virgil, she was fascinated by the poetic aspect of labour, the struggle of man with the earth, 'la terre grasse et lourde, qui est la plus rude maîtresse qu'il y ait.' Her ploughmen and farm-folk differ from those of Scott in one important respect, for they are scarcely touched by any of the currents of civilised society. They have no feudal affection, no humble loyalty to any lords, no interest in any struggle of faith. Detached from the disputes of the world, they live a life apart, 'rolled round in earth's diurnal course, with rocks, and stones, and trees.' They feel a half-conscious harmony with Nature, and sympathy with her moods, but with the events of the world of thought, the strife in the spheres of religion or politics, they have no concern. They should be the happiest of men, *sua si bona norint*, and the tragic element in their lives is their unconsciousness of the eternal beauty that surrounds them. George Sand did not absolutely accomplish her own aim—that of making herself intelligible to the peasant—and her rural novels were more likely to quicken an educated feeling than to wake into existence a stifled sense of natural beauty, of the sweet beneficence of Nature. But this is a failure which they share with all literature of the class of the Georgics. The reverie of the peasant he probably cannot translate even into his own dialect, and George Sand could scarcely hope to express it in a speech old and plain enough to be comprehended by the rustic, and yet modern enough to be intelligible to her ordinary circle of readers. Thus in 'Jeanne,' the first of the *bergeries*, the writer does not absolutely succeed in her picture of the heroine—a shepherd-girl—with the purity, the visionary temperament, and the courage of a Jeanne d'Arc. Thus character was suggested by the grave face of a peasant Madonna by Holbein, and is an example of George Sand's ideal way of treating suggestions from nature and art.

Passing from this novel, published in 1844, to the 'Maîtres Sonneurs' (1853), we again meet a pleasant idealism. 'Les Maîtres Sonneurs' is a series of pictures of forest and pasture, mountain and moorland, and is peculiarly rich in descriptions of ancient customs. The manners of the wandering gangs of muleteers, and of the self-ruled communities of wood-cutters, the mystic mummeries of the fraternities of minstrels, give novelty to the tale, and the sketch of a peasant-festival prolonged till dawn, and ending in prayer and praise, lights up the book in a fanciful but singularly attractive fashion. It is an aspect of France before the Revolution, which has been absolutely neglected in the endless repetition of the wrongs of the peasantry and of the greed and cruelty of the *seigneurs*.

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Here again the peasants have an ideal grace, and the heroines are found treating each other with a refinement of magnanimity which is not to be found in the heart of woman, silvan or domesticated. As in 'Consuelo,' the heroine is 'too good for human nature's daily food.' The same objection may be made to 'La Petite Fadette,' and on the whole it is probable that 'La Mare au Diable' and 'François le Champi' were the rural stories in which the writer pleased herself best, and conformed most completely to the conditions and limitations of her theme. With all deductions, George Sand gave France the most pure and pleasing works of her modern literature, and if she made her swains somewhat too fine, too just, too eloquent, she only exercised with moderation the privilege of a writer of eclogues.

After her experience in 1848, George Sand ceased to take a part in actual politics. Though she reconciled herself to the Empire, as to what was inevitable, she resisted the Ultramontane revival, and in 'Mdlle. La Quintinie' exposed what she believed to be the pernicious effect of the new Catholicism on the life of the family. Her private career is no longer easy to trace, nor perhaps were its events of very great general interest. Some severe domestic sorrows befell her, and a violent quarrel was stirred up by the novel 'Elle et Lui,' with which she returned to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' It is hard to find an excuse for thus reopening the old story about De Musset's faults and her own virtues. M. Paul de Musset's 'Lui et Elle' was a coarse reply in kind, and a literary feud raged about the amours of a lady who was now occupying herself with the duties of a grandmother. In the retirement of Nohant, George Sand found, in age as in youth, her chief happiness, and, far from the strife of tongues, returned to the simple life, the friendship with the rural poor, which it was her misfortune that she ever abandoned. From that retirement, and from the ancient town of Boussac, where Pierre Leroux founded his printing-press, and where the scene of 'Jeanne' is laid, she watched the progress of the great war, and recorded her impressions in the 'Journal d'un Voyageur.' Her efforts to look with impartial eyes at the strife between France and Germany did not outlast the siege of Paris. Seeing, as she did every day, the hopeless condition of M. Gambetta's raw levies, untrained, unfed, ill-clothed, and shoeless, she placed no faith in the young Dictator and in the protracted struggle, and but little hope in the new Republic. Her political friends were bitter against her life-long friend, the peasant; and in the stolid rustic vote she looked for the salvation of France. Her genius survived the shock of public events which deeply moved her; and her last works, written at the age
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of seventy, show no abatement in versatility. She actually opened a new series of fiction, and though when Eugène Sue was in fashion she had declined to compete with him, she did not disdain, in 'Flamarande,' to employ the trick of a complicated plot and a tantalising secret.

The extraordinary fertility of a writer who, for forty years, published on an average two novels per annum—not to speak of dramas founded on those plays—may be partly explained by a certain sameness in the essential character of her work. Thus in almost every one of George Sand's stories, we find the high-souled being, *justissimus unus*, or more often *justissima una*, tolerant, and yet impassioned, unselfish, devoted to the happiness of others. This noble creature is always in contrast with the smallness and selfishness and *personnalité* of some other man or woman. As a rule George Sand prefers to select some such man as Raymond in 'Indiana,' or Anzoletto in 'Consuelo,' or Horace in the novel of that name, to display the qualities which she most despises. She has a perfect gallery of men who remind us of Tito and of Arthur Donnithorne, in their pleasant and successful selfishness, their weakness, and their need of public approval and esteem. It is a kind of answer to critics who, like M. Nisard, say that the 'lover is the king of her books,' to reply that these despised men are her successful lovers. They are spoiled children rather than kings, and the loves which they command at will are 'born of idleness and fulness of bread.' The characters in some thirty stories have literally no occupation in the world except to seduce and to be seduced, and to fill up their empty days with the praises and pleasures of passion. There are moments in which George Sand adopts the morality of Sir Thomas Malory, holds with him that 'Love is a great master,' and makes some of her most just, tender, elevated characters endure his disgraceful yoke. In such moments she satirises the opposite sex and her own, by making Raymond, Benedict, or Tonine irresistible. At other times the more ideal and aspiring part of her character has its hour of victory, and Consuelo, or Silvestre, or the hero of Mauprat, come out triumphant, though wounded, from the struggle. However the event may fall, the balance between the weak and worldly lover and the austere and maternal or paternal lover is constantly vibrating, and its movements make the action of the story.

One cause of George Sand's literary fertility was, at the same time, a defect in her personal character; perhaps the defect which caused her most inveterate quarrels with her acquaintances. All experience came to her as material for art to handle. In all her own troubles, however bitter, she was almost as much
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the spectator as the sufferer. These scenes of torment between passion and jealousy, in which she excelled; these sufferings of Jacques, and of the heroine of 'Horace,' are drawn from the quick. To her everything in nature, in character, in men's failings, cruelties, meannesses, was so much material for copy, as well as so much of the stuff that her own life was made of. Her power of observation seems never to have slumbered, and her memory never to have ceased making records for her fancy to arrange. To anyone who reads her autobiography, and remembers the charges which her personal enemies made against her, this trait will account for many things. She always stood half apart from her own life, ready to design and describe the passions into which others threw all their souls too vehemently to retain much artistic consciousness. Thus her stock of matter for the details of fiction was practically infinite, though all experience reduced itself to some few general forms of love, desire, and renunciation. What has been said about Balzac's impassive dissection of women's hearts applied, it seems, to this lady's study of the womanish hearts of certain men.

It is superfluous, and, in a foreign critic, perhaps impertinent, to praise the style of George Sand. Mr. Thackeray has spoken of 'the charm of her sentences; they seem to me like the sound of country bells, provoking I don't know what vein of music and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear.' No French writer excels her in that changeful and graceful harmony of sound, in which the prose language of her country is as rich, as the poetic style is to English ears poor and meagre. It is this charm, most strongly present in her purest works, that will preserve a part of the writings of George Sand, till, perhaps, the miseries of her own career, and the less happy side of her extraordinary character, have ceased to be remembered.

'Too bad for blessing, and too good for banning, like Rob Roy,' is the cautious verdict that public opinion seems inclined to pass on George Sand. As long as she seemed the heresiarch of a new movement in favour of anarchy, and of a revolt of women, there was good reason to denounce her. It has been shown that she soon laid aside all pretensions to that rôle; and, indeed, she was denounced in turn by the friends of 'emancipation.' If she wrote much that it is painful to think a woman should have penned, and analysed miserable situations and passions from which taste as well as morality turns in disdain, even in this respect she was pure, compared with many writers of her country. Not passion, but a restless curiosity, urged her to examine some painful struggles between sentiment and duty, or between this and that lawless affection.

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No one can read her biography and her novels, and continue of the opinion that love, as between man and woman, was one of the most masterful forces in her nature. Perhaps it would have been better if she could have pleaded this excuse; but whether the fact attracts or repels sympathy, the excuse of passion is absent. Compared with the romances of living French writers her stories seem almost spotless; and no one who knows French literature will argue that she, with her idealism, gave the bad example from which the monstrosities of Belot and Zola have descended. She kept in her own way, and, strange as her notions of goodness and of truth were, she was firm enough in her adherence to them. This appearance of morality makes her to very young people, perhaps, more dangerous than writers whose wickedness disgusts. But as things stand in the art of France, it is not slight praise to have possessed a conscience of any sort, and to have acted on its dictates. In regard to her personal conduct, we shall probably judge George Sand most truly and charitably if we set against the wildness which made her youth an extreme expression of the anarchy of her time, the benevolent calm of her old age. If she broke roughly with many friends, at least she kept the affections of the severe M. Buloz, who, for months before his death, used to declare that he heard the voice of his old contributor calling to him to follow her.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Russia*. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M.A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. London. 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Reports on Land Tenure in Russia*, by T. Michell, H.B.M. Consul at St. Petersburg; in the *Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives respecting the Tenure of Land in the several Countries of Europe*. c. 75. Parliamentary Papers, 1869–1870.
3. *Early Russian History. Four Lectures delivered at Oxford*. By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., &c. &c. London, 1875.
4. *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Russia, Poland, and Finland*. Third edition, revised. London, 1875.

MR. WALLACE'S book deserves a cordial welcome, as much for the opportuneness of its publication as for its intrinsic excellence; and its fitness to the time transforms what we might have thought a defect into a merit. After living nearly six years, not merely in Russia, where sojourners of another stamp might spend sixty to less purpose, but in the closest converse with men of all classes, and with the peasantry in particular, he

has judged well in selecting for his present work, from the large mass of materials concerning the past history and present condition of the country which have accumulated in his hands, those merely which seemed most likely to interest the general public. This first instalment of information and entertainment—for Mr. Wallace has the happy art of blending both without letting either spoil the other—furnishes ample food for thought and much light which is greatly needed at the present crisis; while we wait for the 'special investigations regarding the Rural Commune, various systems of Agriculture, the History of the Emancipation, the present economic condition of the Peasantry, the Financial System, Public Instruction, recent Intellectual Movements, and similar topics,' which are reserved for a future volume.

Indeed, the wealth of matter already poured out before us in the present work, and its admirable opportuneness for the enlightenment of that 'invincible ignorance' which seems to be no disqualification for the most confident judgments, forms a real embarrassment to the reviewer. We must, therefore, leave to the reader of Mr. Wallace's book the pleasure, unanticipated by any samples, of reading the personal adventures and experiences of travel and life in Russia, which he relates with a commendable freedom from the various forms of affectation that are the besetting sin of the prosy or magniloquent or boastful or facetious traveller. Nor assuredly can he be charged with that worst form of affectation—'veni, vidi, scripsi'—which has made some writers, whom we will not name, but whose proceedings we have ourselves witnessed in Russia, a laughing-stock and a by-word.

The contrast to such book-making visitors cannot be better marked than by Mr. Wallace's own simple account of how he passed his time in Russia:—

'In March 1870 I arrived for the first time in St. Petersburg. My intention was to spend merely a few months in Russia, but I unexpectedly found so many interesting subjects of study that I remained for nearly six years—till December 1875. During that period my winters were spent for the most part in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Yaroslaff, whilst the summer months were generally devoted to wandering about the country and collecting information from the local authorities, landed proprietors, merchants, priests, and peasantry. Since my return to England I have kept up a constant correspondence with numerous Russian friends, so that I have been able to follow closely what has taken place in the short interval.'

It may be worth while to show the value of such a residence to such an observer, by a comparison with the last great work on
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Russia of an importance at all comparable to Mr. Wallace's. The Baron August von Haxthausen, in his special quest of information for the study of the Slavonic races, spent only the months from the spring to November of 1843 in a tour from Moscow to the Volga, over the steppe to Kertch and the Caucasus, thence returning to the Crimea and Odessa, and through Southern and Little Russia back to Moscow.* The great value of the work which Von Haxthausen produced by adding years of study to the observations of little more than six months may furnish some measure of the superstructure which Mr. Wallace may be expected to raise on the foundations laid in as many years.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Wallace's merits to add that the observations made by one who is a traveller and visitor, even for a very considerable time, need criticism and correction from the kind of knowledge acquired by habitual residents. His frank statement, just cited, shows how 'unexpectedly' large and novel he found the field of enquiry. The sojourner for the sake of study must lay himself out to acquire information from various sources, among which his discernment has to be ever striking a balance; but the foreigner whose occupations have led him to make Russia his home acquires his knowledge of the country and the people almost insensibly from a vast number of influences converging to one set of judgments, which may be often wrong, but are at least a natural growth.† Of no country is this more true than Russia, where, as Von Haxthausen truly says, 'Whoever would earnestly study the condition of the country, and observe its national life with unprejudiced eyes, must first of all forget everything he has read in other countries upon the subject.' To any one who has this kind of acquaintance with Russia there is something amusing in the way in which Mr. Wallace's book has been welcomed as a sort of revelation. That very much of what he

* The French edition of Von Haxthausen's work is entitled '*Études sur la Situation, &c. &c. de la Russie*.' 3 vols. Hanovre, 1847-53. There is a translation by Mr. Robert Farie, entitled '*The Russian Empire: its People, Institutions, and Resources*.' 2 vols. London, 1856. The special work of Von Haxthausen on the Caucasus and Transcaucasia has also been translated into English.

† In this point of view, as well as from the contrast of the epochs of Catherine II. and Alexander II., it is most interesting and instructive to compare Mr. Wallace's work with the '*View of the Russian Empire*,' written at the end of the last century by the Rev. William Tooke, F.R.S., an accomplished scholar, who was for eighteen years chaplain of the Russia Company at St. Petersburg. Mr. Tooke also wrote a '*History of Russia from the Foundation of the Monarchy by Rurik to the Accession of Catherine the Second*,' and a '*Life of Catherine II.*' which may still be read with advantage, not the less for the graceful style which was cultivated in that age.

has told us was not only known, but had been told before, does not in the least detract from the service he has done by telling it so well again, but proves how much the public ignorance needed that service to be repeated, and in the same proportion claims our thanks to him for rendering it at a moment so opportune.

How many are the Englishmen who have any other conception of Russia than of a region, people, and power, misty in proportion to its vastness, ever growing by some inscrutable law of strange fate or insatiable ambition, whose vague and threatening aspect is magnified or distorted or denied by the prejudices which owe their strength to the ignorance which calm and laborious enquiry would dissipate? Amidst an almost absolute ignorance of the real state and feelings of the *people*, how few are the figures of their rulers and great men who stand forth with any distinctness! The upward limit of our general knowledge may be marked at only two centuries ago by Voltaire's flattering phrase, 'Peter was born and Russia was formed:' and its outline may be traced by the able and stern despotism of Catherine, as insatiable in ambition as in lust; the mad tyranny of Paul; the dreamy enthusiasm of Alexander I., now succumbing to the fascination of Napoleon at Tilsit, now defying the power which found its fatal term at Moscow, now fondly seeking a millennium of despotic order in the Holy Alliance; the towering form and iron will of Nicholas, whom no subject ever durst contradict, meeting his Nemesis in the Crimean War; and the far nobler spirit of Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs, whose good intentions none distrust, whatever foundation they may be destined to lay for the future. These conspicuous actors in the stirring scenes of the recent history of Russia and Europe fill the stage and intercept the view of that long vista of eight preceding centuries, in which the people and government were gradually acquiring the character that has been fully formed during the last two hundred years. The very peculiar historical development of Russia is the key to that present social and political organisation, in which she differs so widely from Western Europe. This truth is fully recognised by Mr. Wallace, and is illustrated by the historical episodes and allusions scattered through his volumes. He, in the natural course of a traveller, plunges into the country as it is, and traces back the state of things which he witnesses to their historic source. We, in order fully to understand and reap the fruit of his observations, enter the field of enquiry by a different avenue. To obtain a clear notion of what Russia and the Russians really are, we must trace back the stream of their

their national life to its historic source, enquiring how they became what they are ; and from the light which the past reflects upon the present, we may at least prepare our minds to make some forecast of the future, by learning how their present tendencies are working, whether towards improvement or deterioration. To the clearer light gained from this point of view is added the interest derived from 'la charme des origines.'

None can undertake to write of Russia without being at once struck and almost dazzled with the mere material vastness of the Empire, whose northern shore stretches in an unbroken arc over little less than half the circle that surrounds the Pole.* About a century ago this physical grandeur formed the boast of the Empress Catherine II., in her 'Letter of Grace' (1785) to the Russian nobility: 'The Russian Empire is distinguished on the globe by the extent of its territory, which reaches from the eastern borders of Kamtchatka to beyond the river Drina, which falls into the Baltic at Riga ; comprising within its limits a hundred and sixty-five degrees of longitude ; extending from the mouths of the rivers Volga, Kuban, Don, and Dnieper, which fall into the Caspian, the Palus Mæotis, and the Euxine, as far as the Frozen Ocean, over two-and-thirty degrees of latitude.† The surface of European Russia alone is about equal to that which Gibbon estimates for the whole Roman Empire, namely 1,600,000 square miles. Taking a comparison more interesting to us, we find that, with all the acquisitions made since the time of Catherine, the Russian Empire is still second in magnitude to the British ; ours being estimated to cover 8,871,135 square miles of the earth's surface, theirs 8,325,393 square miles : but while the 'Emperor of All the Russias'‡ rules by his autocratic will nearly eighty-six millions of subjects, no less than about 286 millions yield allegiance to Queen Victoria. We need but suggest the fuller comparison in resources and wealth, industry and civilisation.

Speaking now of European Russia only, it is a common misconception that the territory of her people has gradually extended

* Before the sale of Russian America (Alaska) to the United States, the full semicircle of 180° of longitude was more than completed.

† Tooke's 'View of the Russian Empire,' vol. i. pp. 4, 5.

‡ This title does not refer to the various divisions which make up the Empire,—such as *Great, Little, and New Russia*,—*Red, White, and Black Russia* ; but it was assumed by the Muscovite Tsars to signify the union of all the former principalities into a monarchy under one ruler. In the title of Catherine II. she is described as 'Empress and Autocratrix of all the Russias—of Moscow, Kief, Vladimir, Novgorod,' and then follow the other royal titles—'Tsaritzza of Kazan,' &c. *The Russias* are the regions and states occupied by *Russians* from the earliest known history.

from a small nucleus by a long series of successive acquisitions. At the epoch at which the modern history of Russia starts, she had lost a large portion of what she began from that time to regain; a fact which must not be overlooked in estimating the impulses that have prompted her aggressive tendencies. The growth of the *Russian monarchy*, it is true, may be traced from its first small germs (at least if we are to trust the native annals); but the early history of the *Russian people* is mingled inseparably with that of the great Slavonic race, which supplanted the Scythians, who are made famous by the description of Herodotus, in the great region of steppes and plains extending northward from the Euxine and the Mæotis (Sea of Azov) between the Don on the east and the Pruth and Vistula on the west, the European Sarmatia of ancient geography.* This name vanishes from history in the fifth century after Christ, and is replaced by that of the *Slavs* and *Slavia*, including various tribes with their specific names, in the central and western part of modern Russia, with Poland and Lithuania. The north and east of that vast region was still peopled by the aboriginal Fins; while on the south, still for a long time to come, the Slavonians were cut off from their natural maritime outlet at the Euxine by the tribes which the ancients called Scythian, belonging probably to the Turkish family.

The name which is now the watchword of so many complaints and aspirations is one of those—forming rather the rule than the exception in the historical nomenclature of nations—which a race has chosen for itself, not one applied to them by neighbours. The resemblances between *Slav* and *slave*, *Serb* and *serf*, are examples of the fantastic tricks of coincidence.† The word *slava* is still used in Russian and other Slavonian dialects in the common sense of *speech* or *tongue*, and hence of *glory*.‡ For an illustration most characteristic of its author, we

* The arguments of ethnologists for the Slavonian character of the Sarmatians are confirmed by the evident probability that the roots *S-rm* and *S-rb* are connected, so that *Sarmatians* and *Serbs* would be equivalent names; and again the simplest euphonic laws admit the identity of *S-le* with *S-rb*, that is, of the *Sarmatian*, *Slavonian*, and *Servian* names. Moreover, the Latin *sermo* is almost identical in meaning with the Slavonian *slava*, both signifying articulate and intelligible speech.

† It may be well to point out, once for all, that the form *Selav* is one of the Germanisms which we strangely allow to corrupt our orthography of Slavonian names. The arbitrary distinction of orthography between *slave* and *slave* is not needed by those who have knowledge, and only misleads those who wish to acquire it. Another corruption to be noted once for all is the transformation of the final *v* into the *w*, which in German represents the *v*, but not in English. Nor, on the other hand, is the sound so sharp as our *f*, which of late years has grown into *ff*. The proper forms in writing are *Kiev*, *Ignatiev*, &c. &c., not *Kief* or *Ignatief* (or *ff*).

‡ Like the Greek and Latin *φῆμι*, *fama*, from *φῆμι*, *fari*, 'to speak.'

may cite the despatch of Suvarov to Catherine II., in four lines of Russian poetry, announcing his capture of Tutukay in Bulgaria :—

'*Slava Bógu!*
'*Slava Vam!*
'*Tutukai vziját,*
'*I ya tam.'*

'Praise to God!
'Praise to You!
'Tutukay is taken,
'And I am there.'*

The Slavonians then, in their native appellation, are *people of the tongue*, that is, those whose language is intelligible, while they call Germans, the first foreigners with whom they had to do, and hence all Western Europeans, *Niemtsy*, 'dumb people;' just as the Teutonic race call their Celtic neighbours *Welsh*, alike in Britain and in Italy.

In the traditions preserved by old native chroniclers, whose dim outlines are brought out—like the almost obliterated characters of a 'palimpsest' manuscript—by the study of the original state of the whole Aryan family†—we can trace in the social state of these old Slavonians some of the most interesting elements surviving in Russian peasant life, and now first clearly displayed to English readers by Mr. Wallace. They were a peaceful but brave agricultural people—for the Slavs are never mentioned as in the nomad state—living in villages of wooden huts. Their social unit was the patriarchal family, composed of the descendants of one ancestor, living under the rule of that common father or his oldest surviving kinsman, tilling their own land, and administering justice and other matters of common interest within their own circle. A group of such family communities formed a district (like the Teutonic *hundred*) around the town (*grad*, the later *gorod*)‡ which was its religious and political centre. The townships combined for trade and mutual defence; and there is reason to believe that such a Slavonic confederation already existed before the dawn of Russian history in the district about Lake Ilmen, on the highway of overland commerce between the seas of north-western Europe and the Euxine, Constantinople, and all the Eastern world.

At that turning-point in history, when the tribes that had overthrown the Western Empire of Rome were assuming the permanent forms of the kingdoms of Europe, when the Frank kings were about to set up the new Roman empire, and the peoples of the North were yielding to the influence of Christian civilisa-

* In the Russian navy under Catherine II. we find such names of ships as *Vuishe Slav*, the 'Higher Glory,' and *Metislav*, the 'Avenging Glory;' and the same element appears in many proper names, as *Yaro-slav*, *Bole-slav*, *Yekaterinoelav*.

† It is now almost superfluous to refer to Sir Henry Sumner Maine's great work on 'Village Communities.'

‡ As in *Nov-gorod*, &c.

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tion, the Slavonian tribes east of the Baltic were distracted by internal anarchy and mutual wars. For as yet the great discovery had not been made, that an affinity of race and language (in many cases reserved for modern ethnologists to discern) is a social bond stronger than the severing forces of interest, ambition, and quarrels—a doctrine curiously illustrated by the ancient and lasting animosity between the two chief members of the Panslavic family, the Russians and the Poles, alternately the oppressor and the oppressed. This is the strongest of the many examples which history offers of how practical relations prevail over the bond of kindred nationality, causing an enmity the greater as that bond is closer; and the dream of Panslavism is only to be realised on the condition that at least one branch of the family shall enter the sacred brotherhood in the character of Helots.

Into this social chaos there bursts one of those sudden beams of light, which are tantalising from their very clearness, because we can only walk in the light with the fear that criticism may conjure it back to darkness. The first and best of the early Russian chroniclers—Nestor, a monk of Kiev, who died at the beginning of the twelfth century—tells a tale curiously resembling the account given in our own venerable Chronicle of the first settlement of the Angles in Britain. The scene is laid at Novgorod, the oldest city of Russia, whose name, however, the ‘New Fort or City,’ argues it the new capital of an older State.* This cradle of Russian history, where the millennial festival of the nation’s birth was commemorated by the erection of a monument in 1862, stands about eighty miles southward of the newest capital, whose German† name symbolises the great change which has since passed upon the ruling powers of Russia. Novgorod is on the river Volkhov, a little below the point where it flows out of Lake Ilmen towards Lake Ladoga. The waterway up this river—continued, after the interruption of a narrow watershed, by the downward stream of the Dnieper (the mighty Borysthenes of the Greeks)—furnished a passage from the Baltic to the Euxine, whether for peaceful commerce or piratical excursions. The ninth century, as was but too well known beyond the Baltic as well as on its shores, marked the very climax of the daring adventures of the Scandinavian sea-kings, known to the English as Vikings and to the Slavonians as *Variags* or *Varangians*.‡

‘At

* Tradition places this older city, or *gardorik*, in Old Ladoga.

† St. Petersburg contrasted with Novgorod.

‡ The origin of this name is sought in the Slavonic *Warjasi*, ‘allies’ or ‘confederates,’ from *waru*, ‘a compact’ or ‘alliance.’ Custom prescribes keeping the more euphonious form with the *ng*. It is still a subject of debate whether the Varangians

'At that time,' says the Russian chronicler, 'as the southern Slavonians paid tribute to the Kazars,* so the Novgorodian Slavonians suffered from the attacks of the Variags. For some time the Variags extracted tribute from the Novgorodian Slavonians and the neighbouring Finns; then the conquered tribes, by uniting their forces, drove out the foreigners. But among the Slavonians arose strong internal dissensions; the clans rose against each other. Then, for the creation of order and safety, they resolved to call in princes from a foreign land. In the year 862 Slavonic legates went away beyond the sea to the Variag tribe called Rūs, and said, "Our land is great and fruitful, but there is no order in it; come and reign and rule over us." Three brothers accepted this invitation, and appeared with their armed followers. The eldest of these, Rurik, settled in Novgorod; the second, Sineus, at Byelo-ozero; and the third, Truvor, in Isborsk. From them our land is called Rūs. After two years the brothers of Rurik died. He alone began to rule over the Novgorod district, and confided to his men the administration of the principal towns.'—*Wallace*, vol. i. pp. 280-1.

The reigning families in all the Russian principalities claimed a descent from Rurik during the seven centuries which elapsed till the final extinction of his line in the sixteenth century.

Like the most recent English historians in the parallel case, Mr. Wallace, after a thorough study of the subject, is inclined to reverse the judgment of the sceptical critics, and to accept the tradition in its essential point, the establishment of a Scandinavian principality over the Slavonians in the valley of the Volkhov, with its capital at Novgorod. The patriotic chronicler may have disguised a conquest under the fiction of a voluntary invitation. While the incidents of the story resemble the Teutonic invasion of Britain, the nature of the conquest bears a still greater likeness to that which was about the same time preparing for England by the settlement of Rolf the Ganger in Neustria.† The conquest was achieved, in both cases, not by a migrating nation but by a band of warriors—the chief and his companions, who became the nobles, called in Russian *boyars*—who were gradually absorbed among the conquered people, adopting their language and, in a great measure, their national sentiments and character; but Russia, unlike England, received the name of the conquering Rūs.‡ The new state also, like England

Varangians were Scandinavian 'Northmen,' or adventurers of various nations; but there seems little doubt that their chiefs were Scandinavians.

* One of the Scythian tribes mentioned above, on the northern shores of the Euxine.

† The date assigned to the conquest of Rurik is 862; that of the landing of Rolf in Neustria is 876.

‡ Various attempts have been made, though with little success, to find the original

England under the Normans, acquired something of the adventurous spirit of the conquerors; and as an agricultural people, seeking possession of new lands, their growth was henceforth in great measure a process of colonisation.

Launching their light 'keels' upon the Dnieper, the Varangian chieftains soon established their power at Kiev, a city of unknown antiquity, and well fitted by its strong position on the right bank of the river* to become their new capital, and the 'Mother of Russian Towns.' That title is said to have been given by Oleg, the kinsman of Rurik, and guardian of that chief's young son Igor, who in 882 transferred the seat of power from Novgorod to Kiev, putting to death the first Varangian conquerors of the city. Kiev held the supremacy for some generations, but Novgorod maintained the commercial consequence due to its site; and both capitals became centres of the trading ventures which the Scandinavians, when once settled in a country, pushed forward with the same energy that they threw into their piratical excursions. We need but refer to the passage in which Gibbon describes the Russians of Novgorod descending the streams that fall into the Borysthenes; their canoes laden with the slaves procured by conquest, piracy, or purchase, with the furs obtained from the rude hunters, the spoils of their beehives, and the hides of their cattle; discharging the produce of the North into the magazines of Kiev. Thence a summer fleet of more substantial galleys dropped down the Borysthenes into the Euxine, communicating with the heart of Europe by the mouths of the Danube, crossing the shores of Asia Minor, and paying their annual visit to the capital of the East. They brought back to their northern homes a rich return of corn, wine and oil, the manufactures of Greece, and the spices of India.

And here already our first glimpse of the Russians as a nation shows them, in the ninth century as in the nineteenth, threatening the tottering empire that had its seat at Constantinople. But there is this mighty difference: the Christian empire soon attracted the northern adventurers to friendship by a religious bond; the Moslem power challenges their perpetual enmity, not only by religious antagonism, but by its actual usurpation of the centre whence their Christian faith was learned. In

original of the Russians among the ancient names of tribes inhabiting Sarmatia. It is hardly safe, however, to assume, on the authority of the legend, that the name *Rus* belonged to the Varangian conquerors, and not to the conquered Slavonians.

* Good authorities derive the name from the height (*Kíev* in Slavonian) on which the city was built. There is little doubt that this part of the Dnieper valley was the original seat of the Russian nation.

both

both cases there was, and still is, the seductive attraction of the most favoured seat of natural advantages, wealth, and empire, on the surface of the earth. The Varangian chiefs no sooner beheld the magnificence and tasted the luxury of the city of the Greek Cæsars, than they came down upon it again and again in their character of pirates. Quarrels would easily spring out of the dealings between the northern traders and the Greek merchants; but the best pretext for attack was the prospect of success against the Empire, decaying through its internal weakness and distracted by the Saracens and other foes. As early as the third year after the foundation of Rurik's power (according to the chronicles) the Prince of Kiev dispatched a fleet of 200 canoes, (called by the Greeks *monoxyla*, as they were hollowed out of a single stem of beech and willow), which surprised Constantinople in the absence of the Emperor Michael, whose intercession with the Mother of God procured the repulse of the barbarians by a seasonable storm. The enterprise was repeated, with more numerous fleets of boats, by Oleg (904), by Igor, the son of Rurik (941), and a century later by his great-grandson, Yaroslav (1043); but generally repelled by the terrors of the Greek fire. These reiterated alarms, however, left on the superstitious Byzantines that impression of an end decreed by fate, which found utterance in the prophecy secretly inscribed on a statue of Bellerophon in the square of Taurus, that *the Russians in the last days should become masters of Constantinople*. Little could the Byzantine Cassandra have foreseen that the threat would still be suspended over the city four hundred years after the Greek Empire had succumbed to another power, then almost unknown; and as little, perhaps, could the historian have expected that his anticipation of the instant catastrophe would still read, a century later, as if written for to-day. 'Perhaps,' says Gibbon, 'the present generation may yet behold the accomplishment of the prediction, of which the style is ambiguous, and the date unquestionable.'

Before the last of these four assaults from Kiev, the Greek Empire and Church had formed a connection with the Russian Principality by the powerful bond of religious union and ascendancy, when the able and victorious Vladimir accepted Christianity, as the condition on which alone the joint Emperors Basil II. and Constantine IX. granted his suit for the hand of their sister, or cousin, Anna (985). This reception of Christianity from the Eastern capital, and not from Rome, was one of the most efficient causes in determining the whole course of Russia's subsequent progress and her relations to the old and new powers of Europe. It made her a sort of reversionary heir

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to the expiring Christian empire enthroned on the Bosphorus and enshrined at St. Sophia, and it linked her to the civilisation of the East instead of the West. The perpetuation of this idea of her national life is the leading sentiment of the old Russian party, which ascribes her whole departure from the right course to the Western influences first brought in by Peter the Great. As the city founded by that first 'Emperor,' on a German model, and with a German name, is the centre and type of the modern system, so the ancient capital of the Muscovite Tsars is still the home and heart of the old ideas of national life. The contrast is admirably drawn by Mr. Wallace in his two chapters on 'St. Petersburg and European Influence,' and on 'Moscow and the Slavophiles.'

The small party of literary enthusiasts, whose name of 'Slavophiles' signifies their intense attachment to the native Slavonic elements of Russian life, must not be confounded with the political advocates of 'Panslavism' as the aim and means of Russian aggrandisement. It is true that their sympathy with the whole Slavonic race assumes a form 'violently patriotic and bellicose' when excited by political complications in which that race is concerned, as they have shown by their active assistance to the Servians; and 'they seem to favour the idea of a grand Slavonic confederation, in which the hegemony would, of course, belong to Russia.' But the Eastern Question is with them quite subordinate to that of the internal state of Russia. 'By their theory they were constrained to pay attention to the Slav race as a whole, but they were more Russian than Slav, and more Muscovite than Russian. The Panslavistic element has consequently always occupied a secondary place in Slavophil doctrine.' It is of importance at the present time to understand that doctrine, as it was set forth to Mr. Wallace by the leading Slavophiles.

'The European world was represented as being composed of two hemispheres—the Eastern, or Græco-Slavonic, on the one hand, and the Western, or Roman Catholic and Protestant, on the other. These two hemispheres, it was said, are distinguished from each other by many fundamental characteristics. In both of them Christianity formed originally the basis of civilisation, but in the West it became distorted and gave a false direction to the intellectual development. By placing the logical reason of the learned above the conscience of the whole Church, Roman Catholicism produced Protestantism, which proclaimed the right of private judgment and consequently produced innumerable sects. The dry logical spirit which was thus fostered created a purely intellectual one-sided philosophy, which inevitably leads to utter scepticism, by blinding men to those great truths which lie above the sphere of reasoning and logic. The

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Græco-Slavonic world, on the contrary, having accepted Christianity not from Rome but from Byzantium, received pure Orthodoxy and true enlightenment; and was thus saved alike from Papal tyranny and from Protestant freethinking. Hence the Eastern Christians have preserved faithfully not only the ancient dogmas, but also the ancient spirit of Christianity—that spirit of pious humility, resignation, and brotherly love, which Christ taught by precept and example. If they have not yet a philosophy, they will create one, and it will far surpass all previous systems, for in the writings of the Greek Fathers are to be found the germs of a broader, a deeper, and a truer philosophy than the dry, meagre rationalism of the West—a philosophy founded not on the logical faculty alone, but on the broader basis of human nature as a whole.

‘The fundamental characteristics of the Græco-Slavonic world—so runs the Slavophil theory—have been displayed in the history of Russia. Whilst throughout Western Christendom the principle of individual judgment and reckless individual egotism have exhausted the social forces and brought society to the verge of incurable anarchy and inevitable dissolution, the social and political history of Russia has been harmonious and peaceful. It presents no struggles between the different social classes, and no conflicts between Church and State. All the factors have worked in unison, and the development has been guided by the spirit of pure Orthodoxy. But in this harmonious picture there is one big, ugly, black spot—Peter, falsely styled “the Great,” and his so-called reforms. Instead of following the wise policy of his ancestors, Peter rejected the national traditions and principles, and applied to his country, which belonged to the Eastern world, the principles of Western civilisation. His reforms, conceived in a foreign spirit, and elaborated by men who did not possess the national instincts, were forced upon the nation against its will, and the result was precisely what might have been expected. The “broad Slavonic nature” could not be controlled by institutions which had been invented by narrow-minded, pedantic, German bureaucrats, and like another Samson, it pulled down the building in which foreign legislators sought to confine it. The attempt to introduce foreign culture had a still worse effect. The upper classes, charmed and dazzled by the glare and glitter of Western science, threw themselves impulsively on the newly-found treasures, and thereby condemned themselves to moral slavery and intellectual sterility. Fortunately, however—and herein lay one of the fundamental principles of Slavophil doctrine—the common people had not been infected by the imported civilisation. Through all the changes which the administration and the noblesse underwent, the peasantry preserved religiously in their hearts “the living legacy of antiquity,” the essence of Russian nationality, “a clear spring welling up living waters, hidden and unknown, but powerful.”* To recover this lost legacy by studying the character, customs, and institutions of the peasantry,

* ‘This was one of the favourite themes of Khomiakof, the Slavophil poet and theologian.’

to lead the educated classes back to the path from which they had strayed, and to re-establish that intellectual and moral unity which had been disturbed by the foreign importations—such was the task which the Slavophiles proposed to themselves.'—Vol. ii. pp. 167-169.

When Vladimir I., whom Russia honours among her chief saints, died in 1015, he left the nascent monarchy already reaching from the Gulf of Finland nearly to the Carpathian Mountains, and from the borders of Poland and Lithuania to the banks of the Oka and the Volga, in which Eastern region he had founded the new princely city that bears his name. During the half-legendary period which ends with his reign, not one feeble ruler appears in the Russian annals. But the clear historic light into which we now emerge reveals the sources of confusion inherent in the constitution of the federal principality which had its seat at Kiev. By what is known as the system of the 'Appanages,' every descendant of Rurik was held to have a right to a separate principality, independent of all the other princes except the eldest, who ruled at Kiev, and bore the title of *Veliky Kniaz*,* or Grand Prince. The established order of succession being, not from father to son, but to the next brother or the eldest representative of the race, there was a constant shifting of rulers from principality to principality, involving rival claims to the supreme dignity, and tending to perpetual disorder and frequent civil wars.

These evils were partly suspended under such wise and powerful rulers as Yaroslav I. (1019-1054), who worthily continued the work of his father St. Vladimir, and gave Russia her first code, the 'Russkaya Pravda;' and again under his grandson, Vladimir II. (1113-1125), surnamed Monomachus, after his marriage with the daughter of Constantine Monomachus. Besides this matrimonial alliance, the name of Vladimir is connected with Constantinople by a cherished legend, which tells how he had carried his victorious arms into Thrace, when Alexis Comnenus, the son of Constantine, stayed his progress by a present of the regalia with which the Metropolitan of Ephesus crowned Vladimir at Kiev as Tsar of Russia.† These regalia are still preserved in the Treasury at Moscow, and are brought to view at the coronation of each new Tsar; and at least one sovereign of Russia, Catherine II., hoped and laboured to see

* This is the title which those writers who look at Russia through German spectacles have turned into 'Grand Duke,' and the principalities into 'Duchies.'

† This, not Czar, is the true form of the title, which was used by the Russians before the Tartar conquest, and was applied to the Greek emperor, whose city (Constantinople) was called Tsargrad. It was also used by the Tartars. We incline to trace its origin to the widespread fame of the title 'Cæsar.'

them used at the enthronement of her grandson Constantine beneath the dome of St. Sophia.

It was a natural result of the system of appanages, that the supremacy of Kiev, and the dignity of Grand Prince, should be envied and challenged by the rest; and, indeed, there must have been great strength in that federal sentiment which acquiesced in the headship of one city for nearly three centuries. The chief bond of union is to be sought in the Church; not so much in the harmonising influence and civilising gentleness of the Gospel of peace—for that, alas! in Eastern as in Western Europe, had become a dubious survival—but especially in the unity and organisation which the Church maintained, while the nation was rent in pieces. Amidst the divisions and strife of rival principalities, which shook the prince's throne at Kiev, there was always but one Metropolitan, seated beside him on the priest's throne,* and enjoying the undivided allegiance of the clergy. And here, again, is another parallel between the development of the Russian state in this age of divided principalities and that of England during the 'Heptarchy.' Each country received a fully formed ecclesiastical constitution from the centres of Eastern and Western Christianity respectively, which, besides the harmonising and mediating influence of the Church among the contending princes, held out to them a pattern of national unity, which was at last accomplished in the state.

Meanwhile, however, the dissensions came to a climax fatal to the power of Kiev, which city was stormed and pillaged in 1169 by Andrew, Prince of Vladimir, who assumed the dignity of Grand Prince. Henceforward the supremacy was held by Vladimir, or Souzdal (as Russian annalists call the principality from its older capital), till the whole system of severed principalities was overwhelmed in the common catastrophe of the Tartar conquest, out of which the Russian State emerged in a new form of union under the Tsars of Muscovy.

The achievements, contests, and disasters of the Princes during the period thus sketched throw into the shade those elements of popular life which may be traced from a time even earlier than the age of Rurik, and which form the most profitable study for all who wish to understand what Russia is, and to forecast her future part in the history of the world. It is in the treatment of this part of the subject that Mr. Wallace has rendered a service which, most valuable at any time, is inestimable at the present juncture. In conversing with Russians of all classes

* In the Russian, as in the Anglo-Saxon seats of dignity, there is that identity in the name for both (*stohl*, i.e., "stool," or "chair"), which we have lost in the modern English *throne* and *see*.

on the questions raised by the present crisis, we are always met by the remonstrance, 'Your people and statesmen in England think only of the Russian Government, its policy, traditions, and designs, real or imaginary, but they do not know the Russian people;' and that knowledge, we repeat, can only be intelligently gained from their history. The huge fabric of despotic Government, and the imposing part which it has empowered Russia to play in the drama of European politics during the last two centuries, have concealed, almost to obliteration, the two primitive elements of communal life among the peasantry and municipal liberties in the towns. The former is best discovered by plunging, as Mr. Wallace has done, into the life of the country districts; the latter by recurring to the annals which reveal a political condition that, to our present conceptions of Russia, may well appear a dream. During the whole period of divided Principalities, the towns preserved, in various degrees, a free constitution under the government of their *Vetché*, or Common Council, and of the general assembly of the citizens, summoned by the ringing of those famous bells, the transference of which to Moscow formed a collection of trophies of the extinguished liberties of Tver, Pskov, Novgorod, and the rest.

The record of those lost liberties is best traced in the annals of Novgorod, where they reached a height of almost Republican independence. Sheltered by its marshes from conquest either by rival princes or by foreign invaders, and enriched by the increasing commerce which poured through it as the Russian States grew in power and civilisation, the city of Rurik confessed little more than a nominal fealty to the distant Grand Prince at Kiev. Its virtual independence was proclaimed by the title, 'Lord Novgorod the Great;' and its prosperity exulted in the proverb, 'Who can resist God and the Great Novgorod?' The people chose their own prince, though always from the line of Rurik, and exacted from him an oath to respect their privileges. They associated with him civil and military chiefs, whom he was bound to consult; the real government was in the hands of the Council, with their *Posadnik* (that is, first or chief person); and every matter of interest might at any moment be submitted to the popular assembly at the summons of any one citizen who chose to ring the great bell. If the Prince displeased the people, he was called to account with the greatest plainness of speech, and his resistance was the signal for his dismissal. Of this we have a famous example, doubly interesting from its occurrence in the time of the Tartar domination. In 1270 Yaroslav, having obtained from the Tartar Khan the title of Grand Prince, was emboldened to attempt despotic rule. The great bell

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bell called the people together in the cathedral of St. Sophia to depose their Prince. His favourites were put to death, and an act of accusation was drawn against himself, in which, after being called to account for his special misdeeds in a series of pointed questions, he was told, 'Let thy oppression now cease; get away from us in God's name! We will find us another Prince.' If the Grand Prince attempted to stretch his supreme authority over these haughty citizens, they could raise no despicable force from their own territory, which included Ingria and Karelia, besides mercenaries; and there was always a danger of their allying themselves with Sweden and Lithuania. One Grand Prince who offended them was fain to use the mediation of the Metropolitan, who gave the Novgorodians a guarantee, in terms which would hardly be written in the name of a modern Tsar, say to the Poles: 'The Grand Prince has acted wrong towards you; but he is sorry for it all; he desires you to forgive him, and will behave better for the future. I will be bound for him, and beseech you to receive him with honour and dignity.'

Owing to its remote and defensible position, and the combination of high spirit in its citizens with the prudent policy of its most eminent Princes, Novgorod preserved its independence when the other Russian States succumbed, in the thirteenth century, to what is called the Tartar conquest.* That catastrophe is a most critical turning-point in Russian history, though the best authorities differ as to the question with which alone we are now concerned, namely, What has been its permanent influence on the character and destiny of Russia? Some readers may perhaps even need to have their minds disabused of the idea that the purely Slavonic Russian inherits much of the blood and character of the Tartar; a notion perpetuated in the literally *superficial* saying of Napoleon, 'Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare;' and improved upon by Captain Burnaby in the comment, that it is a gross injustice to the Tartar.† On the other hand, we cannot

* It is useless to attempt to restore the more correct orthography *Tatar* (or rather *Tah-tan*), in place of the form which has prevailed ever since St. Louis characterised the invaders as fiends from *Tartarus*. Not only the nomenclature of *Tartar*, *Turk*, and *Mongol*, but their precise ethnology, is involved in a degree of confusion which this is not the place to discuss. In the present connection the name *Tartar* may be the more readily adopted, as the Russian annalists call the Turkish subjects of the Mongol empire *Tataru*.

† Perhaps the gallant and able, but rather prejudiced traveller, had in his mind one of Baron Dupin's *bons mots*. When a member of the Left protested against the mention of the Red Republicans in connection with Robespierre, the President asked, "Does the honourable deputy wish to defend the character of Robespierre?"

accept the novel view of some Russian writers, headed by the historian Soloviev,* that the influence of the Tartars was no greater than that of the minor nomad tribes which occupied the south and east of Russia during the whole period of her early history. The opinion prevalent in Russia, and almost universal among foreign enquirers, regards this 'factor' as one of deep and lasting influence, extending to the present time. Mr. Wallace—who, in the candid prosecution of researches novel to him, is somewhat too much inclined to 'halt between two opinions'—keeps quite on the safe side when he says:—'It must be admitted that the Tartar domination, though it had little influence on the life and habits of the people, had a very deep and lasting influence on the political development of the nation.'†

We need only refer to the glowing pages of Gibbon for the rise of the Mongol Empire under Genghis Khan and his meteor-like conquests from China to the banks of the Volga. Of the many tribes brought under his dominion and serving under his banner, the Turks‡ of Western Central Asia would naturally form a large portion of the hordes that invaded Europe; and hence, though the conquering empire was Mongol, the actual conquerors were probably for the most part of the Turkish race. It was in 1223 that the vanguard of the Tartar hosts, pouring round the southern shores of the Caspian, turned the Caucasus by the pass of Derbend, and fell upon the Polovsti in what is now Southern Russia. These hitherto inveterate enemies applied to the Russian Princes for help against the common danger; but when their prayer was granted, they deserted their new allies in the fatal battle on the river Kalka, which flows into the Sea of Azov at Mariupol. The conquering horsemen, like the locusts which some suppose to be their prophetic symbol, laid waste the land as far as the Dnieper, and then suddenly wheeled round and retraced their steps to Asia. Fourteen years later they returned, a host of half a million cavalry, under Batu, the grandson of Genghis Khan, who, after one brief respite, completed in 1240 the conquest which reduced all the Russian States, except Novgorod, to tributary servitude. The great cities, Riazan, Moscow, Vladimir, Tchernigov, and princely Kiev itself, were sacked and burnt, with all the horrors that have been repeated and retaliated by both the rival races; and the towns and villages and fields of the industrious cultivators,

* Mr. Wallace (vol. i. p. 109) characterises the 'gigantic work of Solovyoff, or Solovief,' as 'simply a vast collection of valuable but undigested material.'

† Vol. ii. p. 69, in the chapter on 'The Tartar Domination.'

‡ This term is of course used here in its wide generic sense.

who had been slaughtered or made slaves while but a few had found refuge with their kindred Slavonians, were reduced almost to a fire-scathed desert.

After overrunning Hungary, Poland, and Moravia, and threatening Western Europe like another Attila, Batu received a check and led back his hosts to the region of the Lower Volga. There he founded the city of *Sarai*, the 'palace' of the Golden Horde, whence the Tartar Khans ruled the conquered principalities of Russia for 200 years.

'At Saray in the land of Tartarye

There dwelt a King that werryed Russye.' *

But the nature of their domination was widely different from the fury of the first conquest. The cruelties, which had served their purpose in crushing all military resistance and cowing the spirit of the people, were not wantonly continued over the land from which the Tartar rulers desired to draw a revenue, though they were ruthlessly renewed on the first effort of the reanimated nation to cast off their yoke. For no less than 150 years the land had such rest as its exhaustion allowed it to enjoy, and a breathing space for the revival of a new phase of existence. The catastrophe had cut short the old path of progress at the very point from which Western Europe began to enter on its constitutional life; and the form that at last emerged was altogether different from the rest and peculiar to Russia.

Mr. Wallace gives a very clear description of the conduct of the Tartar conquerors to their Russian subjects, and the process by which their relations to the subject Princes prepared the way for that new phase of Russian history—the Muscovite Tsardom:—

'In conquering Russia the Tartars had no wish to take possession of the soil, or to take into their own hands the local administration. What they wanted was not land, of which they had enough and to spare, but movable property which they might enjoy without giving up their pastoral nomadic life. They applied, therefore, to Russia the same method of extracting supplies as they had used in other countries. As soon as their authority had been formally acknowledged they sent officials into the country to number the inhabitants and to collect an amount of tribute proportionate to the population. This was a severe burden for the people, not only on account of the sum demanded, but also on account of the manner in which it was

* The opening of Chaucer's Squire's tale of 'Cambuscan bold.' The word *sarai* means 'mansion,' or 'palace,' and *seraglio* is its derivative. After the liberation of Russia from the Tartars, Sarai was sacked and burnt by a rival horde, its ruins were covered by the soil of the steppe and its very site was forgotten, till its remains were discovered by a Russian engineer in 1840. Full accounts of the excavations are given in the Russian 'Journal of the Minister of the Interior' for 1845, 1847, &c.—Ralston, pp. 114, 115.

raised. The exactions and cruelty of the tax-gatherers led to local insurrections, and the insurrections were of course always severely punished. But there was never any general military occupation of the country or any wholesale confiscations of land, and the existing political organisation was left undisturbed. The modern method of dealing with annexed provinces was totally unknown to the Tartars. The Khans never for a moment dreamed of attempting to Tartarise their Russian subjects. They demanded simply an oath of allegiance from the Princes, and a certain sum of tribute from the people. The vanquished were allowed to retain their land, their religion, their language, their courts of justice, and all their other institutions.

* * * * *

'Had the Khans of the Golden Horde been prudent, far-seeing statesmen, they might have long retained their supremacy over Russia. In reality they showed themselves miserably deficient in political talent. Seeking merely to extract from the country as much tribute as possible, they overlooked all higher considerations, and by this culpable shortsightedness brought about their own political ruin. Instead of keeping all the Russian Princes on the same level and thereby rendering them all equally feeble, they were constantly bribed or cajoled into giving to one or more of their vassals a pre-eminence over the others. At first this pre-eminence seems to have consisted in little more than the empty title of Grand Prince; but the vassals thus favoured soon transformed the barren distinction into a genuine power, by arrogating to themselves the exclusive right of holding direct communications with the Horde, and compelling the minor Princes to deliver to them the Tartar tribute. If any of the lower Princes refused to acknowledge this intermediate authority, the Grand Prince could easily crush them by representing them at the Horde as rebels who did not pay their tribute. Such an accusation would cause the accused to be summoned before the Supreme Tribunal, where the procedure was extremely summary and the Grand Prince had always the means of obtaining a decision in his own favour.

'Of all the Princes who strove in this way to increase their influence, the most successful were the Princes of Moscow. They were not a chivalrous race, or one with which the severe moralist can sympathise, but they were largely endowed with cunning, tact, and perseverance, and were little hampered by conscientious scruples. Having early discovered that the liberal distribution of money at the Tartar court was the surest means of gaining favour, they lived parsimoniously at home, and spent their savings at the Horde. To secure the continuance of the favour thus acquired, they were ready to form matrimonial alliances with the Khan's family, and to act zealously as his lieutenants. When Novgorod, the haughty, turbulent Republic, refused to pay the yearly tribute, they quelled the insurrection and punished the leaders; and when the inhabitants of Tver rose against the Tartars and compelled their Prince to make common cause with them, the wily Muscovite hastened to the Tartar court

court and received from the Khan the revolted principality, with 50,000 Tartars to support his authority.

Thus those cunning Moscow Princes "loved the Tartars beyond measure" so long as the Khan was irresistibly powerful, but as his power waned they stood forth as his rivals. When the Golden Horde, like the great Empire of which it had once formed a part, fell to pieces, these ambitious Princes read the signs of the times, and put themselves at the head of the liberation movement, which was at first unsuccessful, but ultimately freed the country from the hated Tartar yoke.

From this brief sketch of the Tartar domination the reader will readily perceive that it did not by any means Tartarise the country. The Tartars never settled in Russia Proper, and never amalgamated with the people. So long as they retained their semi-pagan, semi-Buddhistic religion, a certain number of their notables became Christians, and were absorbed by the Russian Noblesse; but as soon as the Horde adopted Islam, this movement was arrested. There was no blending of the two races such as has taken place—and is still taking place—between the Russian peasantry and the Finnish tribes of the North. The Russians remained Christians, and the Tartars remained Mahometans; and this difference of religion raised an impassable barrier between the two nationalities.—Vol. ii. pp. 64-69.

The Prince of Moscow,* who is regarded as the founder of the Muscovite power, was Ivan I.† (1328-1340). Most of the other cities were subjected to his rule, and even Novgorod was made to pay the Tartar taxes, by farming which he enriched himself. His friendship with the Tartars secured his subjects from the harrying of their homes and the captivity of their children. The growing power of Ivan was cemented by the favour of the clergy, to whom the Russian people—always deeply devout according to their own somewhat formal standard of religion—looked for their chief solace under the woes of the Tartar servitude. The clergy were sensible of the strength the Church would gain by connection with one strong principality; and Moscow now became the see of the Metropolitan, a dignity first held by Kiev, and afterwards by Vladimir.

The opportunity for casting off the barbarian yoke was prepared by the conquests of Timour and the wars among the Tartar tribes, which gave a death-blow to the power of the Golden Horde. When Ivan III. succeeded to the Muscovite principality, in 1462, there were three Tartar hordes settled on

* As with many other old-fashioned English forms of foreign names, the name *Muscovy* is nearer to the truth than the first Germanized and then mispronounced *Moscow*. It is properly *Moskva*, from the river on which it stands, whose name, like *Oka*, *Kama*, and others, bears witness to the long survival of the Finnish element in central Russia.

† The Russian form of 'John.'

the eastern and southern borders ; those of Kazan on the Middle Volga, which even now retains strong Tartar characteristics ; the Golden Horde at Sarai ; and those of Krim Tartary on the Azov and Euxine, whose name survives in the Crimea. Having formed an alliance with the last, and made successful war upon the first, Ivan is said to have been encouraged by his wife Sophia, niece of the last Greek Emperor, who reigned at the now fallen Constantinople,* to refuse the humiliating ceremony with which the Grand Princes were wont to receive the Tartar ambassadors at Moscow. The details have a legendary aspect ; but the certain issue is as strange as any legend. The vast force led by Ahmed Khan to avenge the insult remained the whole summer and autumn encamped idly on the river Ugra, even after the Russian army had retreated from the opposite bank ; and the withdrawal of Ahmed to Sarai, where he was soon after slain by a rival Khan, marked the virtual dissolution of the Tartar dominion over Russia (1480).

Like the mighty waters whose deposits have built up the crust of our globe, the flood of Tartar domination has left a well-defined stratum in the formation of the Russian State. It formed the first of the two epochs, at which the constitutional development of Russia took a fatal turn towards absolutism. Having cut short the hope that the early germs of freedom would bear the same fruit as in Western Europe, it prepared and enabled the Muscovite Tsars to found the Asiatic despotism, on which the Petersburg emperors engrafted an autocracy and bureaucracy of German origin. The despotism, which is the one o'ermastering evil of Russia, was not—as some admirers of paternal government seem to think—a natural development of the old Slavonian patriarchal life, in which as Mr. Wallace clearly shows, the power of the head of the family and of the village commune is never able to prevail over the general wish. There, as in every country and age of the world, despotism has been an usurpation, actually subversive of well-regulated order, not a natural growth of high authority. The former princes of Russia had learnt part of the evil lesson from the Byzantine Cæsars ;† but the Tartar rule left the fatal legacy to the Muscovite Tsars. As Mr. Ralston truly says (p. 202), 'The princes, being forced to be servile to the Tartars at Sarai or the Mongol Khans in Central Asia, compelled their subjects to

* Constantine XIII. Paleologus was killed in the storming of Constantinople by the Turks, May 29th, 1453.

† We may trace back to the Byzantine empire and the ecclesiastical discipline the frequent and cruel corporal punishments, which some regard as an inheritance left to Russia by the Tartars.

be servile to them; and so the spirit of manly independence which appears to have once prevailed throughout Russia, and which continued to manifest itself in Novgorod and Pskov long after it had expired in the rest of the country, became transmuted into a somewhat abject mood of loyalty.' This political servility is the more conspicuous from its contrast with the air of personal independence, verging on churlishness, in all the common relations of life with their superiors, which is familiar to all who know the Russian peasants.

Such was the price paid for that elimination of the weaker elements in the state which the Tartar conquest effected by overthrowing the 'Appanage' principalities, and for the consolidation of Russia into a strong monarchy under Ivan III. By skilful policy, rather than by force, he absorbed the remnants of the old federal system, reducing the princes to officers of state; and the coincidence in time of this change with the collapse of the feudal system in western Europe deserves notice the more as an occasion for observing that the feudal system never prevailed in Russia in any form. The one remaining hindrance to his absolute power lay in the freedom still preserved and cherished by Novgorod and her colony and sister Pskov. Ivan's dealing with these seats of commerce, which enriched his people and himself, is a striking example of the short-sighted selfishness of despotism, which never hesitates to sacrifice its own real advantage, besides the welfare of its subjects, to the one supreme object of maintaining its power. A brief war forced Novgorod to accept Ivan as its ruler on condition of governing the city according to its ancient laws (1471). But within seven years a pretext was found for a second attack; and on the 15th of January, 1478, the men of Novgorod yielded up their independence to Ivan as their despotic sovereign (*Gosudar*). But its old spirit was not utterly crushed, even when Ivan removed thousands of Boyars and merchants, with their families, to other provinces, replacing them by Muscovites; till, on a fresh charge of conspiracy with Lithuania, Ivan the Terrible sacked the city, and, amidst a general massacre, gave in the waters of the Volkhov a despotic precedent for the republican *noyades* of Nantes (1570).* Meanwhile, Pskov,

* This one among many examples of the parallel excesses of despotism and self-styled liberty is noticed by an historian contemporary with the Reign of Terror. Mr. Tooke ('History of Russia,' vol. ii. p. 295, n.), in describing Ivan IV.'s new bodyguard of the *Opritchniki*, or 'elect,' who were also spies, *delators*, and executioners, adds, 'These *Opritchniki* were precisely what the company of Marat was some years ago in France, who drowned the royalists at Nantes. Ivan likewise caused a number of people to be brought on a frozen river, then had the ice cut round them, on which the poor wretches fell in and perished in the water.'

which

which in jealous rivalry had joined Ivan III. against Novgorod, had accepted the sovereignty of his son, Vassily III.,* and the last remnant of Russia's old municipal liberties was extinguished on the 13th of January, 1510.

There remain two indirect but lasting results of the Tartar domination. First, it gave the opportunity for that great development of the power of Lithuania, now united to Poland by the marriage of its Grand Prince Yagellon with the heiress of the Polish crown, which raised the old rivalry between Russia and her western Slavonic neighbours into a deadly feud, aggravated by the difference of religion.† But the loss which Russia thus suffered on the west was in great measure compensated by the consolidation of her power under the Muscovite Tsars.

The other feud with the Turkish race (in the wide generic sense) assumed a new and lasting shape from the taking of Constantinople by the Ottomans just before the liberation of Russia from the Tartar yoke. As Mr. Wallace says in his thoughtful chapter 'On the Eastern Question':—

'All through the long Tartar domination, when nomadic hordes held the valley of the Dnieper and formed a barrier between Russia and Southern Europe, the capital of the Greek-Orthodox world was remembered and venerated by the Russian people, and in the fifteenth century it acquired in their eyes a new significance. At that time the relative positions of Constantinople and Moscow were changed. Constantinople fell under the power of the Turks, while Moscow threw off the yoke of the Tartars—the northern representatives of the Turkish race. The Grand Prince of Moscow and of all Russia thereby became the chief protector of the Greek-Orthodox Church, and in some sort the successor of the Byzantine Tsars. To strengthen this claim he married a member of the old Imperial family, and his successors went further in the same direction, by assuming the title of Tsar, and inventing a fable about their great ancestor Rurik being a descendant of Cæsar Augustus.'—Vol. ii. pp. 443-4.

All the animosity engendered by two centuries of servitude was combined with the indignation roused by the intrusion of the followers of the false prophet into the seat of the Greek empire and religion. Policy may waver, the counsels of ambition and of prudence may oscillate in the scales; but the undying feud of the Russian *people* against the Turk has no end that political wisdom can forecast.

* The Russian form of the Greek name *Basil*.

† The Poles, who received Christianity from Rome, and were for some time included in the 'Holy Roman Empire,' were—as the remnant of the nation still are—as devoted to the Roman Catholic Church as the Russians to the Orthodox Greek Faith. Yagellon passed over from the Greek to the Latin Church as a condition of his marriage with Jadwiga in 1386, and his people, who had till now remained heathen, adopted the same faith.

Under Vassily III. despotism advances to the stage in which the Tsar is looked up to as God's vicegerent upon earth, and the people have learnt to say of all perplexing questions, 'God and the Gosudar will see to that.' His younger brother, Ivan IV., well-named the 'Terrible,' is a striking example of the madness which forms the self-bred Nemesis of despotism, just as Paul afterwards followed Peter the Great.

The usurper Boris Godunov, who murdered one son of Ivan IV. to ensure his succeeding the other, placed the topstone on the despotic edifice raised by the Muscovite Tsars, by the institution of serfdom. Former Tsars had fettered the free communal life of the peasantry by many restrictions, and they had been reduced to the position of labourers on the land which they once owned in common; but Boris enacted a law forbidding them to leave the land on which they then lived, except by the consent of the proprietor (Nov. 24th, 1597). Thus, at the great epoch formed by the transition from the 16th to the 17th century, when Western Europe had thrown off feudal serfdom, and entered on a new career of civilisation founded on the common interests of all classes, that very peasantry who had preserved most of the free communal life of their Aryan forefathers were reduced to slavery as *adscripti glebæ*, and were placed by a semi-Tartar usurper 'under that system of serfdom which, after his time, becoming wider and more intense as years go by, will, for two centuries and a half, do its worst to crush the life out of the common people of Russia.*' Our present purpose does not require us to trace the scenes of confusion at home and invasion by the armies of Poland and Lithuania, amidst which the long line of Rurik ended on the 11th of July, 1610.

The victorious Polish army now forced on the Boyars of Moscow the humiliation of accepting a Tsar from their heretic rivals, in the person of Ladislas, son of King Sigismund, without even the show of consulting the nation; and a Polish army entered Moscow (Sept. 19th). But orthodox Russia, encouraged by the zeal and guided by the prudent counsels of the Patriarch Hermogenes and the Archimandrite Dionysius, rose against this climax of insult. A General Assembly was held at Nijny Novgorod (Oct. 1611) to organise a revolt; and an army marched on Moscow, which surrendered, after suffering the worst extremities of famine, before the end of 1612. An Assembly of the Estates met on the 21st of February, 1613, to elect a Tsar; and, after full discussion of many claims, Michael Románov, a youth

* Balston, p. 156.

of sixteen, (son of Fedor Nikitich Románov, a noble of Prussian extraction, and Metropolitan of Rostof,) was crowned Tsar of Russia, on the 11th of July, 1613. The house of Románov is said still to reign in Russia; but it is in a sense so modified as to be really a fiction, and probably a falsehood. To those who imagine that despotism conduces to an orderly succession, we commend the study of the complicated pedigree of the descendants of Peter the Great and his brother Ivan, with its repeated infusions of German blood and its successions by female usurpation, irregular election, and murder; the two Alexanders being the only Tsars since Peter who have succeeded their fathers. Nay, more; if the general belief be true, both of them, together with all the Tsars from Paul inclusive, are utter strangers to the blood of Románov.*

The manner and conditions of Michael Románov's election might seem at first sight to have given a hope of Russia's entering anew on the path of constitutional freedom. He was not invested with the title of Autocrat,† which had been borne by all the Tsars from Ivan III., and in the Act of his election many important rights were stipulated for the people. But those rights were no longer in the safeguard of an independent order of nobles, nor of a middle class, such as had founded and extended the liberties of England. Nor was it a time for constitutional reforms when Russia was still struggling with her Polish rivals, shorn of her Baltic provinces by the might of Gustavus Adolphus, and cut off from the Euxine and the Danube by the Turks and Tartars. Well-meant efforts at legal reform earned the title of 'Father of his Country' for Alexei, the son of Michael, who has scarcely received due credit for sketching some of the better parts of the work achieved by his son, Peter the Great. And when the marvellous energy and indomitable will of Peter secured for Russia the extension and consolidation which gave her a place among the great states of Europe, the opportunity of resuming constitutional progress was sacrificed to the desire for naval and military strength as the means of imperial power. Neglecting, or more probably unfitted by his rude nature to receive, the great civil lessons which he might have learnt while living in England and Holland, Peter took for

* The general belief referred to is that Paul, who succeeded Catherine II., as her son by her murdered husband, Peter III., was in reality the son of neither, but a supposititious child of a peasant family.

† The Russian word, *Samoderjetz*, literally means *self-holder*, and is expressed in the ukases issued in German by *Selbsthalter*; being derived from *sam* 'self,' and *derju* 'I keep or hold.' In the full title, *Samoderjetz vserossyiskie* (or, for a tsaritz, *Samoderitza vserossyiskaja*), the second word is an adjective, which is fairly, rather than exactly, represented by the phrase 'of All the Russias.'

his model the imperial and bureaucratic despotism of Germany, and proclaimed this choice, as well as his wide-reaching ambition, by assuming the title of Emperor* in addition to Tsar and Autocrat. The combination was but too significant of 'the terrorism which was largely used by the Muscovite Tsars, and brought to a climax by Peter the Great equally in both Church and State.'†

The better knowledge generally possessed of the history of Russia during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries renders it needless to illustrate the working and growth of this new despotism of military drill and German bureaucracy under the successors of Peter. Their foreign conquests and aggressive designs form too large a subject, and are at this moment too much mingled with exciting disputes, to be mixed up with the constitutional and social elements of the life of Russia.

Among those elements, we have thus far traced the historic course of that one which gradually absorbed and overpowered the patriarchal freedom of the peasantry, the municipal liberties of the great cities, and the independent privileges of the nobles; subjecting all to the will of one Autocrat, and administered by a host of officials, whose caprice and corruption were only held in check by the stern account to which their master often called them. That despotism reached a grandeur at once imposing and repulsive under Catherine, and found in some sense its term in the inflexible, but narrow-minded self-will of Nicholas. No sovereign had ever a freer course to prove the unbounded power of doing good, which it was once the fashion to ascribe to a 'benevolent despotism;' and we need not relate the failure of the system which collapsed under the test of the Crimean War, and brought himself to a despairing end.

It was that catastrophe which revealed the necessity of a change, and brought to the front the social elements, hitherto overshadowed but not extinguished, in which those who saw beneath the surface of the Russian state hoped to find the elements of regeneration. Impelled by his own generous wisdom, and taught by his father's failure, the present Emperor began the work of reformation, and immortalised his name—whatever other burthens it may have to bear—by the emancipation of the

* In this title of the Russian sovereigns the word is used in the Latin form, *Imperator* and *Imperatrix*, not as an equivalent to, but in conjunction with that of Autocrat (*Samoderjetz*). The stress laid on both in all the documents of the Románovs is very significant. Its merely formal retention in the proclamation of the Empress Anne was taken advantage of as being a sufficient discharge of that sovereign from the constitutional obligations accepted by her when she was invited to the throne.

† Wallace, vol. ii. p. 186.

serfs. And now, in the working of that most necessary measure but vast experiment, in the reforms of the judicial system and local administration, and in the upheaving of the social forces which have been long kept down, Russia under Alexander II. presents a spectacle at home which would be far more interesting than its foreign aspect, were it not that the latter affects the interest and safety of other nations. Nor, indeed, can the two be separated; for the internal state of Russia explains much that seems strange and wild in her foreign policy; and the direction of that policy is a chief determining element in her past career and her future fate.

Her greatness as a European and Asiatic Power has been purchased at the incalculable cost of withdrawing from agricultural industry so large a part of a population already small in proportion to the soil,* that the military force which will be on foot, when the new organisation of the army is completed in imitation of the German military system, is reckoned at *nearly two millions of men*. While the vastness of a force manifestly unnecessary for defence, and therefore a standing menace of aggression, inspires a distrust in other nations, which makes it vain to talk of 'concert' where confidence is wanting; and while the evil feeds itself and wastes the social system with every new expedition and annexation; her protectionist system severs the closest bond of union with the rest of Europe, deprives her of the wealth which old Russia had begun to reap a thousand years ago from the constant stream of commerce flowing between the needy North and the exuberant East, and prevents the formation of that middle class which has proved, in the rest of Europe, at once the instrument of material prosperity and the centre of political stability, harmonising freedom and order. Industry and the true foundations of civilisation have been sacrificed to a military greatness which has broken down under the first decisive test; and there was not wanting an ironical contrast in the erection by the present government of Russia of a monument at *Novgorod* to celebrate the millenary festival of the nation (1862).

The statesman who chose for the model of the Russian autocracy a pyramid in the midst of a desert, failed to take into account the treacherous foundation of the solitary edifice, and the teeming life scattered over the desert, though invisible from the height assumed by the politician. Neither the old

* Mr. Wallace reckons the population of all European Russia at about 14 to the square verst (the *verst*, linear, is approximately two-thirds of a mile), and that of the most fertile and densely-inhabited part, 40 to the square verst; the average population of Great Britain for a similar area being 114.

nobility, long since reduced to a class of courtiers or living apart upon their lands, nor the new official nobility who have eclipsed them, have any weight in the country or influence over public opinion, which can bring real strength and support to the sovereign power; but it is very possible that, as chiefs of the military force, they may yet strike the blow destined to subvert the fabric of autocracy. That fabric is in no danger—at present or in any future yet foreseen—from the peasantry, whose devotion to the Tsar, as the temporal and spiritual head of the whole Russian race, is a feeling of the most sacred obligation; though there is a constant menace to the world in the power of the sovereign whose slightest sign can evoke a fanatical response from eighty millions of men. 'I am not drawn for the conscription'—said our peasant-driver at the time of the Moscow speech—'but it would be a shame to keep at home when my *father* is going to war.' The great problem is, whether the social life, which has survived among the peasantry, supplies the elements for that reconstruction of the whole Russian state, the necessity of which is confessed by the reforms already instituted.

The materials which Mr. Wallace has contributed towards the solution of this problem can only be appreciated by the study of his work as a whole. The reader will be amply repaid by the masterly sketch of the ancient patriarchal society which has been maintained in the village communes; the story of how they have been preserved from perishing beneath the deluge of despotism and the crushing yoke of serfdom; their relations, both under the old and new system, to the proprietors, various types of whom, both of the old and new school, are sketched with graphic skill; the story of the emancipation of the serfs by the present Emperor in 1861; and the consequences of that bold and generous act—the one good use to which the despotic power of the Tsars has been put—both for the landed proprietors and for the peasantry themselves. How mingled are the results of good and evil, and how serious a proportion is borne by the latter, is still more fully set forth in Mr. Michell's able Consular Reports.

These reports, however, have been to a great extent superseded by the very strength of the confirmation added by official authority to the statements in them which gave most offence to the Russian Government. In consequence partly of Mr. Michell's Reports, an Imperial Commission was appointed in 1872 to inquire into the condition of agriculture in Russia; and the Report which it presented in 1873 gave the following picture

picture of the industrial, moral, and religious condition of the peasantry:—

'All the information and evidence obtained by the Commission points to a considerable development in the observance by the peasantry of holidays which are not established by the Church, and which reduce, to the prejudice of the productiveness of the country and the moral interests of the people, the sum-total of working days available for agriculture. It is supposed that the clergy not only fail to hinder an increase in the number of holidays, but that they even promote that increase. In addition to the waste of time that would otherwise be available for labour, those holidays are accompanied by another evil—namely, by an augmentation of the frequency of cases in which the use of alcoholic drinks is abused. As regards the statements made to the Commission on the subject of the development of a baneful passion for drink among the agricultural classes, and with respect to the injurious influence of idleness and drunkenness on peasant life and generally on the peasant economy, the Commission must first of all direct attention to the fact that the complaints on the subject of drunkenness refer principally to the provinces of Great Russia, considerably less to those of Little Russia, and scarcely at all to the western and Baltic provinces. In the provinces of Great Russia drunkenness prevails not only in an individual but also in a public form. The incentive to such drunkenness is to be found not only in the numerous family and church holidays, but also in the forms of rural self-government. Few village (communal) meetings terminate without scenes of drunkenness. Business is settled at those meetings under the influence of treating with vodka (corn brandy). Fines are imposed in the form of vodka. Such facts, even if desultory in their occurrence, prove that the passion for drink has taken deep root in the national character, and that the people look upon drunkenness from a peculiar point of view, without in the least recognising its moral indecency.'

This account is confirmed by an overwhelming mass of evidence from various provinces of European Russia, testifying to the increase of immorality, drunkenness, and dishonesty among the peasants, the degraded and despised condition of the clergy, the general want of education, and the little improvement as yet made through the better schools established by the *Zemstvo*, or local administrative boards. We can afford space only for a few samples of this mass of evidence. In one district of Moscow it is reported that 'the people have given themselves up entirely to drink, and are morally corrupted, so that no confidence can be placed in them. There is no respect for the rights of property; robbery is daily on the increase; horse-stealing has assumed frightful proportions.' The sources of this demoralisation are sought in the decline of religion and the

the increase of drunkenness; and the laziness encouraged by the holidays of the Greek Church, which absorb more than one-third of the whole year.

Thus in Moscow, 'the churches are empty, the drinking-shops are full;' in another province 'holidays and drunkenness have caused a decline in morality. Robbery is so developed that a wife robs her husband, the children their parents, and the stolen goods are carried to the dram-shop. . . . The peasants have become poorer, owing to excessive drunkenness. The population may be divided into those who sell drink and those who consume it. Entire anarchy reigns. Everything is done for vodka and by vodka.'

There is special interest in the evidence of Mr. Aksakoff, who has attracted so much attention lately as a chief organ of the Slavophiles:—

'A decline in morality and a falling off in the performance of religious duties are very apparent among the peasantry. The principal causes are first, the very small moral influence which the clergy exercise over the rural population, owing both to their material dependence upon the peasantry, and also very frequently to an insufficient appreciation of their own dignity and of the sacredness of their office; secondly, the absence of schools, and consequently the absence of all civil and religious instruction; thirdly, the absence of the influence of the church and the school, and its replacement by the influence of the dram-shop. Drunkenness is immeasurably on the increase, and is destroying the Russian people, physically and morally.'

If we ask what is done to counteract these evils by local authorities and the influence of clergy, we have such answers as the following. In the provinces of Voronej and Tambov—

'The village mayors are entirely in the hands of the populace, which has no confidence in them. The mayor stands uncovered before the village assembly, and is sometimes forced to retire to a dram-shop together with the rest of the villagers. As a police-officer, the mayor of a village is only the instigator or the agent through whom all police regulations are systematically evaded. Such a state of things may be called an entire absence of government. It keeps the peasantry in their present path of "self-will" (lawlessness), leads to the absence of all public order and decorum, to depravity, robbery, drunkenness, &c. Moral dissolution, utter impoverishment and bankruptcy of the taxpayer—these are the final results of the present state of affairs. The rights of property were never very strictly observed by the peasantry, and it is the same now. Crimes against those rights are not only daily but hourly on the increase. Their number cannot be estimated from the cases that are tried, because an immense proportion of crimes go unpunished, owing to the difficulties that surround the obtaining of legal evidence.'

In

In the province of Moscow the commune is described as 'a great despot, which prevents the peasant from working when a popular saint, or an image of St. Nicholas, the miracle-worker, is expected in the village.' The religion of the Russian peasantry is proverbial; but Mr. Wallace's caution as to its character is confirmed by the report from Vladimir:—

'It is known that the lower classes only observe the outward forms of religion. After listening to the liturgy they entirely forget what they have heard in church. In this respect, it is important to observe that the servants of the Church confine themselves to the performance of religious rites, and, not rising above the people in intellectual development, they give way to exactly the same acts which form so painful a feature in peasant life; so that the rural population, with no example to guide them in the path of morality, are not able to withstand temptation. A reduction in the number of dram-shops and a strict supervision over those whose duty it is to propagate morality appear to be indispensable measures.'

The effect of holidays is described in the evidence from Novgorod:—

'Holidays,' said the witness, 'are increasing beyond measure; any circumstance that may have had a beneficial effect in one commune is a holiday for all; the peasants go to the church, ask the priest to perform mass, take up the church banners, go to a neighbouring village, where they remain roystering and giving way to debauchery, and ending each day in obliviousness and indecency. Sometimes, in consequence of such holidays, the peasants leave their new-cut hay for a week, allow the most favourable time for stacking it to pass, and the result is that when autumn comes they have no food for their cattle; whereas if they had properly attended to their hay they would have had abundance of fodder. These holidays are the ruin of villages; the peasants throw themselves in masses into a village and eat up everything they find, and the villages thus visited proceed in their turn to a neighbouring commune and also consume everything.'

From Tchernigov, one of the oldest seats of Christianity in Russia, we have the following exhaustive account of the condition of the clergy, and the slight esteem in which they are held:—

'A great indifference of the peasantry towards the Church is observable. The archbishop appealed personally for the formation of a Church fund, but the peasants refused to contribute, and said they were quite agreeable to their church being closed. Having inquired into this subject in several localities, I have arrived at the conviction that an indifference towards religion exists among the peasantry to such an extent that it is extremely desirable that attention should be bestowed upon it, for in the absence of religion a man mentally undeveloped can scarcely be a trustworthy citizen. However,

ever, I do not say this as a reproach to the peasantry, who are now developing themselves in a civil respect. I have only stated a fact taken from real life, and have made a direct deduction from it. As regards the influence of the clergy over the people, the former are certainly interested in counteracting such an indifference towards the Church; but the strength of the clergy is unequal to the task. They owe their material welfare to the peasantry, receiving from them payment for every rite which they perform. Although the parishioners are allowed to elect their own priests, yet the conditions laid down with that object are somewhat onerous for a rural commune; namely, the salary of a priest is fixed at a very considerable figure in relation to the means of the greater number of the rural communes, and over and above this an obligatory rate of payment is fixed for the performance of certain rites which the peasantry do not wish to have celebrated, such as prayers before fasts, &c. I was an eye-witness when a certain large commune was invited to elect a priest. The peasants said outright that, as they had been granted the right of making such an election, they should also have the right of making an agreement with the priest in respect to his salary; but that "if the law required the commune to pass a resolution electing the priest and binding the commune to pay for the performance of rites which we do not require, we are in a difficulty as to such election."

As to the state of education, there is sad testimony to the indifference of the clergy; and the improved schools of the Zemstvo have a hard struggle with the apathy of the peasants. Thus at Minsk 'the schools have no influence whatever on the population. The young men who are sent to teach reading and writing are mostly unmarried and of frail morality. In winter they have a few boys to instruct, but in summer they do nothing but debauch, and thus demoralise the people by deed and by example. The teachers belong principally to the priesthood; they are at a low level of civilisation and education, without families; and as their lives would otherwise be dull, they give way to drunkenness and dissipation.' At Smolensk 'the schools are in a melancholy condition. The rural clergy, who are not distinguished for their knowledge of reading and writing, for their culture or their morality, are bad instructors. The peasants, therefore, engage old soldiers, who teach for the sake of a piece of bread.' At Kazan, 'there are many schools. The parochial schools conducted by the clergy are very bad; those of the Zemstvo are good.' At Grodno, 'the schools are not very well frequented, although numerous (forty). The peasants are averse from sending their children to school, for fear of their wishing to become writers or gentry. Unless under compulsion, children are not sent to school, so that the latter are occupied only by teachers in receipt of salaries.' At St. Petersburg,

'although the Zemstvo and the Government assist in the establishment of schools, yet the influence of the latter is still very slight. There are no good teachers, only drunken students from ecclesiastical seminaries.' At Tchernigov, 'the schools have hitherto not been used by the peasantry, but since the last two or three years there has been a strong desire to acquire knowledge. This is probably owing to the expected reform of the law of military conscription, rumours of which are propagated by old soldiers. Drunkenness, however, has begun to increase.'

The experiment of emancipation is hampered by hindrances arising from the character of all the parties whose co-operation is needed for its good working. The good-natured, but stolid and lazy peasant, is only willing to work so much as is absolutely needful to supply the few wants of his hard and frugal life, and to pay his taxes. The proprietor, disgusted and exasperated at the indolence from which he suffers, is offended at the air of churlish independence, always natural to the Russian peasant, and now aggravated by the new pride of freedom. The result has been a wider division of classes, than even under that servitude which at least defined their social relations plainly, and often bore the redeeming fruit of kindly condescension in the master, and devoted attachment in the serf. This social severance makes it almost impossible for the proprietor and the emancipated peasant to meet on any common ground, at the very time when their co-operation is most needed to make their new relations the foundation of a better social order. The faults of both parties may be illustrated by a conversation which we lately heard in a Russian railway carriage between a proprietor and an English resident. 'These *mujiks*'—said the Russian—'were invented to be our curse!' 'Perhaps,' rejoined the Englishman, who knows them well, 'they think you born to be their prey.' There is a widespread feeling among the peasantry that the work of emancipation is but half done; to restore them to their natural right of personal liberty is but a partial boon, without the *land* which they claim as having belonged to them from the time when Russia was Russia.

It remains to be seen how this divergence and antagonism can be overcome, or rather what natural forces will come into play to correct it. All that the Government has hitherto attempted, by the establishment of provincial and district boards—though restoring the model of a free local government in which proprietors and peasants are equally represented, and by which good local work is done—has nevertheless failed to create between the two classes any real community of feeling. The proprietor looks on the peasant as an instrument necessary for

for obtaining any profit from his land: the peasant regards the proprietor as a reserve whence he may hire land or draw wages as necessity may force him: but beyond this exchange of necessary uses, there is a mutual antipathy in all their ideas, personal, social, and religious—for the modern proprietor, besides being an aristocrat in his feelings and a gentleman in his habits, is wont to scorn the devotion of the Russian peasant.

The harmonising influence of religion, so powerful in other lands, is here a force failing when most needed. The parish clergy, depending on the peasants for nearly all their subsistence, and scarcely above them in social rank, habits, and opinions, have lost all respect and consideration. For further evidence on this large topic we must be content to refer to Mr. Wallace's discussion of the position of the clergy, but not without guarding our readers against the exaggerated influence which he ascribes to the tyranny of the superior ecclesiastics, who are of the 'Black Clergy,' or monastic orders. At all events some strong ecclesiastical discipline seems necessary to control the propensities of the common clergy. We have ourselves been obliged to lock up in his own cellar a parish priest so drunk at his own daughter's marriage as to be a scandal even to a Russian village; and a friend of ours has seen a drunken priest belabouring his whole congregation with the branch he had just dipped in holy water to asperse them. There is at present then little hope for the reunion of classes from the Government or the clergy.

One of the few certainties in the immediate future is the extinction of the present class of proprietors, who are still imbued with the traditions of serfdom. This is being rapidly effected by the improvident habits which such a system always engenders, and accelerated by the reckless action of the Government in the institution of Land Banks all over the country, which have offered the proprietors fatal facilities for incurring hopeless embarrassment. As in other countries, these means of ruin have been furnished by English capital. Into what hands the land thus encumbered will ultimately pass, is one of the problems of the future. At all events, as the combined result of emancipation and the survival of the village communal life, Russia seems to be working back towards her old social relations before the Tartar conquest, though as yet without the visible prospect of recovering her old political liberties; and till the latter is effected, the former can hardly be accomplished. In this critical position it would seem to a looker-on from the outside that peace was her first need; but those who see more closely find a widespread feeling that the only hope of
2 1 2
breaking

breaking the fetters of her despotism is by war: not a war of conquest, which should annex new provinces and carry her banners to Constantinople, but rather a war of humiliation, such as that which caused the military system of Nicholas to collapse, and prepared the way, by revealing the indispensable necessity, for the reforms of Alexander.

ART. VII.—*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography.* With Memorials by Maria Weston Chapman. In Three Volumes. London, 1877.

IT was told of a distinguished gentleman of the last generation that, on leaving the University, he was thus addressed by the Head of his College: 'Mr. —, the tutors think highly of you: your fellow-students think highly of you: I think highly of you, but nobody thinks so highly of you as you think of yourself.' Miss Martineau might have been somewhat similarly addressed in the first flush of her celebrity. She had achieved a decided and well-merited success: she was cordially welcomed by the *élite* of the cultivated class: her acquaintance was eagerly sought by many persons of eminence: the reading public thought highly, her personal friends very highly, of her: but her elated estimate of her position and budding honours, as recorded in her *Autobiography*, will be read by the most admiring of her contemporaries with a mixture of wonder and regret. It recalls the story of the Senior Wrangler fresh from the Senate House, who, entering a theatre at the same time with royalty, fancied that the audience were standing up to do him honour. She writes as if the appearance of her illustrative Tales had formed an epoch in history: as if the greatest discoveries of the age had been that the didactic method of inculcating knowledge was altogether a mistake: that political economy in particular could be only efficiently taught through the medium of fiction, and that the appropriate sort of fiction could only be supplied by the discoverer. She plainly gives us to believe, if she does not say it in so many words, that, like Byron on the publication of 'Childe Harold,' she awoke one fine morning and found herself famous: that she became at once the observed of all observers, the glass of fashion, if not exactly the mould of form: that the republic of letters received her with acclamation: that the political world was stirred and agitated to its inmost depths by her advent, like the pool of Bethesda when the healing influence came down.

'If all this,' said Johnson, speaking of Garrick's triumphs, 'had happened

happened to me, I should have had a couple of fellows with long poles walking before me, to knock down everybody that stood in the way.' Miss Martineau must have needed some escort of the kind. She tells us that she could neither stay at home nor stir abroad without being besieged or mobbed by lion-hunters, way-laid by publishers, worried by legislators, or persecuted by philanthropists. A great noble, the Mæcenæ of the period, whom she deliberately snubbed, is punished for what she deems his ill-bred persistency in intruding on her, by having an enduring mark of reproach set against his name. At an evening party she had no alternative but to ensconce herself behind a folding-door, where she could only be approached in single file by statesmen and philosophers competing for a turn at her ear-trumpet.

'Here is my throne; let kings come bow to it,' exclaims Lady Constance, as she throws herself on the ground. 'Here is *my* throne,' was the secret thought if not the exclamation of Miss Martineau when she settled in Fludyer Street, and received (she states) the homage of three crowned heads in the shape of pressing requests, or unlimited orders, for her works.

The mock triumph proposed by Peter Plymley for Canning was that he should ride up and down Pall Mall, glorious upon a white horse, and that they cry out before him, 'Thus shall it be done to the statesman who hath written *The Needy Knife-grinder and the German Play*.' There were moods in which Miss Martineau would have seen no mockery in the suggestion that she should be led in triumph, and that they cry out before her, 'Thus shall it be done to the authoress who has written "*Poor-laws and Paupers Illustrated*," and "*Illustrations of Political Economy*."'

This exalted mood, although it sobered down before she died, permanently coloured her impressions of men, manners and modes of thought; and it must be kept steadily in mind in weighing her opinions of her contemporaries or her reflections on society. But we are far from blaming the sense of importance which led her to feel, as she felt from youth upwards, that it was one of the duties of her life to write her biography. In the Introduction, dated Ambleside, March 1855, she says:—

'When my life became evidently a somewhat remarkable one, the obligation presented itself more strongly to my conscience: and when I made up my mind to interdict the publication of my private letters, the duty became unquestionable. For thirteen or fourteen years it has been more or less a weight on my mind that the thing was not done. Twice in my life I made a beginning: once in 1831, and again about ten years later, during my long illness at Tynemouth: but

but both attempts stopped short at an early period, answering no other purpose than preserving some facts of my childhood which I might otherwise have forgotten.'

Later on, she repeatedly told her most intimate friends that she could not die in peace till this work was done; and on New Year's Day, 1855, she said to herself that the year must not close without her having recorded the story of her life.

'Two or three weeks more settled the business. Feeling very unwell, I went to London to obtain a medical opinion in regard to my health. Two able physicians informed me that I had a mortal disease, which might spare me some considerable space of life, but which might, as likely as not, destroy me at any moment. No doubt could remain after this as to what my next employment should be: and as soon after my return home as I had settled my business with my executor, I began this Autobiography.'

She finished it so far as it goes within the year; then printed it off, and kept it by her without alteration or addition till her death. The publishers' advertisement runs thus:—

'The first two volumes of *this edition* of Miss Martineau's Autobiography were printed by her twenty years ago, and are issued as printed, in accordance with her express instructions.'

The first two volumes of the publication contain the whole of the Autobiography: there is no other edition that we know of. The third volume is exclusively occupied by Mrs. Chapman's Memorials.

Miss Martineau begins with her infancy; but believers in blood and race will attach more weight than she seemingly attaches to the concluding paragraph of her Introduction:—

'I have only to say further, in the way of introduction, a word or two as to my descent and parentage. On occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1688, a surgeon of the name of Martineau, and a family of the name of Pierre, crossed the Channel, and settled, with other Huguenot refugees, in England. My ancestor married a young lady of the Pierre family, and settled in Norwich, where his descendants afforded a succession of surgeons up to my own day. My eminent uncle, Mr. Philip Meadows Martineau, and my eldest brother, who died before the age of thirty, were the last Norwich surgeons of the name. My grandfather, who was one of the honourable series, died at the age of forty-two, of a fever caught among his poor patients. He left a large family, of whom my father was the youngest. When established as a Norwich manufacturer, my father married Elizabeth Rankin, the eldest daughter of a sugar-refiner at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. My father and mother had eight children, of whom I was the sixth: and I was born on the 12th of June, 1802.'

Her

Her infantine impressions, after being long in abeyance, were revived in an inexplicable way—'as by a flash of lightning over a far horizon in the night.' Her recollection goes back to feelings excited by events which must have happened when she was not more than eighteen months old. She was almost starved to death in the first weeks of her life by a wet-nurse, who, to keep her place, concealed the failure of her milk. 'My bad health during my whole childhood and youth, and even my deafness, was always ascribed by my mother to this.' Her nervous system was terribly shattered; and she suffered agonies from the commonest sights and sounds. 'The starlight sky was the worst; it was always coming down, to stifle and crush me, and rest upon my head.' She had no dread of thieves or ghosts, but the beating of feather-beds at a distance, the dull shock, with the want of correspondence between the striking of the blow and the arrival of the sound, made her heart stand still. Her sufferings and peculiarities passed unnoticed by her parents, and she thinks that 'a little more of the cheerful tenderness which was then thought bad for children would have saved her from her worst faults and a world of suffering.' Her hostess and nurse at the cottage where she was sent for change of air, was a Methodist or 'melancholy Calvinist of some sort.'

'The family story about me was that I came home the absurdest little preacher of my years (between two and three) that ever was. I used to nod my head emphatically, and say, "Never ky for tyfles:" "Dooty fust, and pleasure afterwards," and so forth: and I sometimes got courage to edge up to strangers, and ask them to give me—"a maxim." Almost before I could join letters, I got some sheets of paper, and folded them into a little square book, and wrote, in double lines, two or three in a page, my beloved maxims. I believe this was my first effort at book-making. It was probably what I picked up at Carleton that made me so intensely religious as I certainly was from a very early age. The religion was of a bad sort enough, as might be expected from the urgency of my needs; but I doubt whether I could have got through without it.'

It certainly was not of the best sort, although quite as good as what she eventually adopted in the place of it.

'While I was afraid of everybody I saw, I was not in the least afraid of God. Being usually very unhappy, I was constantly longing for heaven, and seriously and very frequently planning suicide in order to get there. I was sure that suicide would not stand in the way of my getting there. I knew it was considered a crime; but I did not feel it so. I had a devouring passion for justice; justice, first to my own precious self, and then to other oppressed people. Justice was precisely what was least understood in our house, in regard to servants and children.'

She

She describes her temper at this early age (five) as 'downright devilish.' She declares she had no self-respect—the quality for which she was pre-eminent in after-life—and that her capacity for jealousy was something frightful. Her notions of the circulating medium, also, give small promise of the future writer on currency.

'I suspect I have had a narrow escape of being an eminent miser. . . . The very sight of silver and copper was transporting to me, without any thought of its use. I stood and looked long at money, as it lay in my hand.'

Mr. Bright is well known to have been from youth upwards an unremitting reader of Milton, who is to him what Homer and Dante are to Mr. Gladstone. Macaulay knew 'Paradise Lost' by heart;* but Miss Martineau's devotion to the sublime poet's masterpiece is, we believe, without a parallel in a child.

'When I was seven years old,—the winter after our return from Newcastle,—I was kept from chapel one Sunday afternoon by some ailment or other. When the house-door closed behind the chapel-goers, I looked at the books on the table. The ugliest-looking of them was turned down open; and my turning it up was one of the leading incidents of my life. That plain, clumsy, calf-bound volume was "Paradise Lost;" and the common bluish paper, with its old-fashioned type, became as a scroll out of heaven to me. The first thing I saw was "Argument," which I took to mean a dispute, and supposed to be stupid enough: but there was something about Satan cleaving Chaos, which made me turn to the poetry; and my mental destiny was fixed for the next seven years. That volume was henceforth never to be found but by asking me for it, till a young acquaintance made me a present of a little Milton of my own. In a few months, I believe there was hardly a line in "Paradise Lost" that I could not have instantly turned to. I sent myself to sleep by repeating it: and when my curtains were drawn back in the morning, descriptions of heavenly light rushed into my memory.'

From her eleventh to her thirteenth year, she attended a school kept by a Unitarian minister, where she learnt Latin and French and obtained considerable proficiency in English Composition, of which her master reminded her when she became celebrated as a writer. At this school, in her twelfth year, attention was first attracted to her deafness, which grew fixed and incurable before she was sixteen. She was born

* One evening at Edinburgh, Jeffrey betted a copy of 'Paradise Lost' with Macaulay as to a line of the poem. The next morning Macaulay called with a handsomely-bound copy. 'There,' he said, 'is your book: I have lost; but I have read it through once more, and I will now make you another bet that I can repeat the whole.' Jeffrey took him at his word, and put him on in passage after passage without finding him once at fault. *Ex relatione* Lord Jeffrey.

without the sense of smell. It would seem also that her sight was imperfect, for she gives as an instance of 'that inability to see what one is looking for,' her inability to see the Comet of 1811.

'Night after night, the whole family of us went up to the long windows at the top of my father's warehouse; and the exclamations on all hands about the comet perfectly exasperated me,—because I could not see it! "Why, there it is!" "It is as big as a saucer." "It is as big as a cheese-plate." "Nonsense;—you might as well pretend not to see the moon." Such were the mortifying comments on my grudging admission that I could not see the comet. And I never did see it. Such is the fact; and philosophers may make of it what they may,—remembering that I was then nine years old, and with remarkably good eyes.'

In her eighteenth year we find her translating Tacitus and Petrarch, and deep in the study of Hartley and Priestley, which resulted in her becoming a firm believer in their doctrine of Necessity. The theological opinions which she habitually professed have been so uniformly condemned in this Journal that we are fortunately relieved from the necessity of commenting on them, and we shall merely note the phases of belief or unbelief through which she passed as steps or stages of intellectual progress. One of the most important, as bearing both on her future career and the constitution of her mind, was her scornful rejection of her inherited creed, the Unitarian, as equally unsatisfactory to reason and to faith. This was the more marked, because in 1830–1831 she competed for and won the three prizes given by the Unitarian Association for three Essays on Unitarianism, respectively addressed to Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans, with a view to their conversion.

'There are the papers: and I hereby declare that I considered them my best production, and expected they would outlive everything else I had written or should write. I was, in truth, satisfied that they were very fine writing, and believed it for long after—little aware that the time could ever come when I should write them down, as I do now, to be morbid, fantastical, and therefore unphilosophical and untrue. I cannot wonder that it did not occur to the Unitarians (as far as they thought of me at all) that I was really not of them, at the time that I had picked up their gauntlet, and assumed their championship. If it did not occur to me, no wonder it did not to them. But the clear-sighted among them might and should have seen, by the evidence of those essays themselves, that I was one of those merely nominal Christians who refuse whatever they see to be impossible, absurd or immoral in the scheme or the records of Christianity, and pick out and appropriate what they like, or interpolate

polate it with views, desires, and imaginations of their own. I had already ceased to be an Unitarian in the technical sense.

* * * * *

'At length, I hope and believe my old coreligionists understand and admit that I disclaim their theology *in toto*, and that by no twisting of language or darkening of its meanings can I be made out to have anything whatever in common with them about religious matters. I perceive that they do not at all understand my views or the grounds of them, or the road to them: but they will not deny that I understand theirs,—chosen expositor as I was of them in the year 1831; and they must take my word for it that there is nothing in common between their theology and my philosophy.'

We are here anticipating. Her first appearance in print was a letter to the 'Monthly Repository,' a Unitarian magazine, in 1821. It was read by her brother, not knowing it to be hers, with a warm expression of admiration in her presence. On her avowing it, he laid his hand on her shoulder and (calling her 'dear' for the first time) said: 'Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this.' Some years were to elapse before she was at liberty to act upon this advice; and a succession of small successes, although clearly indicative of her powers, produced no corresponding change in her prospects or position. In 1826, age 24, occurred the most important event in her, in every woman's, life: an experience, without which (as in Macaulay's case) a wide range of passion and sentiment would have been as an unknown land.

'Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.'

She loved, was beloved and (to use her own expression) virtually engaged; when her betrothed 'became suddenly insane, and after months of illness of body and mind, died.' Although the trial was severe, and 'the beauty of his goodness' remained lastingly impressed on her, she thinks that it was happiest for both that the union was prevented by any means.

'I am, in truth, very thankful for not having married at all. I have never since been tempted, nor have suffered anything at all in relation to that matter which is held to be all-important to woman,—love and marriage. Nothing, I mean, beyond occasional annoyance, presently disposed of. *Every literary woman, no doubt, has plenty of importunity of that sort to deal with*; but freedom of mind and coolness of manner dispose of it very easily, and since the time I have been speaking of, my mind has been wholly free from all idea of love-affairs.'

We

We were not aware that literary ladies were so peculiarly exposed to this description of danger, although the French have a maxim (based on such examples as Madame du Chatelet): 'Une femme savante est toujours galante.' At all events, Miss Martineau gained the invaluable schooling of the heart. To this schooling are owing many fine touches in her tales: without it she could hardly have written 'Deerbrook.'

In 1827, age 25, she wrote a short story, called 'The Rioters,' and its success was such that some hosiers and lacemakers of Derby and Nottingham sent her a request to write a tale on the subject of Wages, which she did, calling it 'The Turn Out.' This led to further dealings with the provincial publisher; for whom, she says, she wrote a good many tracts which he sold for a penny, and for which he gave her a sovereign apiece. It was in the autumn of 1827 that she took up Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Political Economy,' lent to her sister, to see what Political Economy principles were, and great was her surprise to find that she had been teaching them unawares. It struck her at once that the principles of the whole science might be conveyed in the same way, and, as she read on, the views and design which she afterwards developed and carried out dawned upon her:—

'During that reading, groups of personages rose up from the pages, and a procession of action glided through its arguments, as afterwards from the pages of Adam Smith, and all the other Economists. I mentioned my notion, I remember, when we were sitting at work, one bright afternoon at home. Brother James nodded assent; my mother said "Do it;" and we went to tea, unconscious what a great thing we had done since dinner.'

Although constantly cramped for want of money, her family had discouraged her adopting authorship as a profession for fear of compromising their gentility, and she was driven to do her writing upon the sly till June 1829; when the old Norwich firm, from which all their income was derived, broke, and the question arose, what was she to do, 'with her deafness precluding both music and governessing'? Strange to say, there was still so little demand for her writings, that during two years she lived on fifty pounds a year, most of which was earned with her needle. She wrote some stories and carried them to London herself; but although a volume of them, 'Traditions of Palestine,' now ranks amongst the best of her works, the publishers received her as the great French publisher received Lucien in the 'Grand Homme de Province,' of Balzac: 'On n'entre ici qu'avec une réputation faite. Devenez célèbre, et vous y trouverez des flots d'or. . . . Je ne suis pas ici pour être le marchepied des gloires à venir,

à venir, mais pour gagner de l'argent et pour en donner aux hommes célèbres.' She says that, having no literary acquaintance or connexion, she could not get anything she wrote even looked at; so that everything went to the 'Repository' at last.

'I do not mean that any amount of literary connexion would necessarily have been of any service to me; for I do not believe that "patronage," "introductions," and the like are of any avail, in a general way. I know this;—that I have always been anxious to extend to young or struggling authors the sort of aid which would have been so precious to me in that winter of 1829-1830, and that, in above twenty years, I have never succeeded but once. I obtained the publication of "The Two Old Men's Tales,"—the first of Mrs. Marsh's novels: but, from the time of my own success to this hour, every other attempt, of the scores I have made, to get a hearing for young or new aspirants has failed. My own heart was often very near sinking,—as were my bodily forces; and with reason. During the daylight hours of that winter, I was poring over fine fancy-work, by which alone I earned any money; and after tea, I went upstairs to my room, for my day's literary labour.'

Her prize-money, forty-five guineas, gave a timely respite from pressing care if not from labour, and in the autumn of 1831, we find her with all her powers concentrated on her 'Political Economy Series.'

'I was resolved that, in the first place, the thing should be done. *The people wanted the book; and they should have it.* Next I resolved to sustain my health under the suspense, if possible, by keeping up a mood of steady determination, and unflinching hope. Next, I resolved never to lose my temper, in the whole course of the business. I knew I was right; and people who are aware that they are in the right need never lose temper.'

The third resolution was severely tested, and no one ever suffered more from the sickening pang of hope deferred. The time was inauspicious:—

'I wrote to two or three publishers from Dublin, opening my scheme; but one after another declined having anything to do with it, on the ground of the disturbed state of the public mind, which afforded no encouragement to put out new books. The bishops had recently thrown out the Reform Bill; and everybody was watching the progress of the Cholera,—then regarded with as much horror as a plague of the Middle Ages.'

Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock requested her to take London on her way from Ireland to Norwich, and made an appointment which she attended with a beating heart:—

'Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock sat superb in their arm-chairs, in their

their brown wigs, looking as cautious as possible, but relaxing visibly under the influence of my confidence. My cousin said that, in their place, he should have felt my confidence a sufficient guarantee,—so fully as I assigned the grounds of it: and Messrs Baldwin and Cradock seemed to be nearly of the same mind, though they brought out a long string of objections, beginning with my proposed title, and ending with the Reform Bill and the Cholera.'

The advertisement they put out as a feeler attracted no notice, and after keeping her some time longer in suspense, they wrote to say that considering the public excitement they could not venture:—

'Here was the whole work to begin again. I stifled my sighs, and swallowed my tears, and wrote to one publisher after another, receiving instant refusals from all, except Messrs. Whittaker. They kept up the negotiation for a few posts, but at length joined the general chorus about the Reform Bill and the Cholera.'

The upshot is that the only publisher who could be induced to incur the risk, was a young one without business or connexion, the brother of her Unitarian friend, Fox, with whom she came to terms which practically reduced his risk to a minimum. The work was to be published by subscription, and five hundred subscribers were to be procured before the printing began: he was to have half the profits, besides commission; and the agreement was to cease at the end of any five numbers at the wish of either party. She managed somehow or other to get subscribers, but the greater number of them were relatives or friends who subscribed out of kindness, and deemed the money thrown away. One foggy morning she called on Mr. Fox to show him a prospectus:—

'I found Mr. Fox in a mood as gloomy as the day. He had seen Mr. James Mill, who had assured him that my method of exemplification—(the grand principle of the whole scheme)—could not possibly succeed; and Mr. Fox now required of me to change my plan entirely, and issue my "Political Economy" in a didactic form! Of course, I refused. He started a multitude of objections,—feared everything, and hoped nothing. I saw, with anguish and no little resentment, my last poor chance slipping from me. I commanded myself while in his presence. The occasion was too serious to be misused. I said to him, "I see you have taken fright. If you wish that your brother should draw back, say so now. Here is the advertisement. Make up your mind before it goes to press." He replied, "I do not wish altogether to draw back." "Yes, you do," said I: "and I had rather you would say so at once. But I tell you this:—the people want this book, and they *shall* have it."

The interview ends by his assenting to the issue of the advertisement,

tisement, clogged with the additional stipulation that his brother should give up at the end of two numbers, unless they sold a thousand in a fortnight. On her walk back to the friend's house at which she was staying, she became too giddy to stand without support; and she leaned over some dirty palings, pretending to look at a cabbage-bed, but saying to herself, as she stood with closed eyes, 'My book will do yet.' This may be bracketed with the 'E pur si muove' of Galileo, and the—'I have it in me and, by God, it shall come out!'—of Sheridan.

'I wrote the Preface to my "Illustrations of Political Economy" that evening; and I hardly think that anyone would discover from it that I had that day sunk to the lowest point of discouragement about my scheme.—At eleven o'clock, I sent the servants to bed. I finished the Preface just after the Brewery clock had struck two. I was chilly and hungry: the lamp burned low, and the fire was small. I knew it would not do to go to bed, to dream over again the bitter disappointment of the morning. I began now, at last, to doubt whether my work would ever see the light. *I thought of the multitudes who needed it—and especially of the poor—to assist them in managing their own welfare.* I thought too of my own conscious power of doing this very thing.'

The only bit of encouragement she received was on the Sunday preceding the publication, when the publisher wrote to say that he had a bookseller's order for a hundred copies.

'To the best of my recollection, I waited ten days from the day of publication, before I had another line from the publisher. My mother, judging from his ill-humour, inferred that he had good news to tell: whereas I supposed the contrary. My mother was right, and I could now be amused at his last attempts to be discouraging in the midst of splendid success. At the end of those ten days, he sent with his letter a copy of my first number, desiring me to make with all speed any corrections I might wish to make, as he had scarcely any copies left. He added that the demand led him to propose that we should now print two thousand. A postscript informed me that since he wrote the above, he had found that we should want three thousand. A second postscript proposed four thousand, and a third five thousand. The letter was worth having, now it had come. There was immense relief in this; but I remember nothing like intoxication;—like any painful reaction whatever. I remember walking up and down the grassplat in the garden (I think it was on the 10th of February) feeling that my cares were over.

* * * * *

'The entire periodical press, daily, weekly, and, as soon as possible; monthly, came out in my favour; and I was overwhelmed with newspapers and letters, containing every sort of flattery. The Diffusion Society wanted to have the Series now; and Mr. Hume offered, on behalf

behalf of a new society of which he was the head, any price I would name for the purchase of the whole. I cannot precisely answer for the date of these and other applications; but, as far as I remember, there was, from the middle of February onwards, no remission of such applications, the meanest of which I should have clutched at a few weeks before. Members of Parliament sent down blue books through the post-office, to the astonishment of the postmaster, who one day sent word that I must send for my own share of the mail, for it could not be carried without a barrow;—an announcement which, spreading in the town, caused me to be stared at in the streets. Thus began that sort of experience. Half the hobbies of the House of Commons, and numberless notions of individuals, anonymous and other, were commended to me for treatment in my Series, with which some of them had no more to do than geometry or the atomic theory.'

To what was this success owing? Was she right in believing, intuitively and instinctively, that she was obeying a popular call, and that her work would be hailed by the multitude who needed it to assist them in managing their own welfare? Was it so hailed by the multitude? Is it not 'caviare to the general' to this hour? The circulation extended little if at all beyond the cultivated class. The monthly sale of the Series never exceeded six or seven thousand. The monthly sale of the 'Pickwick Papers,' prior to the conclusion, exceeded forty-five thousand. Writing, shortly before her death, in the third person, and assuming the tone of an impartial critic, she says:—

'The original idea of exhibiting the great natural laws of society, by a series of pictures of selected social action, was a fortunate one; and her tales initiated a multitude of minds into the conception of what political economy is and of how it concerns everybody living in society. Beyond this, there is no merit of a high order in the work. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent: she had no power of dramatic construction; nor the poetic inspiration, on the one hand, nor critical cultivation, on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live.*'

We have arrived at a diametrically opposite conclusion. There was little originality in the idea of exhibiting the natural laws of society in action. It was a short and easy leap from 'Evenings at Home,' or Miss Edgeworth's 'Moral Tales,' to 'Illustrations of Political Economy.' But the utility is more important than the originality; and we have yet to learn that any appreciable amount of scientific knowledge

* The 'Daily News,' June 29th, 1876. The article appeared in the shape of an obituary notice.

was or could be diffused by her writings. At the same time, she does herself less than justice in disclaiming artistic skill and dramatic power. She excels in situation, description, and character. She is far from wanting in sentiment, elevation of thought, or poetic fancy, although it may fall short of inspiration. Above all, her best stories please as stories, and lead us on with unabated interest to the end. They have points in common with the sensational school; and this was their real attraction for the mass of readers, who read for amusement. But the primary and essential cause of her success was the state of the national mind when she came out.

'A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it.' The reception of a book equally depends on the predisposition of the public to which it is addressed. One example amongst many may suffice. In the autumn and winter of 1870-71, during the siege of Paris, the feeling of sympathy with the French grew so strong that many thought the time had come for England to interpose with effect. This feeling found expression in a *brochure*, entitled, 'The Fight at Dame Europa's School, showing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy, and the English Boy looked on.' There are five monitors who have each a garden. The English boy's is an island on which he has a workshop; and the French boy's comprises an arbour in which he regales his friends with grapes and champagne. The moral is drawn and pointed by the Dame, who on hearing of the fight, tells the English boy that he is a sneaking, cowardly fellow for remaining neutral. Nothing could be less like a Dame's School. The allegory is incongruous and ill-sustained, and the moral doubtful at best. Yet more than a hundred thousand copies were sold within three months.

The solution is that a responsive chord had been struck. Miss Martineau was similarly fortunate in finding the required train laid ready to her hand. The Reform Bill and the Cholera, instead of being her worst enemies, were her best friends. They had made people serious, and created a taste for grave subjects. The Utilitarian philosophy, better represented than it has ever been since, was gaining ground. The political economists were in vogue. The names of Malthus, Macculloch, Ricardo, Jeremy Bentham, James Mill, John Stuart Mill, were familiar as household terms. Young gentlemen and ladies, who wished to pass for clever, were expected to be well up in 'Mrs. Marcet's Conversations,' if they went no deeper. The popular tone and tendency were marked enough to supply a telling topic for the satirist—

'Tis

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster,
A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts :
Who talks, with a lisp, of the last new "Westmins'er,"
And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts."*

There is always action and reaction in these cases. But Miss Martineau certainly did not create the taste for political economy if she promoted it; and one branch, the Malthusian theory, was just then attracting an amount of interest which no fiction could enhance. It was whilst she was meditating her plan that the abuses of the old system of poor-laws had reached their acme and were felt to be unendurable. 'In 1832 was seen the phenomenon of whole parishes of fertile land being abandoned, the landlords giving up their rents, the farmers the tenancy, the clergyman his glebe and the tithes. We find the paupers assembled and refusing to accept of the offer of the whole land of the parish, avowing that they liked the present system better. . . . In a period of great general prosperity, that portion of England in which by much the largest expenditure of poor-rates had been made, was the scene of daily riot and nightly incendiarism.'†

After an appalling picture of the condition of England when the Series began, Mrs. Chapman remarks :—

'The public action of this period directly to be traced to Harriet Martineau's political influence may be seen in the Reform song, sung with uncovered heads by what were called the "monster meetings,"—the immense assemblages of the people that in 1831 shook the kingdom into a speedy but pacific and constitutional reform in 1832.'

We shall next be told that Catholic Emancipation, the Repeal of the Test Acts, and the Reform of the Criminal Law, were owing to her. In the same spirit of exaggeration this lady proceeds :—

'Persons of the highest intelligence, literary cultivation, and religiously trained thought, like Sara Coleridge, took such a mistaken and merely literary view of the matter as this :—

"What a pity it is, that, with all her knowledge of child-nature, she (Miss M——) should try to persuade herself and others that political economy is a fit and useful study for growing minds and limited capabilities,—a subject of all others requiring matured intellect and general information as its basis! This same political economy which quickens the sale of her works now, will, I think, prove heavy ballast for a vessel that is to sail down the stream of

* 'Moore, 'Ode to the Sublime Porte.' Written prior to Miss Martineau's appearance on the stage.

† 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' Art. 'Poor Laws.'

time And she might have rivalled Miss Edgeworth! And then, what practical benefit can such studies have for the mass of the people for whom, it seems, that Miss M—— intends her expositions?⁵

We go further than Sara (Mrs. Henry Nelson) Coleridge. What a pity it is that Miss Martineau should have tried to persuade herself and others that political economy, considered as a science, is a fit subject for fiction! Let us test this, as well as the amount of solid instruction she diffused, by a brief reference to her Tales. The first of the series, entitled, 'Life in the Wilds,' is the story of a party of settlers at the Cape, who are reduced to the verge of destitution by an inroad of the Bushmen. They have little left beyond the clothes upon their backs and a few tools. The three best heads amongst them consult, and take the conduct of affairs. All are forced to work: the product of well-directed labour accumulates into capital, and a tolerable amount of well-being is restored; the various stages of the process are noted as it goes on; and the precise difference between productive and unproductive labour, as well as the exact nature of capital and wealth, are made clear to the uninitiated. There is nothing new, and nothing applicable to England, in showing how people ought to act in such circumstances; and the reader acquires about the same amount of science, communicated in much the same way, as M. Jourdain had acquired of language when he found that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it.

‘And all a rhetorician’s rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.’

So far as the teaching of scientific terms goes, the 'Loves of the Triangles' might pass for a lesson in mathematics.

The second Tale, 'The Hill and the Valley,' presents some well-drawn characters, male and female, and some striking scenes. That in which Paul makes good his defence of the building till the swords of the military are seen flashing amongst the assailants, may be placed alongside the spirited defence of the Irish country-house in 'Guy Livingstone,' or the scene in 'Guy Mannering' when the prison is on fire. But the political-economy lesson is compressed into a speech, which one of the partners addresses to a riotous assembly of workpeople, on whom it has the same effect which it would produce on a similar assembly at this hour; the purport of it being that the labourer and the capitalist are embarked in the same boat, and must sink or swim together. If the labouring class have not arrived at this conclusion from their personal experience of 'strikes'

'strikes' with the attendant deprivations, their opinions and conduct will hardly be influenced by reading (if they read) these deprivations as set forth in a Tale.

The third Tale is open to an additional and graver objection. It is an instance of the almost inevitable abuse of fiction when employed for such purposes. It is the story of the enclosure of a common; and the moral is that enclosures are to be encouraged as adding to production, making no account of the disturbance of habits or the loss of healthful recreation for the neighbourhood. Incidentally, she discountenances small holdings, including peasant-proprietors, by drawing a melancholy picture of a small proprietor who refuses to part with his field. Now these are debateable questions, on which the commoners of Plumstead and the advocates of peasant-proprietorship (like John Stuart Mill) would have a word or two to say. It is an idle mockery to talk of science when the palpable object is to advance a one-sided view. Science defines and generalises; fiction invents and colours; science deals with the abstract, fiction with the concrete. Principles should be deduced from actual facts or incidents; not facts or incidents be fancied or moulded to suit principles. Moreover, if we resort to fiction and appeal to sentiment, it is far from clear that political economy will be the gainer upon the whole. No artistic representation of prosperity resulting from 'Clearings' will outweigh the exquisite lament in 'The Deserted Village' over the 'humble happiness' that had been ruthlessly sacrificed to wealth:—

'Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene
Liv'd in each look, and brightened all the green :
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.'

The material advance of a country is like the car of Juggernaut: it destroys, crushes, maims, and mangles, as it moves on; and the individual sufferings of the victims afford better materials for romance than the general good. Nothing would be easier than to compose a Tale to discredit any marked step in social progress or any sweeping measure of improvement; for example, to represent a community which had thriven on protected industry suddenly ruined by free-trade, or the interesting family of an innkeeper or stagecoach proprietor reduced to poverty by a railroad. The tables might be turned against the population-principle by contrasting a testy old bachelor or crabbed old maid, 'doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,' with a young couple, poor but happy, blest with a brace of babies and looking hopefully forward to a full quiver. Or

what fiction would outweigh the positive fact of Lord Eldon's marriage in his twenty-second year with a beautiful girl, neither having a sixpence of their own, and the utter falsification of the Newcastle prophecy: 'Jack Scott has run off with Bessy Surtees, and the poor lad is undone'? The marriage supplied the very stimulant to exertion which he wanted, and the result confirmed the advice of Thurlow (some say Kenyon) to a law-student, 'Spend your own fortune, marry, and spend your wife's, and then you will have some chance of succeeding in the law.'

One of Miss Martineau's Tales was written to enforce Macculloch's doctrine that absenteeism is no injury to Ireland. It was preceded by 'The Absentee' of Miss Edgeworth, who, so far at least as popular effect is concerned, has clearly the best of the argument. The visit *incog.* of Lord Colambre (the heir apparent) to the paternal estates brings to light a host of abuses which a resident landlord might have prevented or set right. Neither Macculloch nor Miss Martineau appear to have made much impression on the people most interested in the argument. Not long since an orator at a public meeting in Ireland, admitting the evil, was expatiating on the diminished number of absentees, when he was interrupted by the indignant protest: 'Diminished, Sir, why the whole country's full of them!'

'In the "Edinburgh Review" of my "Political Economy Series" (says Miss Martineau)—a review otherwise as weak as it is kind—there is the best appreciation of the principle of the work that I have seen anywhere; a page or so of perfect understanding of my view and purpose.'

On turning to this page, we find that, as a preliminary and indispensable condition, 'she merely stipulates that she will allow Political Economy to be talked by people, and under circumstances, where it was never talked before;' in other words, that since it is incongruous and out of place in ordinary conversation, she shall be allowed to drag it in head and shoulders at the risk (or rather certainty) of bringing the action of the Tale to a dead stop, or to put it into the mouths of her *dramatis personæ* when it is completely out of keeping with the characters. This is precisely what she has done in 'Ella of Garveloch,' perhaps the best of her stories, where the action is suspended to introduce an explanation of the Ricardo theory of rent!

We (of the 'Quarterly') are spared the humiliating imputation of weakness bordering on imbecility, cast on our distinguished

guished contemporary ; but five or six pages of bitter censure and reproach are levelled at us in the Autobiography, to say nothing of Mrs. Chapman's downright assertion, that ' Mr. Lockhart, as the Editor of the Tory "*Quarterly*," disgraced himself and the review by an utter want of decency and honesty.'

' 'Tis a pity when charming women
Talk of things that they don't understand.'

All that is said by both these ladies touching the article in question is simply a specimen of the *gobemoucherie* to which both of them were prone, e.g. in the Autobiography :—

' Mr. Croker had declared at a dinner-party that he expected a revolution under the Whigs, and to lose his pension ; and that he intended to lay by his pension while he could get it, and maintain himself by his pen ; and that he had " begun by tomahawking Miss Martineau in the *Quarterly*."'

This means, if it means anything, that the thought of getting money by his pen had only just been forced upon Mr. Croker by the Reform Bill. To proceed :—

' On the same day, another friend called to tell me that my printers (who also printed the "*Quarterly*") thought I ought to know that " the filthiest thing that had passed through the press for a quarter of a century " was coming out against me in the "*Quarterly*."'

She had just before stated that Mr. Lockhart, after ' the atrocious article ' was in print, ' wanting to seize an opportunity that might be the last for meeting her, ' had eagerly pressed for an introduction, and was refused.

' I was long afterwards informed that Lady G. went to him early the next day (which was Sunday) and told him that he would repent of the article, if it was what he had represented to her ; and I know from the printers that Mr. Lockhart went down at once to the office, and cut out " all the worst passages of the review," at great inconvenience and expense. What he could have cut out that was worse than what stands, it is not easy to conceive.'

Nor is this all that reached her touching the secret history of this production :—

' The sequel of the story is that the writer of the ' original article, Mr. Poulett Scrope, requested a mutual friend to tell me that he was ready to acknowledge the political economy of the article to be his ; but that he hoped he was too much of a gentleman to have stooped to ribaldry, or even jest ; and that I must understand that he was not more or less responsible for anything in the article which we could not discuss face to face with satisfaction. Messrs. Lockhart and Croker made no secret of the ribaldry being theirs.'

The

The plain answer to all this foolish gossip is that nothing of the sort took place: that there was no ribaldry to own, and no wish or intention to destroy or tomahawk. The second paragraph of the article begins thus:—

‘There is, we admit, much which it is impossible not to admire in Miss Martineau’s productions—the praiseworthy intention and benevolent spirit in which they are written—and the varied knowledge of nature and society, the acute discrimination of character, and remarkable power of entering into, and describing the feelings of the poorer class, which several of her little narratives evinced.’*

The passage, the only passage, which was or could be represented, or rather misrepresented, as ribaldry, was a warning to Miss Martineau that there were certain topics which an unmarried woman could not be supposed to understand and had better let alone. The sentence on which we commented was this:—

‘The parent has considerable influence over the subsistent fund of his family, and an absolute control over the numbers to be supported by it.’

Referring to her own meditated change of condition in 1826, she says: ‘I long ago came to the conclusion that, without meddling with the case of the wives and mothers, I am probably the happiest single woman in England.’ Then why did she meddle with the case of the wives and mothers?

If, as she states, Mr. Lockhart subsequently renewed the attempt to become acquainted with her, it can only have been because he was unconscious of rudeness or wrong. He was a proud, reserved man, except amongst friends; and he agreed with Thomas Moore in disliking literary ladies, unless they happened to be handsome and thought more of pleasing as women than as wits.

Her account of her difference with the ‘Times’ is another specimen of her simplicity or credulity. She states that, soon after her ‘Poor-law Series’ began, she received a message from Mr. Barnes, the editor, intimating that his paper was prepared to support her work as a valuable auxiliary of the proposed reform. The Ministers were assured of support by ‘the same potentate.’

‘It was on the 17th of April, 1834, that Lord Althorp introduced the Bill. His speech, full of facts, earnest, and deeply impressive, produced a strong effect on the House; and the Ministers went home to bed with easy minds,—little imagining what awaited them at the

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. xlix. p. 136.

breakfast table. It was no small vexation to me, on opening the "Times" at breakfast on the 18th, to find a vehement and total condemnation of the New Poor-law. *Everybody in London was asking how it happened.* I do not know, except in as far as I was told by some people who knew more of the management of the paper than the world in general.'

The account of 'some people,' probably the same who supplied her with the secret history of our article, was that reports had arrived of the hostility of the country justices—'a most important class of customers'—that a meeting of the proprietors was held on the evening of the sixteenth, at which the policy of humouring the justices was carried by one vote. 'So went the story. Another anecdote, less openly spoken of, *I believe to be true.*' We should say much more openly spoken of, it being neither more nor less than a garbled version (with a change of date) of the old story of Lord Brougham's torn note, the pieces of which were picked up and forwarded to Mr. Barnes, who thenceforth declared open war against the Government.

Now, Miss Martineau's 'Poor-law Tales' began in 1833; and if the 'Times' had pledged itself both to the writer and the Ministers, how happens it that no notice, preparatory to the introduction of the measure, was taken of the Series? But a reference to the file of the 'Times' suffices to show how little pains she took to verify statements involving imputations of the gravest kind. She did not, on opening the 'Times' at breakfast on the 18th, find a vehement and total condemnation of the New Poor-law. The article did not appear till the 19th, and the writer, feeling his way cautiously, simply objected to the restrictions on out-of-door relief. It was a tentative article. In the 'Times' of April 29th, 1834, ten days after the alleged quarrel, appeared a highly laudatory article on Lord Brougham. In the 'Times' of May 9th, 1834, a brief recommendation of Miss Martineau's 'Tale against Strikes' is qualified by a protest against being supposed to be a general admirer of her works. As to the line taken by the leading journal on the subject of the New Poor-law, did she never hear, amongst her other rumours, that it was inspired or dictated from within? Did she not know that, unaffected by the death of Mr. Barnes, it was pursued for years with an earnestness, a consistency, and a disregard of popular favour, that could only have been produced by conviction?

By a strange coincidence, Thomas Moore acted like Mr. Lockhart in seeking her acquaintance, which was refused on account of some verses which he certainly did not write. Mr.

Sterling,

Sterling, 'The Thunderer of the "Times,"' met with a similar repulse:

'When I was at Tynemouth, hopelessly ill, poor and helpless, the "Times" abused and insulted me for privately refusing a pension. Again Mr. Sterling made a push for my acquaintance; and I repeated what I had said before: whereupon he declared that "it cut him to the heart" that I should impute to him the ribaldry and coarse insults of scoundrels and ruffians who treated me as I had been treated in the "Times." I dare say what he said of his own feelings was true enough; but it will never do for responsible editors, like Sterling and Lockhart, to shirk their natural retribution for the sins of their publications by laying the blame on some impalpable offender who, on his part, has very properly relied on their responsibility.'

Mr. Sterling was never editor of the 'Times;' and she had already stated that Mr. Lockhart publicly admitted his personal participation in the 'ribaldry.' Talleyrand said of Chateaubriand that he became deaf when people ceased talking about him. Miss Martineau took it for granted that people never ceased talking about her, and complacently records every idle myth about her doings or personality. Her ear-trumpet must have resembled the allegorical trumpet of Fame.

'The flying rumours gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement too.'

She heard from Mrs. Marcet, 'who had a great opinion of great people,' that Louis Philippe had ordered a copy of the Series for each member of his family, a tolerably numerous one. 'At the same time I heard from some other quarter (I forget what) that the Emperor of Russia had ordered a copy of the Series for every member of his family.' The Emperor of Austria paid her the compliment of including her and her Series in the list of persons and books who were not to pass the frontier of his dominions.

'A friend of mine who was at Kensington Palace one evening when my "Political Economy Series" was coming to an end, told me how the Princess (Victoria) came, running and skipping, to show her mother the advertisement of the "Illustrations of Taxation," and to get leave to order them. Her favourite of my stories is "Ella of Garveloch."'

The Whig Government, for whom, over and over again, she expresses a sovereign contempt, could not stir a step without her aid. Mr. Drummond, the private secretary of the Chancellor

Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had called to bespeak a tale against Tithes, 'had not been gone five minutes before the Chairman of the Excise Commission called, to ask in the name of the Commissioners, whether it would suit my purpose to write immediately on the Excise.' She is very angry with Lord Althorp for abandoning the House Tax just as she had engaged to write a tale in its support. Her table was covered with cards and invitations; and the social penance her celebrity entailed upon her, led to her setting down her experience and impressions as a lion in an article on 'Literary Lionism,' written in 1837, the bulk of which is reproduced in this Autobiography:—

'The sordid characteristics of the modern system appear when the eminent person becomes a guest in a private house. If the resuscitated gentleman of the fifteenth century were to walk into a country house in England in company with a lady of literary distinction, he might see at once what is in the mind of the host and hostess. All the books of the house are lying about—all the gentry in the neighbourhood are collected; the young men peep and stare from the corners of the room; the young ladies crowd together, even sitting five upon three chairs, to avoid the risk of being addressed by the stranger. The lady of the house devotes herself to "drawing out" the guest, asks for her opinion of this, that, and the other book, and intercedes for her young friends, trembling on their three chairs, that each may be favoured with "just one line for her album." Such a scene, *very common now in English country houses*, must present an unfavourable picture of our manners to strangers from another country or another age. The prominent features are the sufferings of one person, and the selfishness of all the rest.'

Bad as all this is, she continues, the case is worse in London:

'A new poet, if he innocently accepts a promising invitation, is liable to find out afterwards that his name has been inserted in the summonses to the rest of the company, or sent round from mouth to mouth to secure the rooms being full. If a woman who has written a successful play or novel attends the soirée of a "lionising" lady, she hears her name so announced on the stairs as to make it certain that the servants have had their instructions; she finds herself seized upon at the door by the hostess, and carried about to lord, lady, philosopher, gossip, and dandy, each being assured that she cannot be spared to each for more than ten seconds. She sees a "lion" placed in the centre of each of the two first rooms she passes through,—a navigator from the North Pole in the one, a dusky Egyptian bey or Hindoo rajah in another; and it flashes upon her that she is to be the centre of attraction in a third apartment.

* * * * *

'If the guest be meek and modest, there is nothing for it but getting behind a door, or surrounding herself with her friends in a corner.

corner. If she be strong enough to assert herself, she will return at once to her carriage, and take care how she enters that house again. A few instances of what may be seen in London during any one season, if brought together, yield but a sorry exhibition of the manners of persons who give parties to gratify their own vanity, instead of enjoying the society and the pleasure of their friends.'

The effect on the victims is melancholy in the extreme. 'The drawing-room is the grave of literary promise.' The author overrates his vocation, whilst the intoxication of flattery is kept up, and underrates it when the deleterious ingredient is withdrawn. 'He must be a strong man who escapes all the pitfalls into this tomb of ambition and of powers.' He or she must be a very weak man or woman to whom such things are pitfalls; and nothing has shaken our opinion of Miss Martineau's powers of observation and reflection more than this superficial and utterly erroneous tirade against what she is pleased to term society. She seems to have mistaken what may have occurred to her at the house of some suburban or provincial Mrs. Leohunter, for the normal reception of a celebrity. The London society, in which she was most cordially received at starting, was the literary and scientific society, which happened just then to be particularly good. She most certainly was not lionised, nor saw any one else lionised, by Hallam, Milman, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Babbage, Senior, Lyell, the Austins, the Somervilles, the Carlyles, the Berrys, or the Grotes.

Of fashionable life, to which she especially refers, she saw little or nothing. She was taken up rather by the Whig-Radicals than by the Whigs. She says, 'I became the fashion, and I might have been the lion of several seasons had I chosen to permit it.' She here confounds things essentially distinct. A person may be the fashion without being a lion, and a lion without being the fashion. A person may be the fashion for several seasons or for life; hardly a lion, which requires novelty. She was never the fashion. She was not personally acquainted with any one of the female leaders of fashion, which was then a power. She was never a guest in any one of the great London houses; and that this was by her own choice, does not alter the fact.* In this respect she differed widely from Miss Edgeworth, who finishes a busy day of intellectual intercourse with Almack's: where Lord Londonderry (Castlereagh) hurries up to talk of 'Castle Rack-rent' and Ireland, and introduce her to Lady Londonderry, who invites her to 'one of her grandest

* It is a significant fact, as regards fashion, that she is not mentioned in the 'Greville Journals.'

parties.'

parties.' Miss Edgeworth records this incident with complacency. Miss Martineau would have set it down as an affront :—

'For one instance; I never would go to Lansdowne House, because I knew that I was invited there as an authoress, to undergo, as people did at that house, the most delicate and refined process of being lionised,—but still, the process. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and a son and daughter, caused me to be introduced to them at Sir Augustus Calcott's; and their not being introduced to my mother, who was with me, showed the footing on which I stood. I was then just departing for America. On my return, I was invited to every kind of party at Lansdowne House,—a concert, a state dinner, a friendly dinner party, a small evening party, and a ball; and I declined them all. I went nowhere but where my acquaintance was sought, as a lady, by ladies. Mr. Hallam told me—*what was true enough*,—that Lady Lansdowne, being one of the Queen's ladies, and Lord Lansdowne, being a Cabinet Minister, could not make calls.* If so, it made no difference in my disinclination to go, in a blue-stocking way, to a house where I was not really acquainted with anybody. Mr. Hallam, I saw, thought me conceited and saucy: but I felt I must take my own methods of preserving my social independence. Lord Lansdowne would not give the matter up. Finding that General Fox was coming one evening to a soiree of mine, he invited himself to dine with him, in order to accompany him. I thought this somewhat impertinent, while Mr. Hallam regarded it as an honour. I did not see why a nobleman and Cabinet Minister was more entitled than any other gentleman to present himself uninvited, after his own invitations had been declined. The incident was a trifle; but it shows how I acted in regard to this "lionising."

Strange that she did not see the precise application to herself of the story told by Johnson of Congreve, who, 'when he received a visit from Voltaire, disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered, not as an author, but a gentleman: to which the Frenchman replied, "that if he had only been a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him."'

In what capacity was she originally invited to Hallam's, Milman's, Sydney Smith's, or Rogers'? If she had steadily acted upon her principle, she must have gone back to Norwich as much a stranger to persons of intellectual distinction as she came up. This over-sensitive dignity was not true dignity. There was a dash of vulgarity about it, as there was a dash of snobbery in Thackeray's frequent references to snobs. The thoroughbred sense of social equality was wanting. Her notion of equality resembled that of the Irishman who, on his friend's remarking

* Could Hallam have told her this, which was certainly not true?

that one man was as good as another, emphatically assented: 'Yes, and a deuced deal better.' If Lord Lansdowne came uninvited to her house, it obviously was because her alleged reason for refusing his invitations never crossed his mind. If she had accepted them, instead of finding herself in a house where she was not really acquainted with anybody, she would have found herself (as Hallam could have told her) amongst the most distinguished of her acquaintance, attracted round the noble host far more by his unaffected sympathy and congenial taste than by his rank. 'He looks,' wrote Sydney Smith, 'for talents and qualities amongst all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and whilst other aristocrats are yawning amongst Stars and Garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palaces. I shall take care of him in my Memoirs.' Miss Martineau has certainly taken care of him in *hers*.

Lord Londonderry, naturally enough, began talking to Miss Edgeworth about 'Castle Rack-rent' and Ireland. This, from Miss Martineau's point of view, was wrong. It was treating her like a blue-stocking, to begin by alluding to her works or the subjects on which she was employed. Speaking of the Whig dinners, which she found so pleasant in her first season, she says:—

'My place was generally between some one of the notabilities and some rising barrister. From the latter I could seldom gather much, so bent were all the rising barristers I met on knowing my views on "the progress of education and the increase of crime." I was so weary of that eternal question that it was a drawback on the pleasure of many a dinner-party.'

It is new to us that the rising barrister was so much in vogue at the pleasantest Whig dinners of 1832, i.e. if dinners so composed were the pleasantest; and we do not envy him the distinction of having to find light topics adapted to an ear-trumpet. Of Holman, the blind traveller, who was boasting of having reached the top of a mountain sooner than his comrades, she says:—'It evidently never occurred to him that people with eyes climb mountains for another purpose than a race against time; and that his comrades were pausing to look about them when he outstripped them. It was a hint to me never to be critical in like manner about the pleasures of the ear.'

Unluckily she did not take the hint, or she would not have complained of being made the object of marked attention. What was optional towards others, was obligatory towards her. When not individually addressed, she was insulated. She could

not

not blend carelessly and easily with conversation. She could not catch the playful tone, the evanescent spirit, the allusive raillery or pleasantry, which are its charm. She could not say with Sydney Smith, when an introduction was proposed: 'Don't inoculate me, let me take him in the natural way.' The suitor for her acquaintance had to be formally brought up and presented; and there was something appalling in her preparations for colloquial enjoyment. At one time, besides the large trumpet, she had one with a caoutchouc tube, long enough to be passed across the dinner-table, winding like a serpent amongst the dishes. The operation was jocularly termed 'laying down the pipes.' The interchange of mind thus effected could hardly be called conversation: it was dialogue, or monologue, under difficulties. She herself talked pleasantly and well.

Sir Walter Scott enjoyed being lionised. So did Lord Macaulay. Miss Martineau admits that it has its advantages in enabling the lion to form valuable acquaintances and establish a connexion; but he must hasten to make hay whilst the sun shines, the odds being that, at the end of his first season, he will be dropped.

'Such reverse may be the best thing to be hoped; but it does not leave things as they were before the season of flattery set in. The safe feeling of equality is gone; habits of industry are impaired; the delicacy of modesty is exhaled; and it is a great wonder if the temper is not spoiled. The sense of elevation is followed by a consciousness of depression: those who have been the idols of society feel, when deposed, like its slaves; and the natural consequence is contempt and repining.'

A little farther on, after stating that 'the Whig dinners of that day (her first season) were at their highest point of agreeableness'—the rising barrister *non obstante*, she says that, on returning to London some years later, she found a melancholy change.

'I found some who had formerly been "pleasant fellows" and agreeable ladies, now saying the same things in much the same manner as of old, only with more conceit and contempt of every body but themselves. Their pride of station and office had swelled into vulgarity; and their blindness in regard to public opinion and the progress of all the world but themselves was more wonderful than ever.'

Yet Lansdowne House, Holland House, Devonshire House, Stafford House, were in their zenith; and the Whigs, whom pride of station and office had swelled into vulgarity, must have included Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Lansdowne, Lord

Lord Normanby, Lord Althorp, Lord Carlisle, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Clarendon.

How did this come to pass? We cannot help suspecting that the change was more subjective than objective: that it was in her, not in them: that the Whigs had found out their mistake in supposing that legislation could be based on story-books; and that (to use her own words) the natural consequence in the deposed idol was repining and contempt.

She follows up and supports her theory of lionising by impressions of her most distinguished acquaintance, which are equally remarkable for discrimination and uncharitableness. Franklin mentions a gentleman who, having one handsome and one shrivelled leg, was wont to test the disposition of a new acquaintance by observing whether he looked first or most at the best or worst leg. Miss Martineau had a disagreeable knack of looking first and most at the worst leg, especially when the candidate for her favour had put his best leg foremost. Brougham, who laid himself out to please her, utterly failed.

‘He watched me intently and incessantly when I was conversing with any body else. For my part, I liked to watch him when he was conversing with gentlemen, and his mind and its manifestations really came out. This was never the case, as far as my observation went, when he talked with ladies. I believe I have never met with more than three men, in the whole course of my experience, who talked with women in a perfectly natural manner; that is, precisely as they talked with men: but the difference in Brougham’s case was so great as to be disagreeable. He knew many cultivated and intellectual women; but this seemed to be of no effect. If not able to assume with them his ordinary manner towards silly women, he was awkward and at a loss. This was by no means agreeable, though the sin of his bad manners must be laid at the door of the vain women who discarded their ladyhood for his sake, went miles to see him, were early on platforms where he was to be, and admitted him to very broad flirtations. He had pretty nearly settled his own business, in regard to conversation with ladies, before two more years were over. His swearing became so incessant, and the occasional indecency of his talk so insufferable, that I have seen even coquettes and adorers turn pale, and the lady of the house tell her husband that she could not undergo another dinner party with Lord Brougham for a guest.’

This, to our certain knowledge, is a gross exaggeration. In marked contrast to Brougham in her estimate stands Lord Durham, the pink of kindness, gentleness, temper and amiability, and the pattern of high-minded statesmen. When she was ‘giving him evidence of the popular distrust of Lord Brougham and his teaching and *preaching* clique,’ he heard her with evident concern, and said at last, in his earnest, heartfelt way,

way, 'Brougham has done, and will do, foolish things enough; but it would cut me to the heart to think that Brougham was false.' 'In seven years from that time he was in his grave, sent there by Brougham's falseness.' Did these intervening years pass away without inspiring the smallest distrust of Brougham? Lord Durham died in 1840, and Brougham was never in office after 1834.

There is little new in her reminiscences of Hallam and Sydney Smith. She says, 'The story of Jeffrey and the North Pole as told by Sydney Smith, appears to me strangely spoiled in the Life.' It appears to us better told than by her. She hits off Jeffrey's manner to women, *apropos* of a scene in which he is monopolised by a lady whose admirers thought more of her personal attractions than her publications.

'He could be absurd enough in his devotion to a clever woman; and he could be highly culpable in drawing out the vanity of a vain one, and then comically making game of it; but his better nature was always within call; and his generosity was unimpeachable in every other respect—as far as I knew him.'

She was hard upon the bishops who ventured amongst the blue-stockings:—

'There were a few bishops;—Whately, with his odd, overbearing manners, and his unequal conversation,—sometimes rude and tiresome, and at other times full of instruction, and an occasional drollery coming out amidst a world of effort. Perhaps no person of all my acquaintance has from the first appeared to me so singularly over-rated as he was then. I believe it is hardly so now. Those were the days when he said a candid thing which did him honour. He was quite a new bishop then; and he said one day, plucking at his sleeve, as if he had his lawn ones on, "I don't know how it is: but when we have got these things on, we never do any thing more."'

She has left a portrait of the amiable and excellent Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Stanley, so disfigured by sectarian or provincial animosity that it will hardly be recognised by those who knew him personally or have become familiar with his career and character in the truthful pages of his distinguished son.* The man who is there shown to have given the most decided proofs of courage, moral and physical, in confronting prejudice, suppressing vice, putting down brutal amusements and facing Chartist mobs, is described by her as 'timid as a hare, sensitive as a woman.'

'Bishop Stanley was, however, admirable in his way. If he had

* 'Memoir,' by the Dean of Westminster, prefixed to 'Addresses and Charges,' 1851.

been a rural parish priest all his life, out of the way of dissenters and of clerical *espionnage*, he would have lived and died as beloved as he really was, and much more respected. In Norwich, his care and furtherance of the schools were admirable; and in the function of benevolence to the poor and afflicted, he was exemplary.'

What follows is introduced with a *but*—

'I do not like your *but*—it does allay
The good precedence ——'

'But censure almost broke his heart and turned his brain. He had no courage at all under the bad manners of his clergy; and he repeatedly talked in such a style to me about it, as to compel me to tell him plainly that Dissenters like myself are not only accustomed to ill-usage for differences of opinion, but are brought up to regard that trial as one belonging to an honest avowal of convictions, and to be borne with courage and patience like other trials. His innocent amazement and consternation at being ill used on account of his liberal opinions were truly instructive to a member of a despised sect: but they were painful, too.'

This is tantamount to saying that bad manners and ill-usage should not be checked or censured, because the sufferers are thereby subjected to an improving trial; and that to sympathise with them is to imply that they are unequal to it. Painful, forsooth! It is infinitely more painful to see such a perverse construction of conduct and motive. The courage shown by the Bishop in condemning his intolerant clergy is adduced to prove that he had none!

She does ample justice to the poetic genius and many excellent qualities of Lord Houghton, who, on hearing of her hopeless condition in 1842, sent her some lines on 'Christian Endurance!'—'the lines (says Mrs. Chapman) which Dr. Channing so much admired, and after reading which he bade her be glad that she was the inciter of such holy thoughts and generous sympathies.' They were followed by a fine sonnet in the same spirit in 1843. She made his acquaintance at Lady Mary Shepherd's; a house to which she never went a second time for fear of being pestered by blue-stockings. First, there was Lady Mary herself, 'who went about accompanied by the same given her by Mr. Tierney, when he said there was not another head in England that could encounter hers on Cause and Effect.' Then Lady Charlotte Bury, for whose benefit she underwent a 'ludicrous examination about how I wrote my Series, and what I thought of it.' Escaping from this to an opposite sofa, she was 'boarded' by Lady Stepney, who was then, as she boasted, receiving seven hundred pounds apiece for her novels,

novels, and paraded a pair of diamond earrings, costing that sum, which she had so earned. Would any one suppose from this that Mr. and Lady Mary Shepherd had collected round them a highly-cultivated and most agreeable society: that the ladies named were probably the only blue-stockings in the room; and that kind, amiable, unassuming Lady Stepney, although she wrote some foolish novels, was the last person in the world to parade her earrings as the price?—

'The difficulty in conversing with this extraordinary personage was that she stopped at intervals, to demand an unqualified assent to what she said, while saying things impossible to assent to. She insisted on my believing that "that dreadful Reform in Parliament" took place entirely because the "dear Duke" of Wellington had not my "moral courage," and would not carry a trumpet. She told me that the dear Duke assured her himself that if he had heard what had been said from the Treasury-benches, he should never have made that declaration against parliamentary reform which brought it on: and thence it followed, Lady Stepney concluded, that if he had heard what was said behind him,—that is, if he had carried a trumpet, he would have suppressed his declaration; and the rest followed of course. I was so amused at this that I told Lady Durham of it; and she repeated it to her father, then Prime Minister; and then ensued the most amusing part of all. Lord Grey did not apparently take it as a joke on my part, but sent me word, in all seriousness, that there would have been parliamentary reform, sooner or later, if the Duke of Wellington *had* carried a trumpet!'

It is our firm conviction, knowing Lady Stepney well, that the remark about the 'moral courage' was a bit of comic exaggeration on her part; and we feel equally sure that Lord Grey's message of assurance was sent by way of carrying on the joke. There are more specimens of Lady Stepney's conversation, who is made to say in reference to the alleged discovery of the Magnetic Pole: 'But you and I know what a magnet is very well. *We* know that a little thing like that would be pulled out of its place in the middle of the sea.' We ourselves heard the Duke of Sussex, at one of the *soirées* at Kensington Palace, when he was President of the Royal Society, address a group of North Pole navigators: 'How do you do, Franklin? Glad to see you, Parry. Very hot here; more like the South Pole than the North.' It is quite possible, therefore, that Lady Stepney may have talked nonsense about the magnet, but Miss Martineau did not understand *persiflage* when she heard it: to joke through a tube or trumpet is no laughing matter; the look and accent are out of keeping with the words. When Sydney

Smith was asked how he got on with her, he replied, 'Very well; except that about three times out of four she mistakes my mystifications for facts.' The most decidedly 'blue' parties in London were her own.

To return to her sketches. She disposes of a whole batch of eminent acquaintance in a paragraph or two:—

'I had heard all my life of the vanity of women as a subject of pity to men: but when I went to London, lo! I saw vanity in high places which was never transcended by that of women in their lowlier rank. There was Brougham, wincing under a newspaper criticism, and playing the fool among silly women. There was Jeffrey flirting with clever women, in long succession. There was Bulwer on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries,—he and they dizenod out, perfumed, and presenting the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground,—only the indifference or hauteur of the lord of the harem being absent. There was poor Campbell the poet, obtruding his sentimentalities, amidst a quivering apprehension of making himself ridiculous.

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'Then there was Babbage,—less utterly dependent on opinion than some people suppose; but still, harping so much on the subject as to warrant the severe judgment current in regard to his vanity.—There was Edwin Landseer, a friendly and agreeable companion, but holding his cheerfulness at the mercy of great folks' graciousness to him.'

If she had revised her Autobiography after reading Macaulay's *Life* by his nephew, she would hardly have attributed 'the fundamental weakness which pervades his writings' to want of heart; and she goes much too far when she says:

'His review articles, and especially the one on Bacon, ought to have abolished all confidence in his honesty, as well as in his capacity for philosophy.'

But she is not far wrong when she complains of the difficulty thrown in the way of reference by his mode of citing his authorities:—

'Where it (reference) is made, by painstaking readers, the inaccuracies and misrepresentations of the historian are found to multiply as the work of verification proceeds. In fact, the only way to accept his History is to take it as a brilliant fancypiece,—wanting not only the truth but the repose of history,—but stimulating, and even, to a degree, suggestive.'

We have no fault to find with her reminiscence of Mr. and Mrs. Grote, except that 'clever' is an inadequate expression, and

and 'with all imaginary freedom' must not be understood to mean more than vivacity, comprehensiveness and variety.

'I was always glad to meet him and his clever wife, who were full, at all times, of capital conversation; she with all imaginable freedom; and he with a curious, formal, old-fashioned, deliberate courtesy, with which he strove to cover his constitutional timidity and shyness. The publication of his fine History now precludes all necessity of describing his powers and his tastes. He was best known in those days as the leading member of the Radical section in Parliament; and few could suppose then that his claims on that ground would be swallowed up by his reputation as a scholar and author in one of the highest walks of literature. As a good man and a gentleman his reputation was always of the highest.'

She had ample opportunities of studying Mr. Carlyle and made a good use of them, although she begins by showing her incapacity for enjoying the Shakespearian humour which is the distinctive quality of his genius. When the lease of his house in Cheyne Row had nearly expired, he was obliged (she says) to set forth 'with sanitary views,' and look about him:—

'Forth he went, his wife told me, with three maps of Great Britain and two of the World in his pocket, to explore the area within twenty miles of London.'

She was puzzled for a long time as to whether he did or did not care for fame; but at length the mystery was solved:—

'My friend and I found that Carlyle was ordered weak brandy and water instead of wine; and we spent our few sovereigns in French brandy of the best quality, which we carried over one evening, when going to tea. Carlyle's amusement and delight at first, and all the evening after, whenever he turned his eyes towards the long-necked bottles, showed us that we had made a good choice. He declared that he had got a reward for his labours at last: and his wife asked me to dinner, all by myself, to taste the brandy. We three sat round the fire after dinner, and Carlyle mixed the toddy while Mrs. Carlyle and I discussed some literary matters, and speculated on fame and the love of it. Then Carlyle held out a glass of his mixture to me with, "Here—take this. It is worth all the fame in England."

The following verses were improvised by Johnson in ridicule of the antique ballad style:—

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way."

2 L 2

Thus

Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
 Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
 When the smiling sage replied,
 "Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

Miss Martineau would most assuredly have understood this effusion as conveying the deliberate opinion of the sage that beer is bliss and bliss is beer.

After expressing an opinion that Mr. Carlyle could not do any more effectual work in the field of morals or philosophy, avowing a preference for his biographies, and declaring that for her part she could not read his 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' she says:—

'No one can read his "Cromwell" without longing for his "Frederick the Great;" and I hope he will achieve that portrait, and others after it. However much or little he may yet do, he certainly ought to be recognised as one of the chief influences of his time. Bad as is our political morality, and grievous as are our social short-comings, we are at least awakened to a sense of our sins; and I cannot but ascribe this awakening mainly to Carlyle. What Wordsworth did for poetry, in bringing us out of a conventional idea and method to a true and simple one, Carlyle has done for morality.'

We admire 'his sincerity, earnestness, healthfulness, and courage' as highly as any of his disciples, and there is no denying his influence. But it may well be doubted whether that influence has been for evil or for good. Does it advance morality to idealise power, force, strength of volition, success—to contend that might makes right—to set up Cromwell and Frederic the Great as models for rulers—to defend the stupid brutality of Frederic William as the eccentricity of genius?

'Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'

'And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.'

Mr. Carlyle would have agreed with the gods and shouted with the Senate.*

Longing for rest, and wishing to break through any selfish

* Miss Martineau's readers would do well to compare her impressions of Carlyle, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and many others with those of a less prejudiced and singularly acute judge of character, contained in the highly-interesting work, just published, entitled: 'Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends.' We are indebted for this book to the poet's widow, whose acquisitions and cultivated taste eminently fitted her for the execution of what she terms a dear and honourable task.

'particularity'

'particularity' that might be growing on her, she resolved at the end of her third season to visit the United States. It was not a bookmaking expedition. 'I can truly say that I travelled without any such idea in my mind. I am sure that no traveller seeing things through author's spectacles can see them as they are.' However, she kept a journal and wrote two books, based on it, on her return. These contain what she had to say about the Great Republic, its institutions and its society; but one subject was glossed over in both—her own personal connexion with the controversy on negro slavery, which she purposely kept back for fear of creating a suspicion of partiality. 'In this place I feel it right to tell my own story.' It is told in minute detail, filling 92 pages, and leaves a high impression of her courage, although to a certain extent confirming what fell from a 'pompous young man' at New York: 'My verdict is that Harriet Martineau is either an impertinent meddler in our affairs, or a woman of genius without common sense.' In defiance of warnings, she attended a Women's Abolition Meeting at Boston and made a speech, thereby identifying herself with the agitation to which most of the friends who fêted (or 'Lafayetted') her on her arrival were vehemently opposed.

'In our own room at Washington, I spread out our large map, showed the great extent of Southern States through which we should have to pass, probably for the most part without an escort; and always, where we were known at all, with my anti-slavery reputation uppermost in everybody's mind.—"Now, Louisa," said I, "does it not look awful? If you have the slightest fear, say so now, and we will change our route."—"Not the slightest," said she. "If you are not afraid, I am not." This was all she ever heard from me of danger.'

Sydney Smith had jocularly suggested before she left England that, although a feather in her cap was agreeable, a quantity of feathers sticking to her back might prove an awkward encumbrance; and he made another joke on the probability of her joining the feathered tribe, which she did not hear and had better be suppressed. She saw enough to show that the danger was not altogether chimerical; being present in Boston, if not witness of the scene, when Mr. Garrison was dragged by the mob towards the tar-kettle, whilst his lovely wife, more lovely in her tears, looked on from a balcony, exclaiming, 'I trust in God he will not give up his principles;' which, under the circumstances, was pretty nearly tantamount to saying, 'I trust in God he will be tarred and feathered.' She was absent rather more than two years. On landing at Liverpool, August 26th,

26th, 1836, she found various letters from publishers awaiting her; and the very day she arrived in London, the competition began:

'One November morning, however, my return was announced in the "Morning Chronicle;" and such a day as that I never passed, and hoped at the time never to pass again.

'First, Mr. Bentley bustled down, and obtained entrance to my study before anybody else. Mr. Colburn came next, and had to wait. He bided his time in the drawing-room. In a few minutes arrived Mr. Saunders, and was shown into my mother's parlour. These gentlemen were all notoriously on the worst terms with each other; and the fear was that they should meet and quarrel on the stairs. Some friends who happened to call at the time were beyond measure amused.'

Dickens used to relate that when two publishers, formerly partners, were similarly competing, each told him that he could hang or transport the other.

She closed with Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and through them became acquainted with 'one of the tricks of the trade' which surprised her a good deal, as well it might.

'After telling me the day of publication, and announcing that my twenty-five copies would be ready, Mr. Saunders inquired when I should like to come to their back parlour, "and write the notes."—"What notes?"—"The notes for the Reviews, you know, Ma'am." He was surprised at being obliged to explain that authors write notes to friends and acquaintances connected with periodicals, "to request favourable notices of the work." I did not know how to credit this; and Mr. Saunders was amazed that I had never heard of it. "I assure you, Ma'am, ——— does it; and all our authors do it." On my emphatically declining, he replied, "As you please, Ma'am: but it is the universal practice, I believe." I have always been related to the Reviews exactly like the ordinary public. I have never inquired who had reviewed me, or known who was going to do so, except by public rumour.'

Instead of taking credit, like the Pharisee, for being unlike others, Miss Martineau should have given an indignant denial to the statement, if only for the honour of the craft. There is, we know it to our cost and say it to our sorrow, a good deal of unworthy canvassing through friends for favourable notices, but the general or universal practice mentioned by Mr. Saunders, sounds to us like a pure invention or myth. The book came out under the title of 'Society in America.' She wished to call it 'Theory and Practice of Society in America;' which would have been a better indication of its quality; most of the chapters being

being rather essays on legislation, manners, customs, and institutions than sketches of society. She frankly admits the principal fault, its metaphysical framework :—

‘Again, I was infected to a certain degree with the American method of dissertation or preaching; and I was also full of Carlylism, like the friends I had left in the western world. So that my book, while most carefully true in its facts, had a strong leaning towards the American fashion of theorising; and it was far more useful on the other side of the Atlantic than on this.’

Although taking her stand on the American point of view and herself republican to the core, she commented freely on the defects of the federal constitution, and did not spare American vanity or self-love.

‘A fair lady of blue-stocking Boston said of me after my book appeared, “She has ate of our bread and drunk of our cup; and she calls dear, delightful, intellectual Boston pedantic!” on which a countryman of the complainant remarked, “If she thinks Boston pedantic, did you mean to bribe her, by a cup of tea, not to say so?”’

She sorely wounded the susceptibilities of the fair sex throughout the whole length and breadth of Yankee land, by plainly telling them that their accent was a material drawback to their attractions. They certainly, with rare exception, did and do require to be occasionally reminded of Lear’s touching tribute to Cordelia.

‘Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.’

Some of Miss Martineau’s ‘wisest friends at home,’ including Sydney Smith and Carlyle, offered their criticism on the more abstract American book in the pleasant form of praise of the more concrete one, the ‘Retrospect of Western Travel.’

‘Carlyle wrote me that he had rather read of Webster’s cavernous eyes and arm under his coat-tail, than all the political speculation that a cut-and-dried system could suggest.’

It is to be hoped that she called Mr. Carlyle’s attention to the motto for the chapter on Washington sent her by Lord Holland through General Fox :—

‘He might have been a king
But that he understood
How much it was a meaner thing
To be unjustly great than honourably good.’*

* The Duke of Buckingham on Fairfax.

After duly considering a proposal to undertake the editorship of an Economical Magazine, she rejected it, and set to work on a regular novel, for which her friends told her she had a special vocation. She must have had her misgivings, for she could never, she says, frame a plot for the shortest of her tales; and she was too good a critic not to know that no novel can approximate to excellence without a plot, although so many admirable writers have managed to do without one. A perfect plot is one where each incident tells on the denouement or catastrophe, where each character more or less influences it, where the interest is suspended to the end. One of the best examples is 'Tom Jones.' In default of the inventive faculty, she fixed upon a story of actual life: the story of a gentleman 'who had been cruelly driven, by a match-making lady, to propose to the sister of the woman beloved, on private information that the elder had lost her heart to him, and that he had shown her attention enough to warrant it.' This story was the groundwork of 'Deerbrook,' a novel in three volumes, which came out in 1839.

'I was not uneasy about getting my novel published. On May-day, 1838, six weeks before I put pen to paper, I received a note from a friend who announced what appeared to me a remarkable fact;—that Mr. Murray, though he had never listened to an application to publish a novel since Scott's, was willing to enter into a negotiation for mine. I was not aware then how strong was the hold on the public mind which "the silver-fork school" had gained; and I discovered it by Mr. Murray's refusal at last to publish "Deerbrook." He was more than civil;—he was kind, and, I believe, sincere in his regrets. The execution was not the ground of refusal. It was, as I had afterwards reason to know, the scene being laid in middle life. I do not know whether it is true that Mr. Lockhart advised Mr. Murray to decline it; but Mr. Lockhart's clique gave out on the eve of publication that the hero was an apothecary.'

Here is *gobemoucherie* again. Mr. Murray knew full well, if Miss Martineau did not, that 'the silver-fork school' had long before received its death-blow from Dickens. The suggested ground of refusal is absurd. The hero was in fact a surgeon, so that Mr. Lockhart's clique (if he had a clique) were not far wrong. One of Theodore Hook's heroes (and Hook was the chief founder of the silver-fork school) is the son of a surgeon and man-midwife. He is rapturously expatiating to a friend on the charms of a fair *incognita* whom he had saved from the consequences of an accident in the streets, and the thrilling tone in which she had addressed him, as 'My deliverer'!

'Most

'Most likely,' dryly remarks the friend, 'she took you for your father.'

Miss Martineau goes on to state (what we doubt) that Mr. Murray finally regretted his decision; and that Mr. Moxon, to whom, by Mr. Rogers's advice, she offered it, had reason to rejoice in it; 'two large editions having been long exhausted and the work being still (1855) in constant demand.'

To keep pace with Miss Martineau is an impossibility: the panting critic toils after her in vain; the wonder is how her physical powers bore the strain so long.

'The fiery spirit working out its way
Fretted the puny body to decay.'

If for 'fiery' and 'puny' we read 'resolute' and 'sickly,' Dryden's couplet fits her to a hair. The moral of Balzac's '*Peau de Chagrin*' is that every gratified volition or unrestrained impulse more or less shortens life. It was not upon the cards that Miss Martineau's intensity of will could go on taxing mind and body with impunity, and soon after the publication of '*Deerbrook*,' in the very act of meditating '*The Hour and the Man*' at Venice during a Continental journey, she broke down. She was brought home by easy stages, and conveyed without delay to Newcastle-upon-Tyne to be under the care of her brother-in-law, with whom she remained six months, and then removed to a lodging in Tynemouth overlooking the sea.

'On the sofa where I stretched myself after my drive to Tynemouth, on the 16th of March, 1840, I lay for nearly five years, till obedience to a newly-discovered law of nature raised me up, and sent me forth into the world again, for another ten years of strenuous work, and almost undisturbed peace and enjoyment of mind and heart.'

Her prolonged illness inspired '*Life in a Sick-room*,' a book which will be found replete with all kinds of comforting suggestions to the invalid who has strength of mind to turn it to account. The key-note is given in the first sentence:—

'The sick-room becomes the scene of intense convictions, and among these, none, it seems to me, is more distinct and powerful than that of the permanent nature of good, and the transient nature of evil.'

She finds the best source of consolation in revealed religion:

'Nothing but experience can convey a conception of the intense reality in which God appears supreme, Christ and his gospel divine, and holiness the one aim and chief good, when our frame is refusing
its

its offices, and we can lay hold on no immediate outward solace and support.'

Unhappily, this was little more than a passing impulse; and she speedily relapsed into her habitual frame of mind.

Her 'Letters on Mesmerism,' giving a faithful account of her cure, exposed her to a torrent of misrepresentation and abuse. The medical profession resented her getting well contrary to the rules of art as a personal injury. Their language resembled that of the doctor in the 'Malade Imaginaire': 'Un attentat énorme contre la médecine! Un crime de lèse-faculté, qui ne se peut assez punir.' Some went the length of declaring that she had been a 'malade imaginaire' all along, without a real malady to cure:—

'Now and then we heard, or saw in the newspapers, that I *was* as ill as ever, and mourning my infatuation,—though I was walking five or seven miles at a time, and giving every evidence of perfect health. The end of it was that I went off to the East,—into the depths of Nubia, and traversing Arabia on a camel; and then the doctors said I had never been ill!'

In her 'Letters on Mesmerism' she was hurried by her grateful enthusiasm into giving it credit for miracles; such as conferring something like the gift of tongues upon a servant-girl. She also wrote some ill-judged letters on 'Clairvoyance;' but she adopts the rational view of spiritualism:—

'An eminent literary man said lately that he never was afraid of dying before; but that he now could not endure the idea of being summoned by students of spirit-rapping to talk such nonsense as their ghosts are made to do. This suggests to me the expediency of declaring my conviction that if any such students should think fit to summon me, when I am gone hence, they will get a visit from—not me,—but the ghosts of their own thoughts: and I beg beforehand not to be considered answerable for anything that may be revealed under such circumstances. I do not attempt to offer any explanation of that curious class of phenomena, but I do confidently deny that we can be justified in believing that Bacon, Washington and other wise men are the speakers of the trash that the "spiritual circles" report as their revelations.'

The year after her cure she formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimacy, with Mr. Atkinson, a gentleman of independent fortune and scientific acquirements, with whom, towards the end of 1847, she commenced the 'Correspondence' which appeared in 1851 as an octavo volume, entitled 'Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development.' The per-
vading

vading doctrine being Materialism, she must have made up her mind to disapproval or condemnation from many of her most valued friends; but she could hardly have reckoned on the excessive virulence and gross misrepresentation with which she was encountered by the organ of the Unitarians, whose tenets she had repudiated, or that her brother, the Rev. James Martineau, would volunteer to become the instrument of their animosity. He was (she says) the avowed author of the article in the 'Prospective Review' headed 'Mesmeric Atheism.' The bare heading (she protests) was a cruel calumny. The letters had nothing to do with mesmerism; the imputation of atheism is indignantly repelled; and the proper tone to be adopted towards an erring sister or friend was taken by Lord Houghton, when he said: 'I am less and less troubled about theories which I disapprove when adopted by the good and true. You can hold them, and hold your moral judgment and sensibilities too. You are unharmed by what would be death to me.'

In 1845 she built, for 500*l.*, her cottage or villa, The Knoll, at Ambleside, where she resided the remainder of her life, although (she says) so pestered by tourists that she was obliged to let it during the months of July, August, and September, when they swarmed in the Lake-country. Wordsworth was her near neighbour, and she records some curious incidents relating to him:—

'When you have a visitor,' said he, 'you must do as we did;—you must say "if you like to have a cup of tea with us, you are very welcome: but if you want any meat,—you must pay for your board." Now, promise me that you will do this. Of course, I could promise nothing of the sort. I told him I had rather not invite my friends unless I could make them comfortable. He insisted: I declined promising; and changed the subject.'

In the autumn of the same year, 1845, she wrote three volumes of 'Forest and Game-Law Tales,' based on evidence supplied by Mr. Bright. They proved a failure, 'my first failure;' but they did not destroy the belief in the efficiency of her mode of writing. In 1847, she was earnestly pressed on behalf of the leading Italian Liberals to take up her abode in Milan for six months or a year, and write a book on the condition of Lombardy under Austrian rule. In reference to this proposal, she states that a similar one had been made to her to visit Sweden, and that O'Connell (about 1839) had applied to her 'to study Irish affairs on the spot, and report upon them.' In 1846, finding that a misunderstanding between Sir Robert Peel and Cobden was likely to delay the repeal of the Corn Laws, she took

took the bold step of writing to Sir Robert (with whom she was not acquainted) and brought about the cordial co-operation of the two.

‘Turn her to any chord of policy
The Gordian knot of it she will unloose
Familiar as her garter.’

She converted her paddock at Ambleside into a miniature farm, which served as a model to agriculturists; and her cottage and grounds were called a ‘perfect poem’ by the visitors. She was really an excellent manager, and by all accounts a most agreeable hostess.

Early in 1846 she joined a party of friends in a journey to the East, which supplied the materials for ‘*Eastern Life, Past and Present*,’ published in 1848. This book must speak for itself. So must her ‘*History of England during the Thirty Years’ Peace*’ (1816–1846), and many other publications, great and small, including an abridged translation (highly commended by Mr. Grote) of Comte’s ‘*Positive Philosophy*’ and a volume of ‘*Biographical Sketches*’ reprinted from the ‘*Daily News*,’ for which she wrote ‘leaders’ regularly during several years.

Startling as was the amount of literary labour which she undertook, she left nothing unfinished or incomplete. She was not a superficial writer: neither was she an original one. Her strength lay in mastering and diffusing knowledge; and her style, although wanting in grace and finish, was admirably fitted for her purposes, being idiomatic, animated, sufficiently coloured, and pellucidly clear. As soon as she had thought out her subject, she took the first words that offered, troubled herself little about polishing, and made no fair copies. Scott and Dumas adopted the same method. Mr. Carlyle, she says, erred on the side of fastidiousness. ‘Almost every word was altered, and revise followed revise.’ Burke, we may add, was the terror of printers; and Balzac spent a fortune upon corrections in his proofs.

The publishers must have made a good thing of her if her writings were as much in request as she supposes; for she says that her literary earnings, during her twenty-five years of authorship, little exceeded ten thousand pounds. This is not a tithe of what Edward Lord Lytton and Dickens are each reported to have made.

From motives of independence which do her honour, she had declined a pension when offered by Lord Melbourne; and in reply to the renewed offer by Mr. Gladstone, in June, 1873, she writes:—

‘The

'The work of my busy years has supplied the needs and desires of a quiet old age. On the former occasions of my declining a pension I was poor, and it was a case of scruple (possibly cowardice). Now I have a competence and there would be no excuse for my touching the public money.'

Her last sustained literary effort was the composition of the Autobiography, after she had been distinctly warned (in 1854) that her complaint was mortal, and that she might die at any moment. The circumstances under which it was composed will be held a fair apology for any failure or confusion of memory which it betrays. But she maintained much of her intellectual vigour to the last, and occasionally resumed her pen to promote causes, like the abolition of slavery, in which she felt a special interest. She died on the 27th of June, 1876. On May 19th she writes to Mr. Atkinson:—

'I see everything in the universe go out and disappear, and I see no reason for supposing that it is not an actual and entire death—and for my part, I have no objection to such an extinction. I well remember the passion with which W. E. Forster said to me, "I had rather be damned than annihilated." If he once felt five minutes' damnation, he would be thankful for extinction in preference.'

It is clear, therefore, that she contemplated death then as she contemplated it in 1855, when she was concluding her biography and wrote thus:—

'Night after night I have known that I am mortally ill. I have tried to conceive, with the help of the sensations of my sinking-fits, the act of dying, and its attendant feelings; and, thus far, I have always gone to sleep in the middle of it. And this is after really knowing something about it; for I have been frequently in extreme danger of immediate death within the last five months, and have felt as if I were dying, and should never draw another breath. Under this close experience, I find death in prospect the simplest thing in the world,—a thing not to be feared or regretted, or to get excited about in any way. I attribute this very much, however, to the nature of my views of death. The case must be much otherwise with Christians,—even independently of the selfish and perturbing emotions connected with an expectation of rewards and punishments in the next world. They can never be quite secure from the danger that their air-built castle shall dissolve at the last moment, and that they may vividly perceive on what imperfect evidence and delusive grounds their expectation of immortality or resurrection reposes.'

This is widely different from the view she expressed in 'Life in a Sick-room'; and if the case is to be stated at all, it should be fairly stated. The comparison should be between persons equally

equally fixed or equally unfixed in their respective belief or unbelief. The sincere Christian is entirely free from selfish and perturbing emotions, is quite secure in his own mind that his castle, instead of being air-built, is built upon a rock. Was Addison selfish or perturbed when he told his pupil that he had sent for him to see how a Christian could die? Surely no candid inquirer, with or without faith, will deny its ineffable comfort, its elevating, purifying, beatifying influence, upon a death-bed. It does more than soften or subdue pain, suffering, fears, regrets. It comes with more than healing on its wings. As the mortal coil drops off, it anticipates the life to come, and fixes the fading flickering gaze on the brightest visions of immortality—

‘They who watch by him, see not, but he sees,
Sees and exults—Were ever dreams like these?
They who watch by him, hear not, but he hears,
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears!’*

ART. VIII.—1. *Le Droit International Codifié.* Par M. Bluntschli, Docteur en Droit, Professeur Ordinaire à l’Université d’Heidelberg, &c. Traduit de l’Allemand par M. C. Lardy. Paris, 1870.

2. *Introduction to the Study of International Law.* By Theodore D. Woolsey, President of Yale College. Second Edition. New York, 1869.

IT is high time that an effort should be made to recover for the old and famous expression, ‘Balance of Power,’ something of its proper force and significance. There appears, during the last twenty years, to have been a sort of general conspiracy amongst us to assign an erroneous meaning to this phrase, and then to set it up as a sort of scarecrow, a target for abuse and obloquy. If it was a mere phrase, this would be a matter of no consequence; but it is perfectly well understood that the words have a very substantial meaning, that they mean nothing more nor less than the principle that Great Britain has rights and duties in reference to her Continental neighbours, which may at any moment demand her interposition with all the force she can command. To evade this contingent duty; to assert the isolation of this country from the affairs of the Continent;

* Rogers, ‘Human Life.’ The leading thought is borrowed from ‘The Dying Christian to his Soul,’ of Pope.

to surround the pursuits of commerce and civilisation with a brilliant atmosphere of philanthropy, to the exclusion of the stern responsibilities which our nation has incurred in the course of the ages during which she has built up her grand position; to spread the selfish doctrine—dear to Æthelred the Unready just nine hundred years ago—of peace-at-any-price, this is in many cases the avowed, in many more the unavowed but prevailing, principle of what we are ashamed to confess is a large and increasing section of the intelligent and influential classes in our country. As these ideas are not likely to find general acceptance when plainly stated, the usual course is to take advantage of a certain unpopularity which the term *Balance of Power* has acquired, mainly in consequence of the abuse of the principle in the last century, and by treating it as an obsolete idea, a relic of barbarous times, the old bugbear from which this enlightened age has fortunately been delivered, to cover it with contempt, and, under the shelter of this repudiation, to proclaim the advent of a new foreign policy worthy of the nineteenth century.

It would not be difficult to quote scores of passages from popular writers in illustration of this method of proceeding; but Mr. Lowe, in a speech he made last autumn at Croydon,* may be taken as a fair representative of these views. In denouncing the past policy of Great Britain in the East, he explains our conduct by deducing it from

‘that tradition which has been the pest of Europe. It was called the balance of power. According to that tradition, when one nation was more powerful than the others, it was the duty of the others to combine together and pull that nation down, till they reduced it to an equality with them; so that Europe was always terrified by some bugbear or other. And in order to prevent these imaginary dangers, torrents of blood, infinitely more than would have been necessary to meet them if they had occurred, have been uselessly and wantonly spilled. First, the bugbear was the House of Austria; then, when that was pulled down, it was France; and when France was reduced to a low condition, all the terrors of Europe centred upon Russia, and everything had to be done to prevent her progress and development. In pursuit of this narrow and foolish policy, for such I have always thought it, we took up the Turk.’

Now it is perfectly true that if the balance of power really meant this, really meant a policy of interference with the progress and development of other States—we must suppose a legitimate progress and development, ‘*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non*

* ‘Times,’ September 13, 1876.

lædas—if it meant that, whatever changes may take place from generation to generation, it is the duty of each State to take care that none becomes more powerful than others, all to remain *in statu quo*, such a doctrine might well deserve to be reprobated. But this is not the balance of power; this is not what was ever meant by it. Under its name some shameful transactions have, indeed, taken place; and a sort of cant use of the phrase may have prevailed at one time or another, not far removed from that asserted by Mr. Lowe. But we shall attempt to show that the principle, on which Great Britain has acted for three centuries, has been a just and noble recognition of her duty in preventing Spain, Austria, France, and Russia, from becoming the robbers and tyrants of Europe; and in so doing that she has fought on the Continent the battles which would otherwise have certainly deluged her own shores with blood, and perhaps destroyed her independence; that her principle of balance has been only another name for self-defence, or rather for self-preservation; and, further, that no system of independent States ever has existed, or ever can exist, without adopting some such principle. If Mr. Lowe and his brother theorists assume, without proof, that they can claim the sanction of history for their doctrine, we must plead that excuse for passing in review some well-known passages of the past, which it might be thought hardly required to be brought once more to the front. And we shall show that, however it may suit this school to proclaim the death and burial of the doctrine of the balance of power, their dogmatism is repudiated by authorities to which even they cannot refuse to pay respect, if not deference.

Not that such a controversy can be decided by an appeal to International Law. Without disparaging for a moment the services rendered to modern times by the advance of this science, if, indeed, that term may be permitted, we cannot forget that it builds up its fabric on authority, and measures the cogency of its statements by their general acceptance; so that it is always open to fresh generations of men to pronounce that times have changed and authorities become antiquated. It looks to foundations laid in law, to treaties, precedents, and formal expressions. The appeal really lies to something deeper and more permanent,—we hardly like to call it the philosophy of the subject,—but to the reason of mankind, the causes and consequences of war and peace, the effect on nations of this conduct or of that, the history of the civilised world. Such a conspectus, which must in this place be, of course, exceedingly brief, will raise the principle of the balance of power to a position far beyond that of a mere invention or artificial system of a particular

a particular period, and will enable us to judge how far a transient abuse ought to weigh against permanent and legitimate usefulness. It need hardly be premised that such a method takes for granted the identity of human nature in all time. There is no reason to believe that, however the softening influences of civilisation and religion may affect mankind for the better, the causes of war and disturbance will ever cease to operate. Recent experiences certainly do not tend to lead us in that direction.

We begin with ancient history; and here we must simply mention a fact or two, and leave the rest to the judgment of the reader. A balance of power can only exist in the midst of a system or cluster of free and independent communities, and of such systems we have but one ancient instance of which we know enough to be of any use in this inquiry. They must necessarily be exceptional in ancient times. Their existence is analogous to that of Constitutional Governments. Such Governments only exist in any healthy condition where a people have worked them out through a process of resistance to domestic or foreign tyrants—monarchical, oligarchical, or democratic, lay or ecclesiastical. In the same way a system of free and independent States can only exist after having gone through a similar process; and the Hellenic communities afford the one typical instance of such a system. Their history is never out of date; it may well be used for the lessons of to-day. Their close juxtaposition made it impossible for them to avoid, if they would, the recognition of the principle of balance; and we need not stop to point out and enforce what may be learnt from their ultimate neglect of it. Hume, in his once well-known Essay on this subject, has drawn attention to the speeches of Demosthenes, as conveying in words the very doctrine which Europe has in modern times formulated. He might have quoted every page of Hellenic history as evidence of its inherent necessity. And surely we may admit that the periodical struggles of Athens and Sparta, of Thebes and Argos and Corinth, were better a thousand times than the dreary weight of Persian or Macedonian tyranny, or the political extinction which ensued upon the Roman absorption of a conquered world.

‘Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.’

We have to pass over centuries before we can find another Greece. The voice of freedom was dumb. There is no balance of power to be found under Rome, though the Teutonic tribes and the Parthians exercised a wholesome check on its too rapid development. It did its appointed work; it spread the ferti-

lising influences of Greek and Italian civilisation, and then of Christianity, over vast families of men; and, finally, fell to pieces by its own weight. Rome had prepared society for the growth of nationalities; but for some ages yet these were too feeble, too barbarous to dream of any common principle of action. It is not till after the Empire had been resuscitated under Charlemagne, and once more fallen to pieces, that we begin to trace some signs of such a principle. As France, Italy, Germany, and the Burgundies struggle with one another for boundary-lines and independent life; as the feudal system gradually infuses the political principles of inherent rights, and the duty of lawful resistance to invasion of rights; as the Crusades deliver their legacy of mutual obligations and united action; as the Papal support of Imperialism—useful in its day—decays amidst the contempt of men, the principle gathers force. In two distinct and yet connected quarters it even acquires in the later Middle Ages some sort of form and recognition. In Germany and in Italy the numerous principalities into which those countries were broken up, the numerous divisions of race and family of which they were composed, necessitated the adoption of a system of balance not altogether wanting in scientific completeness. The Popes themselves, in playing off Germany against Italy, in pitting France, or the Sicilian Normans, against Germany, had been, in fact, all through the Middle Ages, teaching the lesson. England and Spain, as the Middle Ages draw to a close, begin to assert their share in the affairs of the European family; and the Councils of the fifteenth century bring the nations of Western Europe, by representation, to a single spot for a common object.

At length the time arrives when Central and Western Europe presents, on a larger scale, the very same picture which the States of Greece had presented so many ages before. We have now at last a community, and yet a mass of independent communities, bound together by many ties, and yet separate and distinct in a thousand ways. Nationalities are now formed, rounded and complete, each with a history of its own, in England, France, Spain, and Germany; each and all swelling with the impulses of the Renaissance and the Reformation; each producing its statesmen and men of letters and works of art; each organising more or less completely its international along with its national life. In the pages of Philippe de Commines we learn how these international ties were interweaving themselves, even in the fifteenth century, with every political act in Western Europe. In Italy we find the Popes, no longer now the rivals of Emperors, but reduced to the level of petty
Italian

Italian princes, applying themselves consciously and systematically to the task of exercising their old functions within their narrower limits. Their policy was expressed by Paul IV. under the figure of a musical instrument with five strings, which required to be kept in perfect harmony if the peace of Italy and the world were to be preserved. The five strings were the Papacy, Venice, Naples, Milan, and Florence. But Venice may be held to have preceded the Popes in international science, as we may gather from the luminous reports of their agents in our own and other Courts; and it was to Venice that the astute Louis XI. turned for instructors in politics. Nor were the fellow-citizens of Machiavelli, with their wide-reaching commercial transactions in every State, behind their neighbours.

Hence when with the opening of the sixteenth century the old story is repeated, when a fresh Persia, a fresh Macedonia, a fresh Rome, attempts to enslave a fresh Greece, Europe is in a state of preparation to resist. Universal monarchy rears its head once more in the person of Charles V. In the shifting phases of the resistance which he encountered, we discover a method and a system which accustoms men to the scientific treatment of international politics as we now know the science, and establishes the doctrine of the balance of power as the fundamental principle of free national existence. The successors to the place and plans of the mighty Charles, his son Philip, Louis XIV., and the first Napoleon, illustrate and exemplify the lesson that the doctrine having once been formulated and accepted, can never again be expunged from the book of political life.

Up to this time, however, if we may pursue the metaphor of Paul IV., the notes of international harmony had been but the prelude, the 'brisk awakening notes,' to some elaborate air which is to be repeated with a thousand variations, and now to vibrate throughout the world. Religion had not yet intervened, as the predestined element about to infuse an earnestness, a depth, and a variety, into the international system, which mere politics failed to afford. The Popes were, indeed, the accredited religious chiefs; but they had used their influence either for their own purposes to balance States against one another, or, in later times, for the nobler object of the liberation of Italy; and this over peoples professing the same religion. The European balance of power, as we have known it since those times, at least for two centuries, hinged quite as much on religious as on political considerations, if not more; and even in quite

modern times the religious question has carried great weight in European combinations. In man's imperfect state of existence religion was to bring only partial and relative peace; to the world in general it was to be 'not peace, but a sword.' 'Wars and rumours of wars' must arise from the strife of ambition; but when that ambition is winged with the supposed sanctions of religion, and every passion is intensified in the furnace of theological bitterness, we may well hail the development of a principle which appeals to the profound instincts of freedom and self-preservation as a beneficent counterpoise. We may well ask the question,—What would Europe have been had not its education and its progress been controlled by these instincts?

The revolt from the Papacy, which we call the Reformation, struck the key-note. Men's minds became accustomed to the idea of religious as well as political independence. Europe would neither be dominated by the Papacy, nor by a secular prince, especially when he represented the predominance of the religious system which had received such a tremendous shock. The danger was imminent. Charles V. had come into such a vast inheritance and exhibited such a marvellous capacity for domination, that the infant nations found themselves in the presence of a monster which they must strangle at once, or perish. They accepted the issue and prevailed. His seat is in the old Imperial centres; he makes and conquers Popes; he reduces to obedience refractory German princes, destroys the liberties of Spain, crushes the privileges of the Netherlands, combines the wealth of inherited grandeur with the products of the industrial centres of the age, the Old World with the New. Nor can he be said to have neglected the duties of such a position. He held himself responsible for the preservation of Europe from the Mahomedans. He led his own fleets against the growing navies of the common enemy. He attempted the settlement of the Reformation, insisted on the convocation of Church Councils, made what he considered just concessions to the Protestants; and, having so done, claimed a right to force his compromise on all alike. It was a grand conception, a profound failure.

It was not only that Charles had to deal with a new order of ideas, the force of which it was difficult for a contemporary to measure; two Powers, whose significance the great ruler had wholly failed to take into account, had now appeared on the stage—the Turks and the Protestant princes of Germany. With all his sagacious statecraft he never, during his whole reign, understood how powerful was the advantage thus given to his natural antagonists—the King of France, the Pope (as a secular Prince),

Prince), and the Italian States. It had never been dreamt of that a Christian Government should use the Mahometan intruder as an agent in effecting the balance of power; and yet the establishment of the Ottoman Empire was a solemn fact which could no longer be ignored. Christian Europe had stood tamely by and seen it rear itself, slowly but irremovably, on the ruins of the Byzantine Empire. It had stolen into Europe at the weak moment when Imperialism was in decay and nationalities not yet organized; but the followers of the false Prophet had now as good a right as another—the right of conquest. How could they be left out of political combinations, either as friends or foes? And that the Protestant States of Germany had, by the mere fact of their Protestantism, made the Empire an anachronism, an impossibility, this was a discovery which, in fact, produced the abdication of the mighty monarch. The Peace of Augsburg, coming immediately after his discomfiture at Innsbruck, convinced him that his life-long, laborious work had failed. German Protestantism was beyond the reach of interference; the Turks were in possession of the greater part of Hungary; even France had wrested from him Metz, Toul, and Verdun. There was nothing left but to save the wreck—a splendid wreck, but not the world; not unity of faith, however hollow; and this task must be left to another. His own work was over.

It was France that had been the main agent in dispelling his dreams. By force and fraud, by a dexterous use of the new Powers—allying herself now with the Turks, now with the Protestant princes—she at last saw the work accomplished to which, for more than a generation, she had devoted herself; and though we may account for particular campaigns by special considerations, her persistent hostility was really due to the unerring instinct of self-preservation. Her north-eastern frontier was intolerably menaced by the aggrandisement of the lord of half the world, with his centre fixed in Germany and the Netherlands. Such a Power, unchecked and unbalanced, was too near the vitals of France for safe neighbourhood. Necessity was the only justification for the ever-shifting alliances which did her fame no credit.

Thus religious energy—political necessity—presided over the struggle with which modern European history begins. Generations grew up accustomed to the operation of these forces in balancing the States of Europe. But the reduction of the principle to a scientific system is the debt Europe owes, not to France, but to England; not to Francis I. or Henry VIII., whose vain and capricious interferences between France and the Empire

Empire have been sometimes treated as if they had been the first conscious and effective efforts to balance the Powers of Europe, but to the great Queen Elizabeth and her able band of ministers. This may be gathered, not only from a review of her policy, but from indications in Sully's 'Memoirs.' In the prolonged duel between Elizabeth and Philip II. the victory was given to the champion of freedom and Protestantism, armed with the weapons afforded by the general sense entertained of the need of a balance of power.

This crisis was even more terrible than the last. Without the vast and extended dominions of Charles V., Philip presented himself to the world of the sixteenth century as a far more deadly and ferocious enemy to the sacred cause of liberty. Unwearied, unchanging, unscrupulous, he was the incarnation of the worst form of tyranny which had yet appeared through all the ages. He exhibited the *corruptio optimi* in its extreme development, the spectacle of sincere religious zeal, armed with ability and vast military resources, displaying itself in the forms of wholesale murder, torture, rapine, slavery, organised assassination. Against this terrible foe the Dutch, to their everlasting honour, being the people more immediately concerned, threw themselves into the breach; but it was England which guided the mighty conflict for the space of half a century, and brought it to a successful issue. By systematically playing off, one against the other, the two great Powers, whose combination the world had then to fear, Elizabeth and her ministers saved not only England but the world. Her home policy was the basis of her foreign policy. To sum it up in a sentence it was this—to isolate Scotland from Continental alliances, and pave the way for its union with England; to introduce English law and order into the Irish chaos; to foster the social and commercial prosperity of England. In short, Elizabeth may be said substantially to have made Great Britain what it is. Abroad, her policy was to prevent Protestantism, albeit not the form of it which she approved, from being crushed on the Continent, to prevent a coalition of the Papal Powers on the religious basis which Philip, the Popes, and the French League, were for ever attempting to lay down; to destroy the overwhelming influence of the prime mover of European politics—the Spanish despot—weaving from his office his spider-web; to do just as much as was necessary for these purposes and no more; this also succeeded. She left Europe balanced. The spell which had so long hung around the House of Austria had been—at any rate for the time—dissolved. Philip, like his father, died broken-hearted at the failure of all his schemes; the German branch of his

his House had found its interest in withdrawing itself from the affairs of Western Europe, and in strengthening itself against the Turks. The unity of France, on the basis of toleration, had been accomplished under Elizabeth's auspices. The Dutch had virtually established their independence, aided in no small degree by the naval warfare which England had waged against the forces of their oppressor. Spain had at length discovered its inherent weakness, and took up henceforth a secondary place in the affairs of the world.

Here, then, was the first indisputable result of a direct and conscious application of the new and yet ancient principle of political action. The tyranny of the great Romanist Powers, which had been continuously striving ever since the Reformation to win back by force of arms the position they had lost, having been effectually checked for several years, the community of nations gained breathing-time. A general public opinion was formed. The way was prepared for an organised resistance to the next attempt which was made to interfere with national and religious independence, that great high-water mark of Jesuit aggressiveness, that concluding Act of the drama of the Reformation—the Thirty Years' War. We need not dwell upon the marvellous development of abounding, vigorous life which sprang forth during the war with Spain as the natural fruit of liberty in every nation which had acted a noble part in the struggle. Who shall say that there was one war too much, one life wasted, to secure such liberty, such progress? It was no wonder that the doctrine of the balance of power became rooted in the European mind. It was not for the mere pleasure of pulling down to a common level this high-placed potentate or that. What view of European combinations can be more absurd! The leagues of the oppressed could alone arrest the violence of the oppressor. Experience taught men that they should combine to prevent, if possible, rather than go through the agony of curing, the evil. Political foresight, far-seeing earnestness, and self-sacrifice took the place of stupid indifference, and ignoble cowardice. The more sagacious political minds of Europe took account of the gains of the sixteenth century, and began to formulate the lessons which it had taught. The reign of Public Law had commenced.

The seventeenth century witnessed the withdrawal of Great Britain from its place as the teacher of international politics to Europe. If the modern school represented by Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright insist on the reversal of the course pursued under Elizabeth, Cromwell, William and Mary, Anne, and her successors,

cessors, they are bound to state whether they approve of the peace-policy of those disastrous Stuart reigns which has been hitherto condemned by acclamation. In the appeal to history we cannot—to use the homely proverb—eat our cake and have our cake. If Great Britain and the world derived any advantage from the feeble policy which drew this country out of the balance of forces employed in the Thirty Years' War, or from the isolation produced by the shameful concurrence of Charles II. and James II. in Louis XIV.'s career of aggrandisement and spoliation, let it be proved. That policy was in very deed peace-at-any-price. Half the disasters which the world suffered then, and has suffered ever since, may be considered as the price. But into this we need scarcely enter here. If anything may be taken as ruled, this must certainly be so taken.

The great political minds of Europe during the first half of the seventeenth century were those of Sully, Henry IV., Richelieu and Mazarin. These were, indeed, all French, but they were in reality the pupils of Elizabeth, and took up the place vacated by her feeble successors. Under them France directed the struggle of the nations, concluded at last by the great Peace of Westphalia. We should, of course, be entirely wrong if we were to credit these men, any more than Francis or Elizabeth, with a pure, unselfish regard for the welfare of Europe. All human motives are mixed. It was the interest and advantage of France—torn to pieces as she had been by religious wars, and for two generations unable to take a leading part against the House of Austria—which chiefly actuated these men; but they worked on a system which justified their acts; they planned for the whole community of Europe. It is remarkable and suggestive that just as Great Britain forfeited her place in this century as teacher and leader in Europe, so France, after having sustained and confirmed the public law for so many years, was destined to exhibit, in the later part of the century, the picture of the very evil which she had, in the earlier part, devoted herself to cure. After speaking by the politic lips of Sully, Henry IV., and Richelieu, she becomes the scarecrow of Europe under Louis XIV. After that is once more to come the required teaching from the more worthy successors of Elizabeth.

The celebrated scheme connected with the name of Henry IV. has only accidentally become the property of France. Sully's 'Memoirs' plainly show that Elizabeth, and probably her ministers, had formed precisely the same ideas, which were the result of the struggles of the sixteenth century, and the common property of the leading minds of the age, though the execution

of them was reserved for the subtle and unscrupulous Richelieu. 'It was a saying of Elizabeth,' says Sully, 'that nothing could resist the union of France, England, Sweden, and Denmark, when in strict alliance with each other.'* That Venice, the first instructress of France in scientific politics, should be the first to welcome the recovery of that great nation after so long a prostration, the first to recognise Henry IV., is what we might expect. Perhaps, as the whole principle of the balance of power is now attacked, not only in its modern application, but as to its essential wisdom, it may not be inopportune to quote once more the famous passage in which Sully expounds his marvellously advanced ideas of what ought to be the standing policy of France and Europe. It has long been the text of wise statesmen, and preceded the more scientific and pedantic forms of International Law. It has lost none of its significance:—

'France can no more depend on the English than on any of her other neighbours; her true interest and best policy is to render her own interior state and condition such as may make her not only entirely independent, but also able to compel all Europe to feel its want of her; and this, after all, would only be difficult to Ministers who can conceive no other methods to effect it than war and violence—methods that never ought to be pursued without an absolute necessity. But let the Sovereign show himself a lover of peace, disinterested in what regards himself, and strictly impartial with respect to others, he will then be certain of preserving all his neighbours in that dependence which alone is durable, because it conciliates the affections instead of subjecting the person. I dare further maintain, that peace is the great and common interest of Europe, the petty princes of which ought to be continually employed in preserving it between the greater Powers by all the most gentle and persuasive means; and the greater Powers should force the lesser into it, if necessary, by assisting the weak and oppressed: this is the only use they ought to make of their superiority. When I consider Europe as composed of such civilised people, I cannot but be astonished that she still continues to be governed by principles so narrow and customs so barbarous. What is the consequence of that profound policy of which she is so vain, other than her own continual laceration and ruin? War is the resource in all places and on all occasions; she knows no other way, or conceives no other expedients; it is the sole resource of the most inconsiderable sovereign as well as of the greatest potentate; the only difference between them is that the former makes it with less noise and in conjunction with others, while the latter does it with great preparation, and frequently alone, that he may show his grandeur, though in reality he only shows himself more signally

* 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 408. Bohn's Series.

despicable.

despicable. Why must we always impose on ourselves the necessity of passing through war to arrive at peace, the attainment of which is the end of all wars, and is a plain proof that recourse is had to war only for want of a better expedient? Nevertheless, we have so effectually confounded this truth, that we seem to make peace only that we may be able again to make war.*

This passage lays down the law which Europe has ever since been attempting to carry into effect, the law that the great Powers should form a sort of Amphictyonic Council for the general welfare. Each must be powerful enough to be respected by its neighbours, and each intimately concerned with the external policy of every other. For this purpose each must be internally strong and well-ordered, or independence would be impossible. Thus each had an interest in the prosperity of the rest. Together they were to impose peace and harmony on the smaller States, to impose it by force. The corollary from this proposition was that war must necessarily take place if any one of the greater Powers became too powerful to be bound by the public opinion of the rest, and proceeded to absorb neighbouring States in contempt of the public law.

That this was the true rendering of the passage just quoted is evident from the fact that it is almost immediately followed by the elaborate scheme which the author had come to England, on two different occasions, to press, first upon Elizabeth, and then on James. There was much to be done before Europe could be brought into a state of equilibrium which would admit of an international Council; and the problem was depending on France and England for its solution. Though the strength of the Austrian House lay now in Germany rather than Spain, it still bore a fatal resemblance to the tyrannies which had been so successfully resisted in the previous century. Spain had not yet been taught to stoop to the recognition of the revolted Hollanders; the Jesuits had fastened with the grip of a vice on the broad territories and great populations of the dominant 'faction'; the Emperors showed unmistakable signs of relinquishing their quiescent policy; for the decay of the Ottoman Empire had already commenced. The world, according to Sully, was divided into 'two factions.' He and his comrade-king, indeed, clearly divined that the smaller would in the end prove far the strongest; yet a thousand signs betrayed that the death-struggle was only about to begin. The forces of the Papal Powers were gathering for one last decisive effort.

On the one side were ranged, according to Sully, the Pope,

* 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 352-3.

the Emperor, Spain, Spanish Flanders, parts of Germany and Switzerland, Savoy, and almost all Italy. On the other were France, the British Isles, Denmark, Sweden, Venice, the United Provinces, and the other parts of Germany and Switzerland. 'Poland, Prussia, Livonia, Muscovy, and Transylvania, I do not,' says he, 'take in.*' They were too continuously engaged with the Turks and Tartars to be included in the system of the Western Powers. The balance was as yet of the West and Centre. The Ottoman Empire was by this time sufficiently withdrawn from the European balance by the gradual emergence of the North-Eastern Powers, which began to form, along with Turkey, a rude balance of their own. It took another century to bring them up into line with their Western neighbours.

The minute and artificial arrangement, by which the smaller faction was to be balanced against the larger, carried with it its own condemnation; and as if to demonstrate the pettiness of individual man, in contrast with the mighty conceptions of his genius, the hero, whose whole career seemed to be an education for the post of leader in the approaching conflict, was struck down by the assassin at the very moment when he was commencing his forward movement. But the central policy of Henry IV., that of humbling the House of Austria for the protection of France, European freedom, and Protestantism, was completed by other hands.

Under Richelieu, his maxims found practical expression. Having at length accomplished the unification of France, the Cardinal bent his marvellous powers to the task of matching the Jesuits. The sword of Gustavus, the talents of the Swedish Generals who succeeded that hero, were but instruments in his skilful hands. The disasters of England, which had refused to take up her natural position on the side of freedom, owed their impulse, if not their origin, to his policy. If she would not assist in the work, she should have employment enough to keep her from interference. The Protestant princes of Germany, who must certainly have succumbed had it not been for the French intervention, were thus saved. The peace of Westphalia, by which Mazarin brought the mighty struggle to a close, marked the progress made during the century and a half which had elapsed since the Reformation. Religious freedom was henceforth recognised and guaranteed. Holland and Switzerland were at last definitively placed in an independent position amongst the nations. A new era in the policy and public law of Europe was ushered in. The balance of power for which the Thirty

* 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. pp. 405-6.

Years' War was waged, was now established on a footing which became a fresh starting-point for Europe, and which indeed, in its main points, has never been overthrown.

The central and pregnant defect in this momentous settlement was the too great aggrandisement of France, caused by the absence of Great Britain from her place in Continental politics. Of the nations which had as yet taken part in them, our country alone was unrepresented. France obtained the gratification of that fatal ambition which Henry IV. had left as his legacy, the inclusion of many of the smaller German States on the banks of the Rhine. The existence of small Sovereign States on both sides of those banks was a dangerous one for themselves, but a safeguard for Europe. The Emperor Frederick III. would have done well had he allowed Charles the Bold in the fifteenth century to erect them, along with Flanders, into a kingdom large enough to take care of itself. There was a feeble attempt, after Marlborough's victories in 1706, to renew that policy; but the opportunity had been lost, and Europe has suffered from the loss ever since.

It was on this basis of French preponderance that Louis XIV. built up his colossal power, which it only required time and ability, during the abeyance of British influence, to make as formidable as that from which Europe had been delivered. As long as Great Britain counted for nothing—and it is to be observed that even the exceptional vigour of Cromwell's Protectorate was exercised in favour of France—when Sweden had collapsed in consequence of efforts out of proportion to her natural strength, and while the Austrian House was paralysed after the great war, the balance of power was left to take care of itself. The Triple Alliance of Charles for a moment checked the progress of the tyranny, but means were soon found to suppress Louis' ignoble pensioner. 'The great monarch' grew year by year: one success after another placed him, as he thought, beyond the reach of adversity. Pretexts were found for reducing one neighbour after another. Europe looked on aghast and helpless. It has seldom presented a more pitiable spectacle. But, happily for the world, the principles which had effected the Peace of Westphalia were only dormant. Once more the magnificent resistance of Holland saves Europe; once more Great Britain is brought on the stage to direct the general movement of the nations, at last aroused to a sense of their danger. Under William, the champion and foremost representative of the balance of power, under Marlborough—(for we need not in this sketch separate the two wars)—the scattered forces of the European coalition are combined,

combined, and the tyrant, who has broken the public law of Europe, is at last reduced to his proper dimensions.

We need not linger over the very alphabet of history to prove that France, absorbing by 'reunions' and similar processes all the States on her Eastern frontier, supreme in Spain and Italy, perhaps in England, and ruled in the spirit which dictated the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the Dragonnades would have been a monster against which the world must have combined sooner or later. We need not speculate how the deliverance might have been effected; whether the shattering force would have sprung from some earlier 'French Revolution' in exhausted France, or some earlier advent of Teutonic and Slavonic kingdoms to political power. We need not stop to criticise the Peace of Utrecht, by which this 'greatest and most general conflict since the Crusades' was at last terminated. It is enough to observe that the members of the system of States at that time existing did at last the duty which lay before them, not retiring selfishly within their own limits—though of course there was, as ever, an abundance of selfishness displayed, and the usual infusion of mixed motives; but on the whole, and on the whole persistently, these Powers recognised their public duty to Europe as a confederation of nations which could alone exist in harmony under the condition of a balance of power. And it may also be worth observing that the nations which most honourably fulfilled their part appear to have prospered in something very like a due proportion to their merits. It would of course be presumptuous to dwell too much upon this point, for human eyes are scarcely able to measure causes and consequences with sufficient accuracy; but the start in advance made by Great Britain, which had proved herself more than a match for France and Spain united, and now began to spread her language and institutions throughout the world; the subsequent career of Holland, the adopted child of Europe, and the elder sister of Belgium; the ever-onward history of Prussia, which earned its place amidst the nations by its adhesion to the public cause; the fortunes of Austria which were prosperous just as far as she showed public spirit, and lost ground just as far as she pursued the selfish policy of aiming at the place from which she had helped to depose Louis; the fate of Bavaria, which handed on the tradition of the part she then played to later generations; the downward course of France, which can hardly be said to have even yet stopped, though checked for a time by her successes under the first Napoleon; these retrospects are at least suggestive.

Nor shall we be the less inclined to appreciate the merits of
this

this second great settlement of Europe, the first to embody its object in set words—‘*ad conservandum in Europa æquilibrium* ;’ if we reflect not only how it has left the system of smaller States as barriers and cushions between the larger, with an independence of each guarded by common agreement, down to our own times, but that it was followed by a general peace throughout Europe and the world for twenty-five years, and was then only unequal to the task of preserving the balance of power, because two new Powers, not yet taken into account, had risen to the first rank. So much must certainly be placed to the credit of the political doctrine which it represented. And it may be noticed in addition that, after all, the years of peace in Europe from the Treaty of Utrecht to the French Revolution were nearly thrice as numerous as those of war.

Thus at the end of two centuries, during which England and France had worked out in turns the principles of public law, those principles appear in formal and express terms. Two subsequent facts may be traced to this circumstance. An erroneous opinion has prevailed that the balance of power is no older than the eighteenth century, an artificial product of a corrupt age; whereas we have seen that it had a very different origin. This is chiefly important as to the evils which may arise from contempt of the doctrine, ensuing upon a low conception of its history. And it cannot be denied that the very formulation of the doctrine and its familiar recognition have suggested formal and dishonest methods of evading it, while the abuses which have occurred in consequence have tended to its discredit. It is in the history of the eighteenth century that we discern the growth of these abuses; but we shall still find them exceptional, and only requiring a little discrimination to assign them their true place.

The eighteenth century ushered in two fresh members of the great family of ruling nations; Prussia, whose ‘Elector of Brandenburg’ was now a King, and which alone of the German Powers (besides the Emperor) had attached her signature to the Peace of Utrecht; and Russia, whose rise had been less marked, and which was somewhat later in affecting the West. Both had risen on the ruins of Poland and the decay of Sweden. Both burst on the West as Powers that must be counted with, through the fact of their each producing a man who towered above all his fellows, much in the same way as Charlemagne and Napoleon towered above theirs. Perhaps since the death of the first of those extraordinary men the course of events had not been so much guided by the personal will of an individual

as it was by Peter the Great, and in the next generation by Frederick the Great. The sanguinary wars, which must be regarded as the necessary consequence of having to find a place for the new Powers in the European system, afford sad reflections for the philanthropist; but some compensation at least may be found in the assistance given by both nations to the assertion of the balance of power in the great wars arising out of the French Revolution. Up to that date, indeed, the general principles of public law, though exceptionally overborne, were generally admitted, and often successfully appealed to; and the landmarks of the Peace of Utrecht remained almost as they had been fixed in 1713.

The general peace of Europe was first disturbed by Frederick the Great's unjustifiable seizure of Silesia; it was the signal for the two fierce wars out of which Prussia emerged as one of the five leading Powers. Except for this attack on Maria Theresa, it seems probable that the Pragmatic Sanction, that careful attempt to anticipate a general unsettlement of the balance, would have been observed. But the temptation to France, Bavaria, and other Powers, when the strife had once begun, to possess themselves of the territories of the Austrian House was too great, and all pretence of war for the balance of power was for a time abandoned. The Pragmatic Sanction, indeed, like William's Partition Treaties, laboured under the serious defect that it was not, any more than they were (nor in their nature could they be), the joint product of all the Powers concerned. Like big new boys, if such a comparison may be allowed, entering a school in which the old rules take scant account of new comers, a general fight all round seemed the only way of securing proper respect for all alike.

If any nation could make a claim to honour for having acted at this time up to the principles of public law, Great Britain, though much influenced by special interests in Hanover, and guilty of making many mistakes in consequence, may receive praise for her conduct. Hers was at least an effort to do what was right in support of the injured Queen, whose destruction would certainly have deranged the balance. And it was equally right and politic, in spite of all that had happened, to throw the weight of England, in the Seven Years' War, into the scale of Prussia. In both cases France, which was now endeavouring to creep back into the position she had occupied before the Peace of Utrecht, was paralysed by the action of Great Britain; and the two central Teutonic peoples of Europe were, in the end, preserved and strengthened in their rank of first-rate Powers. France reaped the fruit of her crooked policy in the loss of her colonies

colonies and the increase of her debt, which had an important effect in producing the Revolution; while Great Britain rose to the headship of Europe, and steadily advanced her colonies and commerce to such a degree as to make the increase of her debt a matter of small consequence. The only nation, in short, which could make the slightest pretence to having acted for the general good made the greatest gain.

The Partition of Poland by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, which comes next in order, has been universally condemned as the greatest abuse of the doctrine of the balance of power which had ever taken place up to that time. It has rightly earned this ill-fame inasmuch as it has been, immediately or remotely, the pretext for wars which have occurred since. These three Powers, while they had learnt to respect one another's strength in the Seven Years' War, had also learnt to watch one another with intense jealousy; nor were any of them governed at this moment on any but the most selfish and unprincipled policy. Nothing can be more revolting than the parade of justice, and the cant about the balance of power, under cover of which this spoliation was effected. The partition of Poland was, indeed, no new idea. The Poles had been long a decaying nationality in the midst of powerful and more barbarous neighbours. More than a century before, the Emperor Leopold and the Elector of Brandenburg had been grievously suspected by the Poles of a similar conspiracy. France, whose connection with Poland had been so intimate, was too distant to afford effectual aid, nor were either she or Great Britain disposed at this time to encounter a league of the three conquering Powers. They were prompted to some degree by motives even less respectable than timidity. They abdicated their functions; and thus, with all the lessons of the previous period for warning, a process the exact reverse of that which had given security to Western Europe took place in the East. Instead of the great Powers uniting to protect the small, and leaving barriers and cushions to take off the friction with each other, they either united to erase the smaller Powers, or looked on with complacency while it was being done. The sense of shame with which the Partition has been since regarded is, in itself, a tribute to the progress of public law, to the growth of an international conscience.

This wicked act was consummated about a hundred years ago. How far has Russia secured the respect of Europe by her treatment of the Poles? What has she gained by forcing with her own hands this thorn into her side? What has Prussia, now Germany, gained by the removal of a nation, which, from its position, could alone enable her to be independent of the

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Northern Colossus? What has Austria gained but an inheritance of misfortune, which England, her old and constant ally, can only regard with grief?

It was this fatal partition of Poland which supplied Napoleon Bonaparte with a pretext, and in too many eyes a justification, for his similar high-handed incorporation of independent States. His avowed policy may be expressed thus:—‘You have weighed down the balance by your proceedings in the East of Europe; I must redress it in the West,’—a claim as specious and unprincipled as that which he denounced; but bad precedents make bad consequences. And we have heard the same accents from more than one quarter in our own time, self-asserted claims by an interested party on pretence of preserving the balance of power; whereas the very essence of a true use of the doctrine is that the nations shall together judge of the infraction of the public law by any one of them, and act in concert to prevent it. But what is to be done when the conspirators are too strong for the police? This is a question which it is not easy to answer; but it is certainly not answered by shutting the eyes to facts. One thing is certain. Retribution is sure to follow, heavy retribution, on the offenders; but the lookers-on will not escape. ‘No one,’ says Ranke, speaking of an earlier period, ‘goes unpunished who stands aside in moments when the duty of action is laid imperatively on all.’*

Another abuse of the doctrine of balance, similar to the above, but far more pardonable, since it is the result of erroneous theory rather than selfish greed, is that of using the opportunity of a general peace and resettlement to round off territories in an artificial manner, adding this slice to one State and that to another, without reference to the wishes or history of the people concerned, but merely to sustain the balance of power. Such was the course pursued on more than one occasion, but especially at the Treaty of Vienna, the third great settlement of Europe since the Reformation; and it was the more flagrantly wrong since the progress of liberal ideas had left less excuse for the disregard of popular rights.

From these instances of abuse, which we may justly claim should be considered exceptional by the side of the vast preponderance of useful application of the principle, it is a relief to turn to the coalition of Europe against France in the wars of the Revolution. In the military propagandism of that movement, and in the subsequent unblushing ambition of Napoleon, are to be found—if ever there were found—the just grounds for a

* ‘History of England,’ vol. v. p. 14. Oxford Translation.

combination of Powers against a disturber of the peace. We must give up altogether the formation of historical judgments if we are to allow the presence of mixed motives and the perpetration of mistakes to interfere with our approval of a course which is, on the whole, just and right. Von Sybel has sufficiently proved, if proof were needed, that the charges formerly brought against the Allies at the commencement of the war are unfounded; and that the part which Great Britain took in it was as noble and disinterested as it was successful and glorious. The question was one of self-defence, self-preservation, public duty, in the cause of those who would otherwise have been overwhelmed; and if we require any confirmation of the ideas of right and wrong which we may have formed as to the actors in that tremendous conflict, if consequences are any ground of judgment as to events, it can hardly be denied that public respect and influence, internal progress and tranquillity, have rewarded the nations concerned, in a wonderfully exact proportion to the public virtue they exhibited. Great Britain at any rate, in spite of her debt, has reason to comprehend the verdict of events.

The Treaty of Vienna, which, like those of Westphalia and Utrecht, the results of former coalitions to preserve public law, gave peace to the world for so many years, may have been by this time torn to pieces; but it has carried down to our own day the authoritative teaching of the previous centuries. That teaching may be summed up in a single sentence. It is the duty of the members of the European Commonwealth to act together, and not independently, in their mutual relations; and that all should take concerted action against any aggressive member of the Commonwealth; not shrinking from self-sacrifice, still less proclaiming the craven doctrine that the affairs of its neighbours are no concern of any particular State. That any such theory could have found acceptance, is probably due to the confusion of thought which has mixed up the just condemnation of a meddling intervention in the internal affairs of States, with a most unjust condemnation of the international right to guard against external danger arising from the menacing aggrandisement of a State or States. To prevent aggression and the conquest of the weaker Powers by means of alliances, remonstrances, conferences, arbitration if possible, but, in the last resort, war, is the duty incumbent on the European family of nations; to interfere with each other's internal affairs is to strike at the root of their common brotherhood. It is not surprising that the interventions of the 'Holy Alliance' in the affairs of States should have been succeeded by the agencies of

of an opposite kind which Great Britain for many years encouraged. It was all wrong; it has been condemned by public opinion, and has passed away: not so the fundamental obligations of Public Law.

A few words must suffice to gather up the instances of use or abuse of the balance of power as a doctrine applied in our own generation. Greece and Belgium have been treated by Europe on the old-established principle of common action. The annexation of Savoy and Nice and the case of Denmark have afforded instances of neglect or abuse of the principle. The 'Eastern Question,' in relation to the decline and anarchy of the Ottoman Empire, has been a yet more important instance, and is, while we write, still awaiting the action of to-day, the judgment of the to-morrow of history. The policy of Europe in 1840 may fairly be reckoned among the legitimate triumphs of concerted action. The Crimean War, if it did not indeed combine the whole confederacy in a manner creditable to all, yet at least asserted with success the principle that the party interested in obtaining the spoils should not be entrusted with the execution of the common policy. The adoption of this principle also secured the success of the later policy of 1866, in Syria. These last are the questions with which Great Britain has been obliged to deal, in consequence of her commercial and colonial position and her Indian Empire. Whether she has been right in retiring altogether from her old place in relation to the Continental struggles of France, Italy, Germany, and Austria, remains to be seen. There are not wanting indications that a more vigorous policy might have placed her in a better position with reference to questions which she cannot evade if she would, and, what is really more important, would have produced and transmitted a higher moral tone in the international relations of Europe than unfortunately prevails at present. A general survey of those relations, as brought out during the anxious suspense of the past year, suggests painful reflections. It is not creditable to the nineteenth century that the noble lessons of the past should have been forgotten, and that the recurrence of the ignoble attitude of Europe during the early years of Louis Quatorze and at the partition of Poland should have been witnessed once more in an age of boasted progress and enlightenment. In the American struggle it could not, of course, be maintained that Europe should have interfered. It was not a case for the application of the balance of power.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that, having attained our present grand position, we can fall back on our insular situation as an excuse for political retirement. That position

has been gained by centuries of action as an integral part of the European community, and we all acknowledge that there are Continental contingencies which must even now compel us to draw the sword. That admission opens up the larger questions suggested by political foresight and political retrospect, the whole question of the balance of power, and concerted action backed if necessary by war. It is quite a work of supererogation to prove that the liabilities, duties, and dangers of our position have not diminished by the lapse of time or the improvements of mechanical art, by the progress of steam and the telegraph on sea and land, the elaboration of artillery, or the invention of torpedoes. The peace-at-any-price policy may seek for a spurious justification in the aspirations after peace and progress which flourish with increasing civilisation; but those who have followed us hitherto will probably be unanimous in agreeing that it is as great a crime, as great an abuse or neglect of the balance of power, for any nation forming part of the great European system, to separate itself from the community on a private interpretation of its own interest in non-intervention, as it is for a nation to act on a private interpretation of the public law, for aggressive purposes, apart from the rest of Europe.

Our space forbids us to dwell upon the confirmation of the above views afforded by the authorities on International Law. It will be enough to make a few references, and leave the reader to his books. They shall be taken from recent authors, one from each of the nations which at present contribute most effectually to the progress of the science, German, French, American, and English:—

‘True equilibrium,’ says the distinguished German, M. Bluntschli (we quote from the Paris edition of 1870), ‘consists in the pacific coexistence of different States. It is threatened when one State acquires such a supremacy that the safety, independence, and liberty of the other States are endangered. In such a case, all the States directly or indirectly threatened are authorised to re-establish the equilibrium, and to take measures to insure its maintenance.*

‘If it should happen,’ said M. Pradier Fodéré, ‘that a nationality be threatened, since Europe echoes the cry of every people, and since no movement is indifferent to each and all, intervention would be not a right, but a duty in the name of humanity.’†

‘The balance of power,’ says Mr. Woolsey, President of Yale College, in the United States, ‘may be said to be an established part of the international law of Europe.’‡

* ‘Le Droit International Codifié.’ Par M. Bluntschli. P. 95. Paris, 1870.

† ‘Principes Généraux de Droit,’ &c. Par M. P. Pradier Fodéré. Paris, 1869.

‡ Woolsey’s ‘Introduction to the study of International Law,’ p. 61. Second edition. New York, 1869.]

'The principle of the balance of power,' says Sir Robert Phillimore, 'has been, upon several occasions of great importance, most formally and distinctly recognised as an essential part of the system of international law.' It does not require that nations retain exactly their present territorial possessions, 'but that no single Power should be allowed to increase them in a manner which threatens the liberties of other States.' And he denounces the folly and shortsightedness of 'vulgar politicians who hold the doctrine that a State has no concern with the acts of her neighbour, and that if wrong be done to others and not to herself, she cannot afford to interfere. . . . It is the right of third Powers to watch over the preservation of the balance of power among existing States, whether by preventing the aggressions and conquests of any one Power, or by taking care that out of the new order of things produced by internal revolutions no existing Power acquires an aggrandisement that may menace the liberties of the rest of the world.'*

'Since,' says (at an earlier date) Nassau Senior, 'the principal States of Continental Europe,—France, Russia, Austria and Prussia,—have grown from small beginnings to powerful and flourishing monarchies by centuries of ambition, injustice, violence and fraud, it is obvious that the attempt to bind nations by mere moral sanctions is to fetter giants with cobwebs. But when a nation perceives a probability that it will be resisted [in its attacks on the rights of weaker nations] and a possibility that it may fail, the check is powerful.†

To those who have accepted the dogmatic statements, passed on from one to another in newspapers, reviews, and periodicals of late years, to the effect that the whole doctrine of the balance of power is obsolete and absurd, it may be a surprise to find not only that such passages as the above abound in the best modern treatises on International Law and politics, but that a popular writer, of strong liberal principles, like M. Laveleye, finds himself obliged to admit that the doctrine has been necessary for progress and liberty, and only asserts or predicts its decline on grounds of a somewhat fanciful character.‡ It is, at least suspicious when the writers of the nation which supposes it to be its interest to vote the doctrine obsolete are so little supported. It cannot but suggest the idea of a disgraceful and self-condemning heresy. The Americans, indeed, have given some countenance to this superficial view, but the passage cited above from Mr. Woolsey's popular work may almost be matched by passages from Wheaton, who stands at the head of American authors on International Law. He, at least, justifies upon this principle all the chief wars which have been

* Phillimore's 'International Law,' vol. i. pp. 473-510. Second edition, 1871.

† 'Edinburgh Review,' April, 1843.

‡ 'Des Causes actuelles de guerre en l'Europe et de l'arbitrage.' Par Emile de Laveleye. Chap. V. Brussels and Paris, 1873.

waged in Europe.* If we cite one more authority it shall be that of by far the greatest historian of this age, Von Ranke. What that profound and truly erudite mind pronounces to be 'necessary to the existence of the States of Europe'† can hardly deserve contempt. He who has written the history of the chief nations of Europe as no one else has written them, makes no limitation of time in this matter. The principle has existed, does exist, and must exist. 'One of the causes,' says he, 'which enable the European commonwealth to maintain itself as a living whole is that there are active forces latent within it which have always hitherto restored the balance of power when disturbed.'‡ It is his survey of the past which gives him hope for the future. It would, indeed, be strange if the people of the country which has taken the lead in this matter, paid the greatest price, achieved the greatest results, and has the largest stake in the preservation of the principle, should be precisely the people whose aid was found wanting at the most critical moment in the production of those 'latent active forces' on which the veteran historian and philosopher relies. For our own part we do not believe it. The heart of the country is sound. For a moment, puzzled and confused by sophists at home, and the attitude of our neighbours abroad, unwilling to believe the logic of facts, we have been slowly and painfully looking about us. But this is no argument that such an attitude will continue. Should it once be brought home to the British people that in consequence of the paralysis which has smitten the Centre and West of the Continent (ensuing upon the late wars from which this country retired), the balance of power has become hopelessly deranged, and that public law is set at defiance, the old spirit will return once more, and it will be found that the resources which have in past ages destroyed so many tyrannies, will be produced only the more freely and ungrudgingly because they have been reserved for a necessity, and withheld till every effort of Diplomacy had been tried and failed.

It is a satisfaction to observe, as we go to press, that the late, almost desperate, diplomatic effort offers at the last moment a hope of escape for Europe. Should it turn out as we have some reason to hope it may, the cause of Public Law and European concert, the principle of the Balance of Power of which we have been tracing the history, will have received a confirmation long and painfully wanted, and which affords a fairer prospect for the future than we had, if the truth must be told, allowed ourselves to indulge.

* Wheaton's 'International Law.' Eighth edition, p. 92 et seq.

† 'History of England,' vol. iv. p. 385.

‡ Ibid. p. 384.

ART. IX.—1. *Turkistan: Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bokhara, and Kuldja.* By Eugene Schuyler. London. 2 vols., 1876.

2. *A Ride to Khiva: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia.* By Fred. Burnaby, Captain Royal Horse Guards. London, 1876.

3. *Campaigning on the Oxus.* By J. MacGahan. London, 1874.

4. *Shores of Lake Aral.* By Major Wood, R.E. London, 1876.

5. *Clouds in the East: Travels and Adventures on the Perso-Turkoman Frontier.* By Valentine Baker. London, 1876.

IN the present lull of political strife respecting the 'Eastern Question' in Europe, it may be not without advantage to turn our attention to the position of Russia in Central Asia. Only a few years ago our knowledge of that part of the world was of a comparatively limited character. The country was remote and inaccessible, and so dangerous for European travellers, owing to the prevailing lawlessness and fanatical hostility of its inhabitants, that personal records by travellers were rare; and as our interests did not appear to be directly or immediately involved, the public generally were content to regard it as a somewhat mysterious region, consisting chiefly of three Principalities or Khanates (Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokan), which, whilst torn by internal feuds, and of no great military strength, were being invaded and gradually absorbed by the advance of Russia from the north. The above, in a few words, may be sufficient to convey the general view held by most persons of Central Asia, say twenty years ago. There were, of course, even at that time, some who had made the subject a study, and who, possibly foreseeing its future bearing upon our empire in India, endeavoured to call attention to the political and military changes which were rapidly affecting its condition, and might eventually touch our interests; but the general public were content to treat the matter with indifference, as one not yet of much practical concern for English statesmanship. Of late years, however, circumstances have greatly changed, and our knowledge of the region has rapidly accumulated. The advances of Russia and her swift conquests have opened up the country; and although that Government may not desire the light of publicity, or that special attention should be drawn to its movements and actions, still the march of troops, the conquest of large territories, and the extension of commerce, cannot in these days be long kept secret; and, where our material interests may be affected, the public are not likely to remain indifferent. Consequently within

within the last few years not only has Central Asia been a fruitful topic of conversation, of writing, and of study, but the country itself has been penetrated in various directions by travellers, who have collected for us much interesting information of the people, their mode of life, commerce, military power, and condition generally. Instead of being in ignorance, we are almost surfeited with an abundance of knowledge. In the general statements of facts, the various accounts virtually agree; but when we proceed to consider the opinions formed as to the political or military results involved, more especially in regard to the advance of Russia, we are met by considerable differences and widely diverging prophecies. As the military aspect of the question, so far as it has been studied, is the one on which opinions seem specially divided, whilst a true appreciation of it is by far the most essential element as affecting our Empire in the East, it seems possible to do good service by carefully regarding the circumstances from that particular point of view.

The old southern boundary of Russia extended from the north of the Caspian, by Orenburg and Orsk, and then across to the old Mongolian city of Semipalatinsk, and was guarded by a cordon of forts and Cossack outposts. This line was no less than 2000 miles in length, and—

‘abutted on the great Kirghis steppe along its northern skirts, and to a certain extent controlled the tribes pasturing in the vicinity, but by no means established the hold of Russia on that pathless, and for the most part lifeless waste. . . .

‘It was in 1847, contemporaneously with our final conquest of the Punjab, that the curtain rose on the aggressive Russian drama in Central Asia, which is not yet played out. Russia has enjoyed the nominal dependency of the Kirghis Kassacks, of the little horde who inhabited the western division of the great steppe since 1730; but, except in the immediate vicinity of the Orenburg line, she had little real control over the tribes. In 1847-48, however, she erected three important fortresses in the very heart of the steppe. These important works—the only permanent constructions which had hitherto been attempted south of the line—enabled Russia for the first time to dominate the western portions of the steppe, and to command the great routes of communication with Central Asia. But the steppe forts were, after all, a mere means to an end; they formed the connecting link between the old frontier of the Empire and the long-coveted line of the Jaxartes, and simultaneously with their erection arose Fort Aralsk, near the embouchure of the river.’*

The Russians having crossed the great steppe and established themselves on the Jaxartes (*Syr Daria*), from that period came

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ October 1865.

permanently in contact with the three Khanates of Central Asia, and their progress and conquests during the last twenty years have been comparatively easy and rapid. The Principalities have no military strength which can long withstand the advance of a great Power. Their troops and those of Russia have been repeatedly in conflict, but the battles have been trivial in a military sense and the broad result is that at this moment the Russians are in actual possession at Kokan, and virtually predominant in the other two Principalities, although they have not deposed the rulers and do not hold the capitals. They are masters on the Aral and Caspian, and have various fortified positions on the eastern shore of the latter. Drawing a line from east to west, their outposts are dotted along the crests of the Tian Shan Mountains, looking down upon Kashgar; in the centre their frontier almost touches the outlying provinces of Afghanistan which lie to the north of the Hindoo Koosh; and they hold a naval post at Ashourada in the Caspian, close to the Persian shore, and another at Chikisiyar, on the Attrek, the boundary between Persia and the Turkoman tribes of the desert.

The distance between the nearest point of the Russian line in Central Asia and that of our north-west frontier in India may be, as the crow flies, about 400 miles. What we have to regard is the fact that a great Power within thirty years has virtually advanced its old frontier for many hundred miles southwards, rapidly overrunning the country like a tidal wave over sands; absorbing principalities; establishing forts at strategic points; taking possession of inland seas, routes, and river communications, until its advanced outposts not only approach our own, but are on the very confines of countries which may be considered in some degree under our own influence, or with whom we are, at all events, intimately and naturally associated, namely, Afghanistan, Persia, and Kashgaria. Her long line of frontier is devious, and not always thoroughly defined; it wanders along the crest of mountains, is marked sometimes by the course of rivers, and occasionally almost lost in pathless deserts.

In their bare outline these changes are certainly no matter of indifference to us; and it is not to be wondered at that doubts, or even uneasiness, should arise; the shadow of coming events seeming to throw a somewhat sombre hue over the Eastern politics of the future. But the graver the circumstances, the more necessary it becomes to avoid exaggeration; and whilst their military aspect is full of interest, it is not necessarily of a hostile character as regards ourselves.

There is one material point, certainly, of difference between the present and the past. The military forces of a great Power
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are in comparative proximity to our Indian Empire, and hold ground until lately in possession of Governments which, although usually antagonistic, had no real means of executing evil designs. Their influence might be prejudicial, but could hardly extend within our border. Admitting the change, the questions arise, whether the presence of Russia involves danger to ourselves in India? Are the circumstances such as render necessary greater military precautions on our part, either present or prospective, than those hitherto deemed requisite? These questions are of more than local interest; the replies must evidently affect the relative position of the two Powers, not only in the far East, but wherever they may be brought into contact. This matter touches the real point at issue. We need not, so far as the present purpose is concerned, discuss the causes of Russia's advance; whether it is the result of the apocryphal Will of Peter the Great, or of the military ambition of local chiefs, or of a drifting policy, or what not; nor need we pause now to consider the ultimate effect on the inhabitants of the conquered regions. What we have to determine is the result on our own position.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the Russian invasion is the vast extent of country absorbed. From Orenburg in the north to Samarcand in the south is more than 1000 miles in a straight line; and from the Caspian to Kuldja is 1500 miles. Increased military power is not, however, a necessary result of extended dominion. The annexation of a country well peopled, fertile, rich, and civilised, and whose inhabitants are in accord with the conquering Power in race, religion, and language, may give a great and immediate accession of strength; but when none of these conditions are fulfilled, conquest may lead to serious military weakness.

The population of Central Asia, in proportion to its extent, is not only extremely sparse, but, owing to extensive deserts, and to the vicissitudes of climate, the people are nomadic in their habits. Mr. Schuyler says, 'that the whole population of the Russian province of Turkistan is estimated at about 1,600,000, of whom fully 1,000,000 are nomads.' Speaking of the Turkomans, Mr. MacGahan describes them as the bravest and most warlike race of Central Asia. 'They are,' he says, 'a nomadic people, scattered over nearly all the country between the Oxus and the Caspian as far east as Afghanistan, and as far south as the frontier of Persia;' and he estimates their numbers as about 110,000 souls. Major Wood writes:—

'Among notions still current, though perhaps less so than formerly, and which tend to give an erroneous idea both of the strength and of the

the weakness of Russia in Turkistan, is the exaggeration often met with regarding the numbers of the subjects and independent population of Central Asia. The prestige of the swarming millions of the ancient Turanian hordes still clings to the locality, and in a tolerably recent work of a respectable Oriental authority, the population of Russian Turkistan, which is actually two millions—of whom a moiety are nomadic Kirghis—has been stated at seven millions. The peoples of the three Khanates are, of course, inaccurately known, but their numbers are supposed to be—Bokhara, one million; Kokan, nine hundred thousand; Khiva (without the independent Turkoman tribes), three hundred thousand: so that all Central Asia, excluding Kashgar, does not contain more than four and a quarter millions of souls. The statement that the population of British India amounts to two hundred and twenty millions is received by Russians in Central Asia with a half incredulous and a half envious air of astonishment; as well as the still more striking contrast that the whole number of British troops controlling these millions is only double that of the Russian forces in Turkistan.

In the matter of population, therefore, we find at once a remarkable contrast between our Indian territories and the new conquests of Russia.

The power of conducting warlike operations on a great scale, against a distant and formidable enemy, depends very much on facilities of communication and transport for bringing up reserves and munitions; and on the fertility and resources of the country to be traversed as regards supplies of food, fuel, and water. In discussing, therefore, the possible event of future danger to our Eastern possessions from the southward march of Russian columns, the above become important elements for consideration. War is a science which depends for its success not only on the courage of well-armed, disciplined hosts, but on the means of rapid concentration of force at given points. The characteristics of Central Asia, however, militate against its use as a base for offensive operations; and some of these characteristics are such as time will not alter or entirely remove.

Many recent sources of information are now open to use in illustration of these remarks. Captain Burnaby, who travelled from Orenburg to Khiva in the winter of 1875-6, describes the cold of the Kirghis desert as a thing unknown even in the Arctic regions. 'An enormous expanse of flat country,' he says, 'extending for hundreds of miles, and devoid of everything save snow and salt-lakes, and here and there saksaoöl, a species of bramble-tree, would have to be traversed on horseback ere Khiva could be reached.' His personal experiences amply prove the enormous difficulties of the journey. He suffered intensely from cold and want of fuel, had to carry his provisions

provisions with him, was imbedded in snow, and nearly lost his hands by frost-bite between Orenburg and Kasalinsk. Again, he describes the route onwards to Khiva across the Kizil Kum desert as a very arduous march, which required many preparations beforehand, as everything had to be taken in the shape of provisions—barley, and even fuel, and bags of snow as a substitute for water. He adds, 'For provisions I had supplied myself with cabbage-soup with large pieces of meat cut up in it. This, poured into two large iron stable-buckets, had become hard frozen, and was thus easily carried on the back of a camel.' As he remarks, it is easy from these details to understand Peroffski's disaster in 1839, when, in marching on Khiva, he lost two-thirds of his men, nine thousand camels, and an immense quantity of horses—the cost of the expedition amounting to about one million sterling; and these losses were not occasioned by fighting, as the greater part of Peroffski's forces never saw the foe. Mr. MacGahan, who also travelled to Khiva at the time of the Russian expedition in the summer of 1873, speaks of the fatigues and dangers of the desert, of the fiery glare of the heated atmosphere, and of the intense sufferings of himself and his animals from want of water. If two enterprising gentlemen, of great courage and determination, are only enabled to reach Khiva, the one in winter and the other in summer, after undergoing hardships and sufferings which almost amount to the heroic, we may fairly conclude that Central Asian routes are hardly adapted for the rapid march of armies, encumbered as they must ever be with vast impedimenta in the shape of food, munitions, and stores.

Mr. Schuyler was at Orenburg, going south, in 1873, shortly after the Russian column had left on its march to Khiva. He speaks of the troops as having been conveyed in sledges to the Emba. His own journey southwards across the steppe was difficult, on account of the state of the roads from snow and mud, and at one time he had no less than eight horses harnessed to his tarantasse. He describes the Sea of Aral as a veritable waste of waters; its surroundings as utterly desolate and uninhabited; and the navigation of the Syr Daria difficult, from shoals, strong currents, and scarcity of fuel. It has been proposed to construct a railway from Orenburg to Samarcand, upwards of 1000 miles long; but Mr. Schuyler points out that the cost of construction, and especially of running it, would be immense from lack of water and fuel; further, that it would pass through a country the greater part of which is almost uninhabited. The above remarks apply chiefly to the main route from Orenburg southwards.

The elaborate precautions found necessary by the Russians in their Khivan campaign of 1873 are strong evidences of the permanent difficulties of making war in the midst of deserts. Although the military power of the enemy was known to be of trifling account, it was still considered necessary to march upon Khiva in four columns from each point of the compass, and the arrangements required months of previous preparation. The accounts state that the total force numbered about 11,000 men, exclusive of non-combatants. The troops had to traverse vast expanses of sandy steppe absolutely barren, and affording no supplies whatever, not even water in many cases. The campaign hinged entirely on transport, and it is stated that upwards of 19,000 camels were employed for the purpose, in addition to large numbers of horses. The troops suffered greatly from the changes in climate. In the earlier part of the expedition the men of the Djizak column were in danger of being frozen to death, and not long afterwards had to cross the desert with the thermometer at 132°. That from the Caspian was nearly lost in the desert, and was compelled to return, never having reached Khiva.

In a military sense the Khivan expedition was a creditable one, in so far that the means were carefully devised to accomplish the required purpose. But if such careful precautions are necessary for the attack of a feeble Power, and one comparatively within reach of the main resources of the Russian Empire, whose means of defence are far more dependent on Nature than on men, we can deduce from them valuable data as to Russian possibilities of success in operating in a far more distant scene, and against a foe incomparably more powerful. It must not, however, be inferred that the whole of Central Asia is a howling wilderness, almost impassable in winter from extreme cold and snow, and in summer from intense heat and deficiency of water. There are districts, chiefly those lying along the course of the rivers, which, more or less cultivated and fruitful, contain large and flourishing cities, the centres of a restricted commerce, and now in possession of Russia. But the deserts are so extensive and wide-spread, that they everywhere encroach upon and isolate these exceptional tracts of fertility. The Russians consequently find that no expedition can be undertaken without being met by the difficulties already described; and their military occupation is necessarily limited to a series of comparatively small detachments and fortified posts, often at considerable distances apart. All the armaments, munitions, and stores, which go to render the army efficient, and which are essential to the safety of its position, have to be transported for many hundreds of miles at
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great cost of time and money, and the farther the Russians advance the greater these difficulties naturally become, and the weaker also becomes their position as a whole. The late Lord Strangford,* writing in 1868, spoke of the position of the Russians as follows :—

‘Their main difficulty for the present is the impracticable nature, in a military sense, of the country of steppe and desert, which separates them from Russia proper, necessarily their only secure base of operations. This difficulty is not insuperable by any means; but it is enough to make the work of keeping open communication and reinforcing the army extremely costly and troublesome, not to say precarious at times.’

It is stated that the force of Russians in Central Asia amounts to about 30,000 soldiers, frittered away over vast tracts of country, and incapable of concentration. Mr. Schuyler, however, says that, since the war in Khiva and the capture of Kokan, a considerable increase has taken place, and he gives the total as about 40,000 men. Major Wood tells us that every round shot brought to Central Asia is computed to have cost nearly 2*l.* in transport. Sir Henry Rawlinson in 1868 said that it took reinforcements upwards of one year to reach the advanced Russian outposts. Military arrangements such as those just described are probably sufficient to maintain order in a region, the inhabitants of which are distracted by internal feuds, and of no collective strength; but it is also apparent that a country held on these conditions is not adapted as a basis for further operations in advance against a powerful Empire like India.

If we consider money as one of the ‘sinews of war,’ the Russians in Central Asia are in rather sorry plight—the country does not pay. Major Wood says that official figures regarding the financial position of the Russian possessions in Central Asia are difficult to obtain, and are not very trustworthy; but for the four years previous to 1872 they show a deficit of about three millions sterling.

‘Since that date the Khiva campaign has taken place, and a further annual deficit has occurred from the occupation of the Amu-Daria district. Probably the revenue may suffice to meet the more strictly civil charges of the Turkistan Government; leaving the military ones to be a charge to the general revenues of Russia. . . . An entirely independent authority stated the yearly deficit to be, say one million sterling.’

Mr. Schuyler writes :—

‘Central Asia was thought to be a rich country, and was regarded

* ‘A Selection from the Writings of Viscount Strangford.’ 1869.

almost as a promised land. It was believed that not only would it support the troops stationed there, but that it would also afford large and increasing revenues to the Government. What I have said in a previous chapter about the commerce, agriculture, and mineral resources of the country will show how far this was in reality from being the case. . . . The primary objects which led to the occupation of Central Asia were military rather than financial; and as long as the province is considered valuable from a military and political point of view the financial burden must be borne. It seems, however, difficult to expect great ultimate profit from the country from any point of view.

Again—

‘It may not perhaps be necessary that the province of Turkistan should be able to pay the whole expense of its Government, but in that case the question must necessarily arise to every reflecting man, What are the advantages resulting from the occupation of the province which counterbalance so great an additional expense?’

A consideration of recent Russian conquests, and of her present position in Central Asia, renders it rather difficult to understand the indefinable alarm which from time to time arises in this country, and which even appears to be shared by a certain number of military men. As the late Lord Strangford said, we are constantly oscillating between utter neglect of the subject and raving panic. If the general review of the military position which has just been given is correct, it would seem to follow that the great Northern Power holds but a precarious tenure of the ground it stands on, and that a farther advance will certainly not tend to its greater security. Captain Burnaby, in his interesting volume, quotes a Russian authority, who believes that their Central Asian possessions will serve as a halting-place on which to rest and gather fresh strength. But, it may be asked, where are the elements of renewed vigour to be found? They do not exist in the country, and we do not hear that Russia has ventured to raise a single regiment from the population of the conquered districts. Captain Burnaby, whilst he gives an opinion that Russia has not now the power of even threatening India, goes on to point out that by annexing certain points in advance, she would form a splendid basis for operations against Hindostan. He names Kashgar, Balkh, and Merve, as ‘three magnificent *étapes*.’ He does not appear, however, to have been within many hundred miles of any of these places, and therefore his views are not derived from personal experience. Kashgar, the capital of Chinese Turkistan, stands in a plain bounded on the north by the Tian Shan Mountains, which form a natural, though not an insurmountable, barrier,

barrier, between it and the Russians in Kokan. On the west it is shut in by the high lands of the Pamir, and on the south are the vast ranges of the Himalayas separating it from Hindostan. We have gained such complete information within the last few years as to the extraordinary difficulties of the routes from Chinese Turkistan to the plains of India, that it is singular the idea should still be entertained of any possible danger from that quarter. Dr. Cayley, our special agent at Ladak, writing in 1868, describes the road from Yarkand to Leh as follows:—*

‘The distance is about 350 miles, or thirty marches, and the road goes over five high passes, the lowest nearly 18,000 feet, and three of them are covered with perpetual snow or glaciers, and the road is so bad, and the difficulties so great, that nearly twenty per cent. of the horses die on the journey. On nearly all the passes, too, the merchandise has to be transferred from the horses to yaks. The most intense cold has to be endured, and great obstructions are met with from large, unbridged rivers.’

A traveller at Leh is still several hundred miles from the plains of India, and the fatigues and perils of the journey are by no means at an end. Other routes have since been traversed besides that described by Dr. Cayley; but recent experience quite confirms this general view of the journey, and makes it evident that as a road for a military invasion, or even threat of India, it is out of the question. Sir Henry Rawlinson says, ‘that in all history there is no instance of an invader having ever attempted to descend upon India either by the Polu or the Chang-Chemmo route from Eastern Turkistan.’ The late Lord Strangford considered the apprehension of danger from the north-east ‘a gratuitous and wanton scare.’ Nature, indeed, has effectually barred approach in that quarter.

Balkh is a city situated in the outlying provinces of Afghanistan to the north of the Hindoo Koosh, and could only become an ‘*étape*’ by the conquest of territory which now belongs to the Ameer of Cabool, our ally. It is considerably south of the farthest point yet reached by Russia, and the chief road to Cabool crosses over the Hindoo Koosh by the Bamian pass, over 12,000 feet high, which is difficult at all times, and is blocked by snow in winter. Between Cabool and the plains of India other great difficulties would, of course, have to be encountered, so that there is nothing promising in an attempted invasion from that point.

The position of Merve is frequently dwelt upon by those who look with apprehension at Russian progress, and antici-

* ‘Eastern Turkistan’—Parliamentary Paper, No. 384. 31st July, 1869.

pate a conflict some day between England and Russia in the East. Standing on the margin of the desert, about 240 miles north of Herat, and in comparatively easy communication with it along the valley of the Murghab, it undoubtedly has importance so far that it is on one of the roads leading through the mountains to India. Opinions, however, differ as to its value as a strategical point. Mr. Schuyler, in his account of the recent excursions of Russian troops in the deserts east of the Caspian, and of their dealings with the Turkomans, describes Merve as a half-ruined village in the Tekke oasis, and holds the opinion that, even in case of war, it could never be more than a base of supplies. Lord Strangford said, 'It must always have been surrounded by deserts, however much greater must have been the proportion of fertile lands in ancient times, irrigated by means of the Murghab.'

Colonel Baker, who travelled lately in the northern part of Persia, is a great alarmist. He says, 'The dangers threatening India are looming nearer and nearer, and nothing has yet been done to meet or to avert them;' and he concludes his book by affirming, 'that we are content to leave the safety of the greatest empire the world has ever seen to the hazards of chance or the mercies of our enemies.' Alluding to Merve, he holds the view that, whilst Herat is the key of India, Merve is the key of Herat. Sir Henry Rawlinson,* who also discusses the advance of Russia eastwards over the deserts from the south of the Caspian, looks upon the natural advantages of Merve as of the highest order, and considers that, when her influence is established and Merve in her possession, 'then, and not till then, would the danger of collision with England assume a tangible form'—that 'the mere fact of Russian troops being stationed in any considerable number at Merve would be fraught with such peril to our Indian interests that we could not remain passive even if we wished.' But, on the other hand, an article in a contemporary Review † known to have been written by the late General Lord Sandhurst, describes Merve as a mere desert village, and disputes the idea of its strategical importance, or that its possession by Russia would be a menace to England.

It is interesting to consider the opinions formed by various authorities regarding the importance of Merve, which is evidently looked upon by many as the entrance of one of the chief avenues leading to the still distant plains of Hindostan. Assuming that Russian troops had arrived on the scene, there would still appear no real cause for alarm. A General at Merve, even if

* 'England and Russia in the East,' Sir Henry Rawlinson, 1875.

† 'England and Russia in the East,' 'Edinburgh Review,' July 1875.

supported by a considerable force, would be in no very enviable position. Standing in a village on the verge of a great desert, he would have before him the wild mountainous country of Afghanistan, poor in resources as regards his contemplated advance, but rich in brave enemies devoted to that religion of which they consider the Russians the bitterest enemies; and, again, far behind these Afghans, who may be looked upon as the advanced guard of India's defence, would stand the armies of the greatest Power in the East—England. The experience we gained during the Umbeylah campaign of 1863 affords proof of the difficulties which a Russian General would be likely to encounter on entering Afghanistan. On the occasion in question, a British force of several thousand men, commanded by a most distinguished and experienced officer (Sir Neville Chamberlain), penetrated only a few miles into the fringe of mountains which environ our North-West frontier, near Peshawur; and after their first day's march found themselves jammed in the gorge of a pass, surrounded by fanatical Mahommedans, and for several weeks remained there unable to advance or retreat. The force had to fight a series of almost hand-to-hand combats to maintain its ground, and was only able at last to carry out its purpose and return to the plains after having received strong reinforcements; and all this occurred within ten miles of our own frontier. But if a Russian General at Merve might well feel anxiety at the prospect before him, that in his rear would be still more disquieting. Looking back, he would only find a desolate region, thinly inhabited by hostile predatory tribes, a region without roads, devoid of food, and often even of water; whilst the resources of the Empire, from whence alone he could hope to obtain reserves and munitions of war, would be so many hundreds of miles beyond his reach as to be almost impossible of realisation. If military principles have any foundation in experience, if the science of war rests on any fixed and definite maxims, a General at Merve, under the circumstances supposed, would inevitably feel that his position violated them all, and that advance or retreat would be equally perilous.

In considering the possible designs of Russia, it may be argued that there are other means of advance on India besides the routes which lead southwards directly through Central Asia. It is often assumed that, with the Caspian in their possession, its waters are available for the transport of armies from Astrakan on the Volga, and that, by landing at Astrabad, and marching through the north of Persia and Afghanistan, they might thus accomplish their purpose. A proposal of the kind was, it seems, put forward by General Duhamel to the Emperor Nicholas

at

at the time of the Crimean war;* and as the circumstances, so far as the Caspian is concerned, are much the same now as then, it may be worth while to analyse his views, of which the following quotation will give a sufficient outline:—

‘History records that nearly all the conquerors of India came from Central Asia and Persia. The roads chosen for this purpose by Alexander the Great, Gengis Khan, Timur Khan, Baber Sultan, and Nadir Shah, are open to this day. Whether proceeding from Persia or the Oxus, all these roads converge upon Khorassan and Afghanistan; Candahar and Cabul are the doors of India.

‘The roads at our disposal are these:

‘(1.) From Orenburg to the Ust-Urt and Khiva, and further on to Cabul by way of Merve, Herat, and Candahar.

‘(2.) From Orsk or Orenburg to Aralsk, Bokhara, Balkh, Kulum, and Cabul.

‘(3.) From Orsk or Troitsk to Aralsk, Ak Meshed, Tashkend, Khokan, Kulum, Bamian, and Cabul.

‘(4.) From Astrakhan by sea to Astrabad, and, further on, by Kadasan or Shamid to Meshed, Herat, Candahar, and Cabul.

‘(5.) From Julfa, on the Araxes, to Tabriz, Teheran, Meshid, Herat, Candahar, and Cabul.

‘The first three roads traverse the whole breadth of the steppe. Even if we could rely upon being assisted by the inhabitants of Khiva and Bokhara, many thousands of camels would be required to carry provisions.

‘The fourth and fifth roads lie through regions which, nowhere entirely barren, are in some places uncommonly fertile, and inhabited by sedentary tribes. They neither encounter the insurmountable passes of the Hindu Kush, nor the broad and deep stream of the Amu.

‘If the necessary number of transports can be collected in the Caspian, the Astrakhan-Astrabad route is the most convenient of all. It is a short cut to the East, and Astrabad being situate on the borders of Khorassan, there remain only 1840 versts (about 1300 miles) to Cabul.

‘Perhaps infantry, artillery, and ammunition might be sent by sea, the cavalry and commissariat trains marching from Transcaucasia (Tiflis) through Persia. To march through Turkestan would be dangerous, the Khans and people being sure to rise up against us in our rear, attack our stragglers, and menace our communications; to cross Persia is safe. A half-civilised country, utterly incapable of resistance, and bound to us by treaties, Persia can be easily kept in check by our troops in the Transcaucasian provinces. No doubt diplomacy will suffice to make Persia grant us magazines, camels, and the means of sure and safe communication. More than this we do not want. Were we to try and enlist Persian troops on our side, the deadly enmity existing between them and the Afghans would deprive

* ‘Times’ Correspondent, Berlin, Jan. 26th, 1873.

us of the assistance of the latter. But an Afghan alliance is the *sine quâ non* of success.

'Naturally, England would take her precautions against us. The English might land in the Gulf of Persia, occupy the Isle of Karak or Bendri-Bushir, and stir up the south Persian tribes against the Shah. But all this would be of no avail.'

It will be observed that General Duhamel confirms all that has already been urged as to the enormous difficulties of the purely Central Asian routes, so that they need not be further considered. The most convenient route, according to his judgment, is that across the Caspian; but the manner in which he glides over the real difficulties in the case is as simple as it is amusing. We are first of all to assume that a sufficient army has been brought down the Volga* and assembled at Astrakhan. If (as he says) the necessary number of transports can then be collected in the Caspian, it would serve as a short cut to the East. But, according to Colonel Baker, the Russian ships in that sea at the present time are neither numerous nor large, although steamers of a class better adapted for the transport of troops are springing up. We have considerable experience of the number of vessels which were found necessary to take only 25,000 English soldiers, with their horses, guns, and munitions, from Varna to the Crimea, across the Black Sea, in 1854, and can therefore readily appreciate the requirements for a voyage of about 800 miles, and for an army such as would be necessary to invade India.

Assuming, again, its safe arrival at Astrabad, it would, according to General Duhamel's own account, still have to march about 1300 miles to Cabul; and even then it would not only be a long way from India, but would have a very poor and rugged country to pass through. He ignores the fact that the resources of the country from Astrabad to Herat, Cabul, and India, are in many parts incapable of meeting the wants of a large force; so that the Russian columns must be feebly extended along the various routes. He makes light of the possible opposition of Persia† and of the power of England to support her, and to act upon the flank of the Russian advancing columns from the Persian Gulf, &c. But it is really not worth while pursuing this part of the subject any further. Of course, by

* The navigation of the Volga is closed by ice for about six months of the year.

† Major Murdoch Smith, R.E., who served some years in Persia, in a lecture at the United Service Institution, in 1878 (vol. lxxi.), speaking of the importance of our maintaining a friendly alliance with Persia, points out that her interests and our own are identical. He further tells us that the general feeling towards us is friendly, and hostile to Russia, and that the presence of a Russian force would be intensely distasteful.

ignoring

ignoring distances and difficulties, by assuming that armies can be transported with facility across great inland seas, and can march for many hundreds of miles through comparatively poor countries, which, moreover, belong to others, by shutting one's eyes to every maxim of war and of policy, it is easy to carry out imaginary invasions on paper. Even General Duhamel's confidence, however, deserts him at the last, as he only anticipates being able to reach the plains of Hindostan with 'a moderate force, just strong enough to form the nucleus of a general insurrection.' But why India should rise in insurrection at the sight of a few exhausted Russians emerging from the passes of Afghanistan it is hard to understand. Other suggestions have been put forward as to possible means and routes of invasion from the westward. The army of the Caucasus is sometimes quoted as available, and it is supposed that by crossing the Caspian an advance might be made from some of the Russian positions on its eastern shores, north of the Attrek. But the troops in the Caucasus have duties and responsibilities of their own, and can hardly be spared for a Quixotic expedition to a very distant scene. Even were they to attempt it, they would have to move through a difficult country from Tiflis to the Caspian; and having crossed, would then plunge into deserts, and march by routes far more difficult even than those already alluded to from Astrabad. Colonel Baker tells us that the whole of the country south of the Oxus 'is a vast desert from the shores of the Caspian, extending right away towards Balkh.'

We have thus at some length analysed the progress, present position, and future military prospects of Russia in her newly-acquired provinces, and have attempted to show how barren they are as to population, revenue, and supplies; and how deficient, in the essential requirements of armies, as regards roads, means of transport, and power of concentration. Many of these defects are in a measure permanent, which is an important consideration; and they are aggravated by the vast extent of the country, and by the hostility, more or less concealed, of its inhabitants. It will be interesting to quote Mr. Schuyler on these points. 'Central Asia,' he says, 'has no store of wealth and no economical resources: neither by its agricultural, nor by its mineral wealth, nor by its commerce, nor by the revenue to be derived from it, can it ever repay the Russians for what it has already cost, and for the rapidly-increasing expenditure bestowed upon it.' Alluding to the annexation of Kokan, he speaks 'of the hatred which has grown up of recent years to the Russians, and the dislike of falling

falling under their rule.' The country has been ravaged by Russian generals, and he further points out that the relations with Bokhara are by no means friendly.

Sir Henry Rawlinson also tells us 'that no one questions but that the general feeling at Bokhara is intensely hostile to Russia.' He adds, that in November, 1872, 'some very interesting letters appeared in the St. Petersburg "Golos," from the pen of Mr. Raefski, who had resided some time in Tashkend; and of Mr. Maeff, the editor of the "Turkestan Gazette," which gave an alarming account of the state of the public feeling among the Mahommedan subjects of Russia in Central Asia at that period.'

Leaving Central Asia, we may now consider the position of England in Hindostan. Here we are met at once by conditions of an almost entirely opposite character. Its population, revenues, commerce, and wealth, as compared with those of the provinces recently acquired by Russia, are enormous. Vast as the country is, the general features and frontiers are such, that it forms, as it were, a gigantic natural fortress, bounded on two sides by the sea, of which we have the command, and on the third by chains of the highest mountains in the world. There is literally but one part at which it is open to external attack, namely in the north-west, and even here the Hindoo Koosh, which runs away westward, forms a great barrier, including within its protection the greater part of Afghanistan, a very poor rugged country, inhabited by a race of brave Mahommedans. The difficulties of Russian advance in this direction, and the long marches necessary through inhospitable regions, have already been described, so that we are really almost inaccessible from without.

Of the various races which inhabit Hindostan, many are known to be very warlike; not only Mahommedans, but Sikhs, Goorkas, Mahrattas, and others, so that there is an unlimited supply of men who, at our call, would be willing to join our standards and follow our officers to Central Asia, or anywhere else, with the full certainty of success. So great is our prestige, and so entirely have we now the confidence of the people, that 60,000 English soldiers are found sufficient, in addition to the Native troops, to hold the country; and an English lady might travel through it without escort from one end to the other without danger of being molested. Having command of the sea, we can add to our materiel and munitions at will; and local factories exist for the manufacture of gunpowder, gun-carriages, harness, laboratory stores, and other equipments, which render India in a great measure independent of England in its warlike supplies.

supplies. The troops, both English and Native, are well armed. Means of transport are extending in all directions. Several thousands of miles of railroads have been constructed, and are being completed, to the frontiers; the great rivers also are utilised, so that the facilities of rapid concentration at any threatened point are far greater than of old. Civil government is firmly established in every district. We are spending large sums in public works and in developing the natural resources of the country. Education is spreading, and the natives are employed in increasing numbers in high and responsible offices. The country is no longer devastated by war or ravaged by savage, ill-disciplined soldiers, as of old. The people enjoy freedom and almost absolute personal security. No doubt we are aliens; and the government of a country so vast, and peopled by so many different races, must ever be a matter of great difficulty and of almost unlimited responsibility. Nor is our system by any means perfect; but still the people feel and acknowledge that they are treated with justice and humanity, and as a whole are prosperous and contented. It may be said that these matters are well known, but surely they are often forgotten, and they present certainly a remarkable contrast to the condition of Central Asia, from which so many anticipate danger and successful attack.

There is one argument frequently employed by those who fear the advance of Russia, the danger that our power may be undermined by intrigue, more especially in respect to the Mahommedans. It is often quoted as our weak point. This appears, however, to be a hasty and an erroneous conclusion. Of all nations, probably Russia is looked upon as the greatest enemy of the Mahommedan faith throughout the world. Sir Charles Wingfield,* a distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service, has pointed out that Russia was far more likely to be overtaken by a burst of Mahommedan fanaticism than ourselves, because people of that religion constitute almost the entire population of Turkistan, whilst in India they form only one-fifth:—

‘If,’ he says, ‘the game of stirring up discontent is to be played, it strikes me that Russia, with her exclusively Mahommedan population in Central Asia, is far more vulnerable than we are, with four-fifths of our subjects Hindoos. . . . The vast mass of the population, high and low, have not, I believe, the slightest wish to change our rule for that of Russia. They know very well the Russians would not come as liberators or benefactors of the people of India. If they had any doubt on this point, I think the memoranda of General

* Speech by Sir C. Wingfield in the House of Commons, April 22nd, 1873.

Duhamel and other Russian officers, written about the time of the Crimean war, would undeceive them. In these writings it is coolly proposed that the savage Turkomans and Afghans should be attracted to the Russian standard by the prospect of the plunder of Hindostan.*

Sir Vincent Eyre* (another well-known authority) is of opinion that the idea of a Russian army approaching India being the signal for a general revolt is not well founded. He says that 'the character of Russian rule has not failed to reach the ears of the inhabitants of India, who are generally very shrewd judges of their own worldly interests;' and although, as he admits, there are many ignorant bigots, both Mahomedans and Hindoo, to whom a Christian and foreign rule must be distasteful—and numberless reckless spirits, who sigh for anarchy and plunder, such as formerly existed—still, as a whole, India has never been so wisely or so beneficially governed as it is now.

Sir Henry Rawlinson and Mr. Schuyler have already been quoted in proof of the hostility of the people of Central Asia to the Russians; and, as the late Lord Sandhurst pointed out, we should have no difficulty in stirring up the Mussulman element of Central Asia, so as to render the Russian position not only dangerous but almost untenable. Therefore there seems every reason to believe that were the Russians to attempt an advance towards India, they would be far more likely to find the general sympathies of the various races enlisted on our side than on their own.

A study of the map and a consideration of all the circumstances prove that the only real approach to India by which an invader could hope to achieve success is through Afghanistan. The main importance of Herat lies in its position in the North-Western corner, at a point where the routes through Persia and from the direction of Merve converge. It guards, as it were, the first opening through the Hindoo Koosh, but is upwards of 800 miles from the Indus. It must also be borne in mind that between Afghanistan and India, the Soliman Range, an offshoot of the Hindoo Koosh, runs all down our North-West frontier, and is inhabited by wild tribes, who, although Afghans in race, religion, and language, are almost entirely independent of the ruler at Cabul. A few minor passes exist through this screen of mountains, but there are only two (the Kyber and the Bolan) really available as routes for an invasion in force. Our frontier is

* 'A Retrospect of the Afghan War.' By Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre, K.C.S.I., C.B.

guarded by a series of detached forts and stations along the foot of these mountains, the two most important being at Peshawur, at the mouth of the Kyber, and Jacobabad in Scinde, near the entrance to the Bolan. With a view of permanently closing these, the only two avenues leading to India, proposals have often been made to advance from our present line, and establish outposts either within or beyond the passes. In the case of the Kyber, however, we should not only have to reckon with independent and powerful tribes, but the defiles are so long and difficult that, instead of strengthening our position, we should place ourselves in constant jeopardy and create a permanent source of anxiety. Of the Bolan there is more to be said. The routes which lead towards it through Afghanistan are easier than those to the Kyber; the pass itself is comparatively open, and an enemy's advance therefore rendered more feasible, and more direct to the vital parts of India. In short, if an invader is ever again to enter Hindostan by land, the road through the Bolan must almost inevitably form his main line of attack. The late General Jacob and Sir Henry Green, both of whom held charge of the Scinde frontier for years, strongly advocated our taking up a strategical position at Quetta beyond the pass. Sir Henry Green pointed out * that the Belooch tribes who hold the mountains number about 40,000 men, under the Khan of Khelat, who is loyal and friendly to our rule. Writing in 1873, he quoted the letters of General Jacob to Lords Canning and Elphinstone, from which the following are extracts:—

‘I have for long past thought over the subject of the arrangements proper to secure our north-western frontier of India permanently in such a manner as to obviate the necessity of any alarm, unusual stir, or hasty operations of any kind, in consequence of movements of enemies, or possible enemies, from without. At present it appears to me that we are in a great measure in the position of a mighty army without any outposts of any kind. The whole host is liable to be perplexed and disturbed to its centre, even by any small body of adventurers, who may confidently approach its unwieldy strength with impunity. It seems to me that we now have the best possible opportunity of remedying this state of things, an opportunity offering a combination of circumstances favourable to our purpose such as must very rarely occur. Beloochistan is entirely at our disposal, the people being really most friendly towards us, and, since the late treaty with Khelat, more so than ever.’

Again—

‘There are but two great roads into our Indian empire from the

* *The Defence of the North-West Frontier of India.* By Colonel Sir H. Green, K.C.S.I., C.B. 1873.

north-west—but two roads, in fact, by which it is possible for a modern army to march. One of these, the Bolan, lies through an entirely friendly country. The Khelat territory extends to Pesheen, forty miles beyond the head of the pass, in the table-land of Afghanistan, and is inhabited by Belooch and Brahoee tribes, who are of an entirely different race from the Afghans. The road through the Bolan is, even at present, generally good, and sufficiently easy for an army to proceed by it, with all its artillery, stores, &c. This road is also the shortest from Herat to British India, and is the natural outlet to the ocean of the commerce of a very large portion of Central Asia. . . . The more the matter is considered in all its bearings, relations, and consequences, the more certain it will appear that there should be a good British force at Quetta, a good made road from that place through the Bolan Pass to Dadur, and thence continued through Khutchee to the British frontier, to connect with the lines of road in Sind.'

The proposition, in short, is that we should deliberately leave our present line, and, passing through the mountains, establish a fortified position at Quetta, in the country belonging to the Khan of Khelat, 150 miles in advance of our Scinde frontier, and close to the borders of Afghanistan. The supposed advantages are that we should not only hold the pass, but, by emerging from the screen of mountains, should display our power, exert greater influence over the Afghans, and be able to move on still farther if required. Officers of energy and ability, compelled to reside for years in comparative isolation, holding charge of an important and somewhat unsettled frontier, and who constantly see before them mountains peopled by restless predatory tribes, almost naturally pine for action, and long to penetrate the regions in their front, where the honours and rewards so dear to soldiers lie almost inviting their grasp. The consciousness of power offers temptation to its employment, especially when those against whom it might be so successfully used are defiant in their attitude, and from their ignorance unable to appreciate their danger. In a military point of view, however, an advanced post, 200 miles from the nearest British station, and which could only be reinforced through the gorges of a mountain-pass held by independent tribes, would appear a doubtful benefit, and, in case of local disturbance, must prove a source of anxiety. A position of the kind could only be maintained by our becoming the dominant power in its vicinity.

The occupation of Quetta, and our general policy towards the Afghans, which form parts of the same question, have been matters of discussion for years past.

Lord Strangford, writing in 1868 of the possibility of Russia approaching Afghanistan, said that the more they looked at it, the

the less they would like it; and the more that either they or we interfered in its affairs, the more surely would the intruder play his adversary's game. Sir Charles Wingfield holds similar views. 'Our true policy,' he says, 'in regard to Afghanistan is, and always has been, to abstain from all embarrassing and entangling connection with her. It should ever be borne in mind that whichever European Power first enters Afghanistan makes the people her enemies.' Sir Henry Rawlinson, although he considers that the occupation of Quetta would be a military advantage, is doubtful of its expediency in a political point of view.

Mr. Grant Duff,* in an excellent speech on the Central Asian question, pointed out that an advance to Quetta would be far from agreeable to Khelat, and could not fail to irritate both Persia and Afghanistan, and wake up old fears of annexation. It would involve throwing a considerable force 257 miles in advance of our present frontier-posts, and would turn the Bolan into a difficulty behind us, instead of a defence in front.

The late Lord Sandhurst was equally emphatic, and, when Commander-in-Chief in India, concurred with Lord Lawrence, the Governor-General, that the political disadvantages of occupying Quetta were obvious, as we should thereby alarm the jealousy not only of the Afghans, but also of the Persian Court. The real fact is that our natural frontiers are so strong, and can be so readily reinforced, and the Russians are so weak and distant, that it would be a false move to entangle ourselves beyond our present line by establishing isolated posts in a rugged country, inhabited by races who are naturally suspicious, and whose friendship as neighbours we ought on every account to endeavour to secure.

We may now arrive at a general conclusion as to Central Asia in its military aspect. The position of Russia is that of a great Power, which has recently obtained possession of a vast tract of country hitherto divided between three effete Mahomedan principalities. It is, for the most part, a barren conquest, poor in revenue and in general resources; the distances are great; the deserts wide-spread, and deficient in food, fuel, and even water; the roads are mere caravan-tracks, and railways are unknown. The Russian occupation is necessarily limited to isolated detachments, and civil Government is hardly established; and although no military power exists which can beat Russia in the field, still the country is but half-subjugated. Her position is not an assured one, and the inhabitants are

* Speech of Mr. Grant Duff in the House of Commons, July 9th, 1869.

unfriendly. Even assuming that Russia entertains hostile designs against us, it seems difficult under such circumstances to feel any real alarm as to a possible invasion, or even threat, of India. Russia may no doubt, in time, to a certain extent, consolidate her conquests, and remove some of the causes of her present weakness; but it is evident that many of the conditions are not capable of remedy, and Central Asia must ever remain a weak basis for offensive military operations. Her present position is not only powerless for attack, but in some degree precarious. With the deserts behind them, with vast snowy ranges in their front, the Russian southern outposts are mere points at the extremities, as it were, of attenuated threads, whose connection with the main resources of the Empire are liable at any moment to be snapped asunder. It could be easy, if it were desirable, as we have already said, for the British Government at any time to raise a general revolt against Russia of the whole Mahommedan population in Central Asia, still easier if the Russians should embark in a crusade against their Mahommedan brethren in Europe.

When we consider the great strength of our own position in India—strength derived not merely from the geographical features of the country, but from the vast military resources at our disposal, from the energy of our character, and the justice of our rule—it seems quite remarkable that feelings of uneasiness should from time to time arise as to the supposed designs or capability of Russia to injure us. May we not, with far more reason, feel that the real power in that part of the world is in our hands; that, should war arise, it rests with us to march out to the attack; and that we could do so as from a citadel, sending forth great armies highly equipped, and strengthened not only by all the appliances of modern warfare, but by a conviction that the sympathies and interests of the races are on our side? These are considerations of the highest national importance; the shadow of our power already falls far away over the snowy ridges of the Himalayas; and so long as we rule the countries committed to our charge with honesty, conciliation, and justice, we need neither dread disaffection within our border, nor attack from those who reside beyond it.

- ART. X.—1. *Parliamentary Papers. Turkey, No. I. (1877). Correspondence respecting the affairs of Turkey, 1876. Turkey, No. II. (1877). Correspondence respecting the Conference at Constantinople, and the affairs of Turkey, 1876-1877.*
2. *Parliamentary Papers. Protocol relative to the Affairs of Turkey, signed at London, March 31st, 1877.*
3. *Substance of a Speech delivered in the House of Lords (February 26th, 1877). By Earl Grey. London, 1877.*
4. *England's Duty in the Eastern Difficulty: a Lecture delivered December 23rd, 1876. By the Rev. Professor J. L. Porter, D.D. London, 1876.*

THE Conference at Constantinople succeeded in several of the tasks which it undertook to perform, notably in that of postponing hostilities, but the historic importance of its proceedings and results will mainly depend upon the light which it has thrown upon the proper answer to be given to the question, What shall be done with Turkey? This question was practically put by Prince Gortschakoff, in his Circular of the 31st of January, which, in apparent contemplation of a peaceful issue, admits that the difficulty is reduced to 'inducing the Turkish Government to rule the Christian subjects of the Sultan in a just and humane manner.' Assuming that the Turkish Government must remain as the central authority of the Ottoman Empire, with independence and sovereign rights guaranteed to it by the Treaty of Paris, the whole interest of the Eastern Question now lies in the future. The proceedings of the past, which include Andrassy Notes, Berlin Memoranda, countless despatches, and the mobilisation of large forces, have assailed in vain the principle of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. Europe has learnt the value of the settlement of 1856, and has resolved to maintain it. It is essential not merely to the balance of power, but for the preservation of the vital interests of several of the Powers, that the territory south of the Danube, commanding that river and the Bosphorus, should be in the hands of a Power whose neutrality is assured, and whose independence is guaranteed. A general acquiescence in this political truth closes discussion upon the past.

The result of all that has taken place is, that the great mass of the public have come to the conclusion that Lord Derby in particular, and the Government in general, have worthily upheld the honour and interests of the country in circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger. The settled determination of the Ministry neither to draw the sword on behalf of Turkey, nor to join Russia in coercing the Porte, while reserving to themselves full liberty to intervene if the interests of Great Britain should

should be menaced, has received such general approval in both Houses of Parliament, that even the most violent and irreconcilable members of the Opposition have not ventured to challenge the decision by any formal motion upon the subject. A few irresponsible writers may recommend war against Turkey, even 'though it should be a signal for confusion and anarchy in every part of Europe;' but no one worthy of the name of a statesman would venture to provoke a contest in which the Christian inhabitants of Turkey would be the first and greatest sufferers, and of which no one can calculate the consequences nor foresee the end.

It is said by Russia that the Porte has opposed to the wishes of Europe a refusal which threatens its dignity and tranquillity. Two months of negotiations which followed have resulted in a Protocol * which, according to Count Schouvaloff, 'terminates the incident.' That Protocol affirms afresh the common interest taken by the Powers in the improvement of the condition of the Christian populations. It recognises the good intentions of the Porte, and its evident interest to carry them immediately into effect; and states the intention of the Powers to watch carefully, by means of their representatives at Constantinople and their local agents, the manner in which the promises of the Ottoman Government are carried into effect.

With this joint declaration on the part of the Powers the past at once recedes into history, and the whole interest of the Eastern Question is concentrated in the immediate future. The policy recommended by the Protocol, both to Europe and to Turkey, is exactly in accordance with that which we ourselves ventured to suggest in our last Number. That policy points to an effective co-operation, in a manner which shall not offend the sovereignty of the Sultan, between the Porte and the representatives of the Powers. The main question of interest now is in what way can England in particular best discharge the duty which is openly accepted in this Protocol, and which was impliedly accepted in the Treaty of Paris, but, as we all know, was subsequently neglected. Those who have been eager in proclaiming their sense of responsibility, arising from the Crimean War and Turkish oppression, will now have an oppor-

* As a matter of literary curiosity we may mention the origin of the word 'Protocol.' It is a Greek word (*πρωτόκολλον*), of Byzantine origin, and was originally used on the first page, glued to the papyrus roll (from *πρῶτος* 'first' and *κόλλα* 'glue'), upon which page was entered the name of the Comes Largitionum (who had the charge of public documents), under whom and at what time the document was drawn up. The word first occurs, we believe, in the 'Novellæ' of Justinian (Nov. 44). It was afterwards applied to public documents in general, and frequently appears in its Latin form, *protocollum*, in medieval Latin, whence it has passed into most modern languages.

tunity of supporting an Administration which accepts the duties so long neglected by them.

As our object in this article is the practical one of ascertaining what is best to be done for the due discharge of these duties, there are three things to be attended to:—First. The general character of the Ottoman rule as it has been in the past, and as its results promise for the future. Secondly. Within what limits there is reason to hope, especially from the attitude of Turkey at the recent Conference and from its subsequent acts, that the projected co-operation of the Powers will be accepted and rendered effective. Thirdly. English duty and English policy in the future.

I. As regards the first, it is clear that the exceptional incidents of a state of warfare and panic should be laid on one side. They are unfortunately not *unique* in the history of Turkey or of Europe. The misrule and oppression of the Ottoman Government are universally admitted, but a flood of sensational writing upon this subject warns us against exaggeration. The misery of Ottoman subjects has certainly not been diminished either by Muscovite agencies, thwarting all efforts of Turkey towards amendment, or by English indifference during the last twenty years. If any amendment is to be hoped for, the desistance of Russia from its Panslavist intrigues and the cessation of English indifference are quite as important as Ottoman guarantees; in fact, the latter would be worthless without the former, superfluous or of diminished importance with them. As a nation it must be admitted that we have shown the most deplorable supineness. We largely reduced our consular service and thereby diminished our power of supervision; we poured our loans into the country with reckless profusion, without betraying the slightest concern as to whether increased corruption and increased extortion were not the inevitable results. If demoralisation spread, we certainly never protested. And in 1871 Lord Enfield, then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, declared that the condition of the Christians had been greatly improved and that they were better satisfied with Turkish rule than they had been for some time. Then came the renewal of the guarantee, without a syllable of remonstrance or complaint from any quarter against Turkish administration, though the whole subject of that treaty of renewal was for months under the consideration of Mr. Gladstone's Government. If it would be pedantic to say that this treaty was a formal condonation on the part of Europe of the antecedent misgovernment by Turkey, at all events we might infer from the silence then observed that that misgovernment, notwithstanding the English

English neglect which fostered it, has been since considerably exaggerated. That was the opinion expressed in the last Number of this 'Review,' and also that, bad as it may be, it has somewhat improved, in spite of all obstacles, during the period which has elapsed since the Crimean War.

In our last Number we traced the development of the Christian populations of Turkey during the last quarter of a century. Turkish revenue returns show how far wealth has increased among the Christians, into whose hands, not only the commerce and manufactures, but the agriculture of the country are gradually passing. The Greek clergy, and not the Ottoman Government, are responsible for the profound and brutal ignorance which prevailed; but American and other missionaries had established schools in Bulgaria under the protection of the Turkish Government. Professor Porter, who was long resident in the country, and who had special opportunities for knowing the real state of things, bears emphatic testimony to the toleration shown by the Turkish Government to the various religious bodies in the empire:—

'History proves—the history alike of the Sultans of Turkey and the Moors in Spain—that the religious basis of Moslem law, stern as it is in theory, offers no serious obstacle in practice to the complete toleration of all sects. Those who differ from the National faith pay a poll-tax, but in other respects they are free. It is well-known, no one can deny it, that large Christian communities—Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Maronites—have lived in Turkey from the foundation of the Empire, and still live there, in the enjoyment of full religious liberty. Not only so, but, each community has actually the right guaranteed to it by the Sultan, of administering its own affairs, civil or sacred, without let or hindrance. In the provincial and town councils, too, each sect is represented by its ecclesiastical head, and by a civil delegate.'

This is confirmed by the statements of the American missionaries:—

'When we first came to Turkey,' writes Dr. Goodell, 'and for many years afterwards, we could not live in Constantinople Proper. . . . Although other Franks had summer residences in different places, still this privilege was, *through the influence of the Armenians, Greeks, and Catholics*, denied to us; but the Turks now no longer listen to the representations, or rather misrepresentations of our enemies, and we live without molestation wherever we choose. . . . We can open schools and consecrate chapels wherever we please. . . . It is said that the Grand Charter of religious toleration in Turkey exists only in name, and is virtually a dead letter. To this it is sufficient to reply, that before the Hatti Humayoun there were more cases

cases of persecution reported to us every week than there are now in a whole year. . . . Again, it is said that the Turks are insincere in their professions of toleration, and it is only under foreign pressure they are ever brought to act in favour of it. But it would be much more in accordance with truth to say that, so far as Protestantism is concerned, it is only under such pressure that they have ever been brought to act against it. There is, and there always has been ten times (perhaps I should say a hundred times) as much influence exerted upon the Turkish Government against liberty of conscience, as has ever been exerted in favour of it. These Armenian, and Greek, and Catholic communities are themselves mighty, and they exert a mighty influence; and they are always exerting it against each other, each endeavouring to enlist the Turk on his side.'

He says further by way of summing up:—

'Whoever has read the "Missionary Herald" for the last forty years must have seen that perhaps in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred our persecutions have come not from the Turks, but from these corrupt Churches—the Turks never of themselves showing a disposition to molest us.'

And Professor Porter adds:—

'Even the Bulgarians, some of whom have recently suffered so terribly, were obliged, not many years ago, to appeal to the Turks against the intolerable tyranny of Greek ecclesiastics, who attempted to deprive them at once of their religious independence, their language, and their individuality as a nation; and this the Greek hierarchy attempted under the patronage of Russia.'

The lives and property of Christians were no longer dealt with by the governing classes of Turkey as if they were completely at their mercy. In times of panic, acts of hostility met, and are liable to meet, with a brutal and horrible revenge; but the same trustworthy witness denies altogether that this is the normal condition of Turkish rule:—

'I often wonder,' says Professor Porter, 'if I am in dreamland when I hear all Turkey denounced as a Sodom, when I hear it affirmed by intelligent and even eminent men, that the life of no Christian man, and the honour of no Christian woman are safe there; when I hear it deliberately asserted, and I now quote the exact words of a recent writer, "that the Turkish Government puts a premium on the violation of Christian female chastity." Why, I have myself lived with my wife and children for years together in one of the most fanatical cities of the Empire; I have travelled far and wide through its provinces at various times; I have had opportunities of obtaining information, and of investigating the character and acts of both rulers and people, such as few residents possessed; and I affirm that, during all that time, I never heard of a single instance of such brutality. To

represent this as the normal state of Turkey, or as the normal character of its rulers, is a monstrous calumny.'

As regards the exclusion of Turkish Christians from the army, we pointed out in our last Number that they themselves strenuously opposed a measure brought forward by Fuad Pasha to extend the conscription to the Christians. They brought every pressure to bear against it, and enlisted the foreign embassies and legations at Constantinople in support of their opposition. The measure was abandoned. The Christians agreed to pay a comparatively small exemption tax, and in consequence increased in numbers and wealth, while the Mussulman races were weakened in both respects by being exclusively exposed to the hardships of compulsory enlistment. So also with regard to the collection of taxes in kind; Fuad Pasha and other Turkish statesmen wished to abolish the practice, but every one in the least degree acquainted with the habits of Oriental people knows how impossible it is to change their deep-rooted immemorial customs. *Vis inertiae*, with its unconscious machinations, is the strongest enemy to reform, but in this case the threatened extortions of the money-lender terrorised the population far more than the inconveniences of paying in kind. The system of farming the tithes is far more injurious than that of collecting taxes in kind. The Christians are, however, generally the collectors, and are no doubt rapacious. A sounder system of taxation is a crying want, but the co-operation of the Christians and the removal of their opposition are essential to the success of any attempts at reform. Besides the Christian collectors of taxes, there are the Greek clergy, whose ignorance, vice, and resolute opposition to education render them the pest of the provinces. They collect taxes and control the finances of their flocks, and in their double capacity of priest and tax-gatherer are the most formidable spoliators of the unhappy Rayahs. For a long time the Greek clergy were the docile and useful agents of Russia. It is needless to say that no attempt was ever made to reform them, or to protect the Christians from their rapacity and ignorance.

Then with regard to the general state of the Christian populations, many years ago the Bosnian Christians suffered greatly from the *corvée* or forced labour, but they were delivered from this chiefly through the representations of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. They then became cultivators of the soil under the landowners, exposed to the abuse of taxation and the neglect of Turkish officials—grievances in detail which are not to be remedied by insurrection or war. If Bosnia had an outlet for her produce and improved administration, the Mussulmans and Christians therein, who in no unequal proportion are all Slavs alike, might

might again be reconciled and prosperous. The same may be said with regard to Herzegovina. In Bulgaria the Christians form the vast majority, and, being unwarlike, have been held down in a state almost of serfdom. Under Midhat Pasha that province was well administered. The Christians, though unfit for self-government, have nevertheless by their industry and intelligence achieved considerable prosperity. Turkish government is not inconsistent with their prosperity, if foreign agents and intriguers are excluded and the Christians are let alone.

As regards Servia and Roumania their treaties have been respected, and their independence is guaranteed by the Powers. Concessions have been frequently made to them by Turkey, notably in 1867, when Turkey withdrew her garrisons from Servian fortresses on Servia's pledge to remain faithful; and Prince Milan himself in his declaration of war was unable to allege a single grievance.

Moreover, the question, viewed simply as one of internal administration, is not exclusively one of past oppression and misrule on the part of the Porte. Can the control of the future be removed from it? Would the substitution of the Czar's protectorate directly, or as the agent of Europe, promise a remedy? The known antecedents of Russia in dealing with subject-populations, her past policy towards Turkish subjects, the antipathy displayed by them, and the hopelessness of emancipation from that iron rule, if once established, prevent us from finding any guarantee for a wise and humane rule in the alternative suggested. It is impossible to trace in the events of the last twenty years any genuine care on the part of Russia for the condition of these races. The disorders and oppression from which they suffer have been largely increased without any prospect of immediate amendment by the actual and threatened hostilities to which the empire has been exposed. On the other hand, the conscience and active sympathy not merely of England but of all the Powers have been aroused. They are powerless until Russia has made her choice between resorting to open warfare and desisting from her Panславist intrigues.

During an interval so disastrous, not merely to the commerce and prosperity of the world but also to the prosperity and condition of this unfortunate empire, the Turkish Government so far promises well for the future that it has been tasking its utmost energies to devise the means of restoring order. The measures which it is laboriously preparing may be open to criticism, and may fail to attain the end desired. But they are at all events efforts made by the established Government of a country for the purpose of mitigating and gradually improving the condition of their subjects. If any diplomatic pressure,

encouragement, and support would contribute to their success and are withheld; or if the state of semi-warfare which the armies of the Czar create renders their failure inevitable, the exclusive responsibility does not rest with the Ottoman Government.

II. The next subject of interest is within what limits the known policy of Turkey, which is not deficient in consistent purpose and courageous execution, will accept the proffered action of the Powers. Will their resolution to watch carefully not merely at Constantinople but in the provinces the carrying out of the projected reforms, with all the diplomatic intervention which such a resolution undoubtedly contemplates, be regarded by the Sultan as inconsistent with his independence and sovereign rights? The answer to this question may be found in the proceedings of the Conference; and unless their recent successes have bred an unusually defiant and impracticable spirit on the part of Ottoman statesmen, we believe that they are not averse to interference of the kind suggested, so long as it is friendly, firm, and just. The Protocol just signed, however, probably increases rather than diminishes Turkish susceptibilities on this subject; and the declaration of Count Schouvaloff, appended to the Protocol, tends to neutralise any good effects that might otherwise be expected from it. The Protocol itself provides a retreat for Russia, if she wishes to retreat; it certainly does not help to smooth any of the difficulties at Constantinople.

No undue inferences must be drawn from what is sometimes called the failure of the Conference, the refusal of the Porte to comply with the wishes of Europe. The immediate purpose of the Conference ought to have been to mediate between Russia and Turkey, to ascertain if the Sultan's Government were willing, in view of its isolated position in Europe and of the enormous perils by which it was surrounded, to come to an agreement with its ancient foe. Whether the refusal of the Porte was wise or not is not now the question. Lord Salisbury has stated that he never anticipated, even before he left England, the success of the Conference. That circumstance did not prevent him from loyally striving to attain it in concert with the other Powers; and it has never been suggested at home or abroad that the result was due to any want of hearty co-operation on the part of the English plenipotentiary. But whilst the Russian and Turkish plenipotentiaries were face to face at the council board, their armies were drawn up in hostile array on the frontiers, and their unofficial hostilities were but temporarily suspended. The relation of the two Powers, as well as the relations of the Ottoman Government to its subjects,

must

must be borne in mind in weighing the conduct of Turkey and the character of its refusal. It was of the last importance, not merely to its welfare but to its existence at that moment, to maintain the authority of Government, and its capabilities for defence. The usual stubbornness of Ottoman statesmen in respect of everything which touches the independence of their Government was strengthened by the circumstances of the hour. There can be no doubt, too, that the exclusion of the Turks from the preliminary Conference deeply wounded their pride. And singularly enough, the refusal by the Porte of the terms presented to them indicated no departure from the basis of the Conference as they had accepted it. No sufficient answer was ever given at the Conference or since to Safvet Pasha's contention ('Papers,' No. II. p. 351) that this basis, which Turkey had accepted, did not speak of guarantees to be furnished by the Imperial Government to the Powers, or to the populations through the medium of the Powers, but provided that the system of institutions should furnish the guarantees. So far from refusing demands so limited, the argument of the Ottoman plenipotentiaries was directed to show that the whole energy of their Government had been directed to devise and establish new institutions with that view. And on reference to the 6th protocol, which records the sitting of the Conference of the 8th of January, we find that the representatives of the Powers, speaking through Count Corti ('Papers,' No. II. p. 324), felt the force of the objection that their proposals were not in strict accordance with the accepted basis. He argued that the project of law which the Powers had drawn up was nothing else than the organisation in administrative, judicial, and financial order of the system of local institutions prescribed by the English programme. Not content with thus admitting by implication that the guarantees were to be contained in the institutions, they referred to those offered by the Constitution in these terms: 'We had laid our proposals when it had not been published. Now that it does exist, some time will elapse before it can possibly be seriously applied; and it is during this delay that a guaranteeing commission has seemed to us likely to be useful.' They pressed this guaranteeing commission upon the Porte as 'fulfilling in the provinces the part of counsellors, and of protecting in its infancy the regular action of the new régime.' And again, 'the sovereign authority would thus only be strengthened by the aid which the Great Powers would lend on the spot to the Ottoman Government in the work of the pacification of their provinces.' And as regards the estimate formed by the plenipotentiaries of the Constitution, which contains

tains the guarantees conceded by the Porte, they add that the powers of the prescribed commission 'should cease at the end of a year, and then we hope recourse could be had to the Constitution.'

It seems to us that the Porte's refusal of an international Commission thus adroitly recommended, and its defence of the Constitution thus implicitly accepted, ought to be received with candour and fairness. According to the Turkish view, the result of the original proposals would have been to place the whole executive and judicial authority, and even the armed force, in the hands of Foreign Powers; while the two points reserved as conditions, *sine quâ non*, were incompatible with the sovereign rights of the Sultan. The policy of the Turks was to present to the Conference out of deference to Europe their own basis of internal administration, and to adopt such of the measures comprised in the European programme as appeared to them calculated to fulfil their object. Subject to this they were firmly resolved to maintain, at all hazards, their independence and the unimpaired rights of the Sultan. As Midhat Pasha put it ('Papers,' No. II. p. 272), he could not consent, by any written official document, to subordinate the authority of the sovereign in the selection of the Governor in his dominions to the approval of Foreign Powers; but at the same time, with a view of coming to an understanding, it might be possible to promise confidentially that the names of the proposed Valis should be unofficially communicated to the Powers before their nomination.

This and other conciliatory suggestions show that within the limits of co-operation on equal terms, the Porte, as represented by its most uncompromising statesman, acknowledges the right of the Powers to interest themselves in the internal condition of Turkey, and is not averse to an intervention which respects its independence. As regards the nomination of Valis, Midhat Pasha's suggestion is by no means unimportant. If adopted it would tend to ensure a better choice of Governors, and check the practice of continual change; nor would the influence thus brought to bear fail to affect the conduct of the persons so nominated. Much may be done by diplomatic watchfulness and pressure, and it is satisfactory to see that the Ottoman Government is not opposed to its exercise, even in regard to this most important attribute of power which so closely concerns the whole subject of maladministration. As to the international Commission, we agree with Lord Grey that no good could possibly have come of it, and that it was most properly rejected. Its institution would have been, as Safvet Pasha pointed out ('Papers,' No. II. p. 318), equivalent to the suspension of all action on the part of the Imperial Government

as regards Bosnia, as well as the Vilayets eastern and western. Among thirty millions of Ottomans there was not one who would accept it, or allow the proposed diplomatic veto upon the appointment of Governors, which would seriously embarrass the Government, and—‘It is not a reasonable concession,’ he added (No. II. p. 263), ‘that is asked of us, it is an insulting proposal, it is the mutilation of this empire. The Imperial Government can never allow its independence to be trenced upon without having first exhausted every means of resistance, and as it is a question of life or death for it, it must act accordingly.’

Instead of parting with a portion of its authority to the Power which it was believed had stirred up insurrection in its provinces, which most certainly might have ensured the neutrality of the Principalities, and which had openly contributed men and money to the civil war which had been temporarily suspended, the Porte announced the measures which it had taken to ensure and guarantee a better administration. The new institutions aim at civil and political equality between all Ottomans, without distinction of race or religion. The idea was to carry into effect Midhat Pasha’s plan of decentralisation, with the due maintenance of the central authority. Like all constitutions it is a paper constitution; but the sole question is, whether it will work. Lord Salisbury’s opinion upon this point is (No. II. p. 303), that although the machinery is provided for securing the enactment of wise laws, yet in the absence of popular leaders who would work the liberties granted, such as they are, it would have but a slender effect in checking maladministration and restraining the abuse of power. All the legislation was reserved, and was embodied in codes to be passed by the new legislature as soon as it was put in working order. In its first session, according to the opening speech of the Sultan, Bills are to be presented to it on the standing orders of the Chamber—the electoral law, the general law respecting the Vilayets and the government of the communes, the municipal law, the civil code of procedure, laws relative to the reorganisation of the tribunal, and the mode of promoting and superannuating judges, the law concerning the functions and retiring pensions of all public functionaries in general, the law on the press, that respecting the Court of accounts, and lastly the Budget law. The Sultan especially recommended attention to the reorganisation of the tribunals and the formation of the *gendarmérie*, the development of agriculture and industry and of public instruction. The Sultan has instituted at his own expense a special school for the education of administrative functionaries, who will be selected without

without distinction of religion. He claimed to have given proofs 'of our sincere desire to defer to the wishes and the counsels of the friendly Powers.' As to the failure of the Conference, 'the cause lay rather in the form and the mode of execution than in the substance.'

With this proof before us of the renovated energy of the Turkish Government, and its desire, born of the crisis through which it has passed, to satisfy the just demands of Europe, it cannot be difficult for the Powers, whose sense of responsibility does not evaporate in rhetoric, effectively to aid the execution of reforms. If by diplomatic pressure and continued watchfulness they can impart to the new system some of the vigour which Lord Salisbury would anticipate from the action of 'popular leaders,' a gradual improvement in the condition of the provinces would be rendered far more probable than if they were once for all placed under unrestricted Muscovite agencies. The vehement opponents of Ottoman misrule rashly assume that its disappearance would effect an immediate cure of admitted evils. The opinion of statesmen and responsible governments is that it would be followed by a general insurrection, or by the substitution of a far more grinding tyranny. No one pretends that the lot of these semi-barbarous races is an enviable one. They suffer from extortion and misgovernment, from lawlessness, reciprocal animosities, and perpetual intrigue. The main supporters of the Ottoman Power have entirely neglected those responsibilities towards them which in a supreme crisis they loudly proclaim. The Turkish Government has been encouraged in the road to ruin, and also in its oppressive taxation, which lies at the root of all its subjects' misery. But that Government has now been entirely remodelled, both in its *personnel* and its institutions. It has this claim to respect, that it has overpowered a great revolutionary conspiracy, maintained its independence against overwhelming odds, and is struggling to reconstitute the empire in spite of hostile armies and implacable insurgents. Peace is necessary to its success. But in the midst of its present difficulties it will not associate the other Powers, including its most deadly antagonist, in partnership with itself, for the purpose of joint administration with the aid of a foreign *gendarmerie*, its own troops withdrawn into their fortresses, whilst soldiers, strange to the language and habits of the people, might increase their disorders. The counter-proposals of the Porte are at least entitled to a fair consideration, when they are presented to the notice of Europe in the terms offered by Midhat Pasha. 'Let a fixed time,' he said (No. II. p. 243), 'say a year, be granted for carrying out the reforms now being inaugurated, and at the end of

of that period let the ambassadors report whether they are being fairly executed or not. If they report in the negative, the Porte will submit to the appointment of an international Commission, or such other form of control as may be held desirable.' The offer at least proves the desire of the Ottoman Government to satisfy all just demands. The Grand Vizier also admitted that there was much in the proposals of the plenipotentiaries that was practical and important, and to which he assented. The plenipotentiaries of Turkey, while refusing foreign troops, said they would willingly employ foreign officers to organise a mixed force of Christians and Mussulmans (No. II. p. 354). They also accepted fully the engagement of instituting good law courts, subordinate to the Ministry of Justice at Constantinople. They accepted the principle of the stability of the Valis' power, and provided by the Constitution that the recall of a Vali (especially one nominated to the provinces in question (No. II. p. 323), should always in future be a serious matter.

It seems to us that so far from the refusal of the Porte being in any way injurious to the peace and dignity of Europe, it tends to save Europe from the grave complication which might have arisen from obstructing the proper action of legitimate authority in the disturbed districts, and substituting therein a very inefficient instrument of international administration, whose action would be impeded by mutual jealousies, unsupported by any effective agency, and resting upon no principle of authority which could ensure obedience. The alleged firm and unanimous wish of Europe was not attested by any signed Protocol; and though all the proposals were made in the joint name of the Six Powers, they were subject to the results of discussion, which effected considerable changes, and to the assent of the Porte, which was in two material points resolutely withheld. In the negotiations which followed the breaking up of the Conference, the relative situation of the Powers was not materially changed. Nothing has occurred to fetter their freedom in the future, or to hinder an impartial and unprejudiced examination by each of them of the position of the Porte as it is affected by the new condition of things. By the Protocol they recognise the good intentions of the Porte, its right to execute its own reforms; they conditionally engage to grant time for that purpose, to abstain from aggression, and to maintain their agreement with one another.

III. The third point for consideration is, what is England's duty and policy under the circumstances, having regard to the Protocol, and also to the contingencies under which it may be rendered null and void? The invectives against a do-nothing policy, which find

find eloquent expressions upon platforms and in pamphlets, are deprived of all the force which they would otherwise possess by the absence of any practical suggestions. Vague entreaties to united Europe to force its will on the Turks, not to shrink back terrified and alarmed before the Ottomans at Constantinople, but to exorcise the great anti-human species of humanity, may have the effect of exciting popular passion, but in themselves contribute nothing to practical politics. They assume, if they have any meaning at all, that it is possible to establish an effective and forcible control over the proceedings of the Turkish Government; or that it is prudent, having regard to the circumstances of Europe, to hasten the dissolution or dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. No section of any political party is openly in favour of the latter alternative. Mr. Gladstone himself has steadily adhered to the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, even in his most impulsive moments. And although in his letter to the 'Times' of the 26th of March he warns us 'that the time within which a plan of suzerainty and tribute to the Porte, or any like plan, can remain practicable as a settlement of the question is rapidly running out,' it may be safely assumed that, upon due reflection, neither he nor his party will formally commit themselves to a policy of war. The firm and unanimous wish of Europe in favour of a better government of the Christian populations cannot be imposed upon Turkey by war. It is the policy of Europe to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, because a contrary course will, in the opinion of all governments, involve great calamities and wars of no ordinary duration, and because the fall of that empire, even from internal causes, would disturb the distribution of power in a manner which could not fail to affect the general welfare. It may probably be assumed that, notwithstanding the Moscow speech and the menacing demonstrations on the frontier, the Czar himself would gladly retrace the path of danger upon which he unfortunately entered last autumn. In case of his successful encroachment upon the European dominions of the Sultan, the interests of Austria would soon be vitally affected, and these have been declared to be the special concern of Prince Bismarck. English interests are concerned in the maintenance as well of the Asiatic as of the European boundaries of the empire. A war of annexation or encroachment is forbidden by the unanimous declaration of the Powers, which formed the basis of the recent Conference, that they abjure any territorial advantage, any exclusive influence, or any concession with regard to the commerce of their subjects which those of every other nation may not equally obtain. Then with regard to a policy of coercion, which means that while the dominions

minions of the Sultan are preserved intact and his sovereignty is upheld, he is, nevertheless, after refusing in the most solemn and decisive manner to share his sovereignty with the Powers, to be coerced into adopting their measures; the idea involved in coercion is that of the establishment within the dominions of the Sultan of a power paramount to his own, for the purpose of supervising his administration. It can only be carried into effect in one of two ways. First by consent; and the proposals of the preliminary Conference, especially those which related to the cantonment of the troops of the Sultan and the creation of a foreign gendarmerie, clearly pointed to conferring such paramount power, so far as the three provinces were concerned, upon the International Commission. Those proposals were emphatically rejected. Secondly, by force of arms. But the attempt to dislodge the Sultan's authority either wholly or in part by those means, however disguised under the more euphonious term of coercion, means war for the overthrow and extinction of the Ottoman Empire. For, as Sir Andrew Buchanan pointed out to Count Andrassy ('Papers,' No. I. p. 405), even if measures of coercion were limited to the use of the fleets so as to avoid that military occupation which Europe forbids, what would happen? The Sultan would not allow a fleet, with hostile purpose, to pass the Dardanelles. To resist it might and would be equivalent to a declaration of war upon united Europe. On the other hand, the appearance of that fleet before Constantinople would lead to an outbreak of popular indignation against the Sultan and his Ministers; for the people believe that in the absence of treachery the Dardanelles cannot be forced. A demonstration from Besika Bay would have no coercive effect upon a people fortified by that belief; and the deterrent influence of public opinion upon the Ministry would lose none of its force.

A policy of coercion, whatever may be the precise meaning which we annex to the term, has been so emphatically condemned by Ministers in both Houses of Parliament, and apparently repudiated both by the Liberal party in England and by the rest of the mediating Powers, that it may for the present moment be laid out of account. It must be assumed that the Turkish Empire, as at present constituted, must remain. Its reform promises may be a currency of waste paper, but nevertheless it must, *ex necessitate rei*, be treated as a government capable of entering into and fulfilling its international engagements. In the debate on the Treaty of Peace in 1856 some one objected that no faith could be reposed in Russia that she would keep her engagements, and Lord Palmerston replied that

that in that case the transaction of business would become impossible. The guilt of the Ottoman Government in some of its recent transactions may be as great as Mr. Gladstone contends, but unless united Europe can 'pass sentence in its might' upon it ('Lessons in Massacre,' p. 79), retribution must be postponed to the same Day of Judgment to which the same author refers good Mahometans for their reward (p. 35). It is conceivable that the case might arise in which Europe might declare that the conduct of a particular Government was the curse of its subjects' existence and a perpetual, irremediable menace to public tranquillity, and forthwith decree its removal. But until it sees fit to do so, and clearly the case has not arisen with regard to the Ottoman Government, the delinquent Government must be treated in a spirit of statesman-like candour, and some degree of faith must be reposed in it. When Safvet Pasha appealed at the Conference to the loyalty with which his Government kept its engagements, the 'big brave words,' so much applauded in pamphlets, were not forthcoming, but, on the contrary, Count de Chaudordy and the French Ambassador, with the acquiescence of their colleagues, repudiated any doubt of the loyalty of the Ottoman Government or of its good faith ('Papers,' No. H. p. 342); 'the question was to ascertain if it was in a position to carry out its engagements.' That is the spirit in which we and the Powers of Europe must deal with the Ottoman Government, so long as any international relations are to be maintained with it. It seems to us matter for grave regret that these incessant invectives should be directed against the misconduct of one of the Governments concerned, to the exclusion of the equally culpable misdoings of the other, and of all the varied considerations of policy which directly affect the welfare of so many populations. Justice to Turkey requires that it should be recollected that her Government stood alone in protesting against the Partition of Poland, and at a later date refused to deliver up the Hungarian refugees. Its resolute maintenance of its integrity and independence saves Europe from disaster; it has always been distinguished for its toleration; and if its crimes during the past twelve months have been extreme, it has been surrounded by unexampled difficulties. It had to deal with two provinces in insurrection, and two vassal principalities in open war, aiming at its dismemberment, and supported by the men and money of Russia in flagrant disregard of the rules of neutrality. There were at the very least strong grounds for suspecting that a widely-spread and powerful conspiracy existed, and if sanguinary measures
of

of repression were adopted, they have been duly punished by the forfeiture of the alliance and support of Great Britain, and need not be exaggerated under the influence of rhetorical passion until they obscure all the vast interests involved in the whole Eastern Question.

Moreover, the ordinary diplomatic usage (from which it is wise not to depart) has been, whenever local disturbances have arisen, to diminish as much as possible their proportions and influence. Experience has shown that interference from without aggravates the disorder, and is seldom able to apply a remedy. The troubles in Crete led to some innovation upon these usages. In 1867 France and Austria, with a view to cultivate the friendship of Russia—so important to both of them in presence of the growing power of Prussia, were anxious to find the means of pacifying the East. It was even proposed at that early date to revise the Treaty of Paris, with a view to the collective interference of the Powers. The project was then, as now, to make Turkey a ward of Europe. But misunderstandings speedily supervened, and after the Moscow Congress the traditional policy of maintaining the rights of the Sultan was revived. M. Klackzo has given us a lively picture of the disorderly agitations which followed the proceedings of the Congress. The Austrian Foreign Office felt the action of Slav committees amongst the Ruthenes, Czechs, and Croats; whilst the unhappy Turk was exposed to the hostility of Montenegro, Servia, and Crete; and disturbances were diligently fomented in Bulgaria. The Conference of Paris succeeded in smoothing over the international difficulties which arose in consequence with Greece. Then, as now, no attempt was made by the Russian Government to calm any of the agitations which arose. All endeavours with that view came from the Western Cabinets, whilst Russia was ready with excuses and encouragement.

If, notwithstanding the recent Protocol, the policy of Russia or the defiance of Turkey leads to war, all discussion will be at once suspended until the results of an appeal to force are manifested. But assuming that the late negotiations respecting the Protocol just signed had in view the maintenance of peace, and that the difficulties relating to disbandment and demobilisation are surmounted, the various issues which compose this great Eastern Question will still remain open. It is desirable that this country should have a clear idea of those responsibilities upon which Mr. Gladstone expends so much eloquence in Opposition and so little attention in Office. Those responsibilities

bilities will not merely flow from the Crimean War and the Treaty of 1856. They will have been increased by our renewal of the Treaty in 1871, and our determined and in that case successful vindication of it in 1877. If, as Lord Salisbury says, the position of Turkey as regards Europe has been completely changed by its refusal of the terms of the Conference, in what position is Europe, and particularly Great Britain, placed by acquiescing in that refusal? We answer that, in the first place, that refusal has been accompanied by reiterated promises of reform, by strenuous efforts to effect it, by a recognition of the right of the Powers to take notice of the internal administration of the Porte, and to co-operate with the Porte for that purpose in any manner which is not inconsistent with the independence and sovereignty of the Sultan. The position is not free from delicacy and difficulty; the Porte's engagements are implied, not expressed; the correlative rights of the Powers are undefined and exceptional; but care should be taken to render them none the less substantial. Although we refuse to revise, far less to destroy, the settlement of 1856, all parties to it, looking to the critical situation which has arisen, must awake to their responsibilities and provide that the scandalous neglect and oppression of the Christian populations should cease, and sustained efforts be made for the improvement of their condition. The recent Protocol, with its phrases carefully selected so as to guard against a defined liability to any but verbal interference, merely expresses the general determination to avoid war, and does not prescribe any definite procedure. That which it is important to look to is the extent to which the situation has been altered by the grave events which have occurred, and what light is thrown upon our failure in international duty in the past years, and upon the course to be adopted in order to remedy former neglect and ensure a faithful discharge of our duty in the future.

Russia has, no doubt, whether with good or evil intentions, administered by her action in the recent crisis a powerful impulse to the cause of humanity. She is entitled to that credit, whatever we may think of her motives of action. As regards the extension of her boundaries there is a remarkable saying by the author of 'The Two Chancellors,' that 'Russia has never found herself so far from her aims as when she has endeavoured to hasten the catastrophe. In 1829, when her armies were almost in sight of Constantinople, she was forced to withdraw; in 1854 the fruits of her campaign in Hungary and the pre-eminence accruing to her from her immunity from the revolutionary

lutionary wars of 1848 were entirely swept away.' In 1877, after years of manœuvre and even active hostility, she is obliged to withdraw her forces and desist from her intrigues, or to set all Europe at defiance by declaring war. The Treaty of Paris, which in 1871 was ratified by statesmen as the public law of Europe, is upheld in 1877, by whole nations, as the embodiment of international law in reference to the Eastern Question.

The result of this protracted strife is a revolution in Turkey. The dynasty has been changed, new men have come to the front, a variety of new institutions have been created. Social and political relations within the empire have been altered, and a greater significance has been given to its position as a member of the great family of European nations. Whatever differences may separate the Powers, they are at least united in their reprobation of Turkish misrule, and in the enunciation of the reforms by which that misrule may be abolished, and its effects gradually obliterated. If the moral effect of that union has been to forbid measures of coercion, on the other hand it has roused the Turks from their lethargy and security. Whether we view the transformation, which they are obviously endeavouring to effect, with distrust or with confidence, all agree that for the present, at least, it must not be broken in upon by war. A general *consensus* of opinion grants to the Turk the time and opportunity to recast his administration, and if possible his general relations to his subject peoples. Aggression would, under the circumstances, be generally condemned; but a total neglect of past warnings on the part of the Turk, and continued defiance of that public opinion, which has dealt so leniently with him, might in no distant future lead to disastrous consequences.

But the Powers of Europe are not absolved. If the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire is a cardinal point in the policy of Europe, and the present condition of its inhabitants menaces the continuance of that policy, the Powers, and particularly Great Britain, must not again relapse into indifference. In the past twenty years, scarcely any controlling influence, external or internal, has been brought to bear upon the Ottoman Government. A watchful, authoritative interference, such as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe used to exercise, has ceased; both the man and the means have been wanting. Yet the chief vice of Turkish government is not its hostility to the interests of its subjects, or even its disposition to cruelty; on the contrary, it is tolerant, and, as a general rule, humane. It is weak, negligent, and corrupt; and its exchequer is empty. The great need is of
a constant,

a constant, powerful, and friendly pressure ; which, if honestly brought to bear, will be aided by the spirit of reform which is abroad, and may effectively supply the place of popular leaders in giving life and force to institutions which are intended, as far as they go, to ensure a popular control over the administration.

Such pressure should be applied, if possible, by the Powers in concert ; but chiefly by this country, which is by tradition the chief friend of the Porte, by its geographical position most anxious for the integrity of the empire, by its general interests most favourable to its strength and prosperity. We must cancel the invectives of the past few months, and restore the reforming policy of Lord Palmerston, which was subsequently laid aside from motives of economy, and in the spirit of non-intervention. Though an International Commission with powers of control is impracticable, the purpose of its proposed existence remains, and may be steadily pursued by means of diplomatic pressure, the exercise of international interference within those limits which the Sultan's Government has throughout conceded. Such interference need not be joint, in the sense of being concerted beforehand ; Russia may still be chiefly solicitous for the Greek Christians, and France for the Roman Catholic subjects ; the protection of the British Embassy may be thrown equally over all sects and all races. It is prudent to contemplate the contingency of Russian influence being secretly but resolutely exercised in opposition to a policy which shall infuse new life and vigour into the Empire and Government. That the Northern Cabinet is hostile to the reformation which European interests demand, is a view, which however derided from time to time by Opposition opinion, is at least supported by cogent evidence, and has been uniformly adopted by most of the leading statesmen who have successively ruled Great Britain. The contentment of the Slav population, the removal of all causes of insurrection, and the gradual growth of their prosperity, would prove to be the firmest barrier against hostile encroachment. To carry out the true British policy, the first need is the presence in Constantinople of a statesman of experience, capacity, and will, strongly backed up from home, of incessant vigilance to ascertain the existence of abuses or the occurrence of misdeeds, of unflinching determination to obtain their redress from the Ottoman Minister, and if need be from the Sultan himself, and of personal influence to ensure the co-operation of his colleagues. In Mr. Layard this country has found a fitting representative. But the policy which his appointment represents must not be the accident of the hour : it must reflect the settled determination of the English people to discharge

discharge with patience and steadiness the obligations which they admitted last autumn.

In carrying out this policy, economy must not be the first consideration. We are gainers, financially and otherwise, by the resolution and success with which the Turks defend their empire. Their failure would sooner or later entail upon us great efforts and great sacrifices, with which those of the Crimean War could scarcely be compared. The British Embassy should be supported by an efficient consular service. There should be intelligent and trustworthy consuls in the principal places—Vice-consuls and consular agents in all parts, not merely of European Turkey, but of the whole Empire. It should be rendered impossible that such transactions as the massacre at Batak should ever recur without the British Ambassador being at once informed of it, and without his at once discharging the duty of an English Representative at the Court of Constantinople. He should be, moreover, armed with the authority and the means to despatch his agents to inquire and report as to any instance of cruelty and oppression which might be brought to his notice. In a word, he should lay aside, once and for ever, the policy of non-intervention; and exercise instead, with firmness, severity, justice and consideration, as complete a supervision over the details of administration as is consistent with outward respect for the sovereignty of the Sultan. He has to deal with a Government which is negligent and extortionate, but which is not hostile to the welfare of its people or to the diplomatic interference of a Power which is friendly and just. Above all things he should endeavour to gain the confidence of the Turks, and to convince them that he is animated by a spirit of justice, and by a desire to consult their best interests. One of his foremost duties will be to encourage good selections of provincial Governors, and (which is the most important point of all) stability of tenure when once a good appointment is made. The corruption connected with the filling up and removals from those important offices is one of the chief blots in the whole system of Turkish government. There is much in what passed during the Conference to which he can appeal, as justifying and giving weight to his interference on this head. The undivided responsibility of the appointment must rest with the Sultan's Ministry, but much may be done to check a corrupt or capricious exercise of power.

The despatches of Mr. Consul Holmes are instructive in reference to these appointments. His suggestion ('Papers,' No. I. p. 309) that they should be made with the consent of the Powers

must, after the proceedings at the Conference, be abandoned. But his remarks as to the present necessity for a 'paternal despotism,' and the measures adapted to prepare the people hereafter for an intelligent share in their own government, are well worthy of attentive consideration. Writing in reference to Bosnia, a province in which he has had long experience, he urges that a Viceroy should have sole responsibility, with the nomination of all subordinate officials. The native Medjlisses should be entirely abolished and single individuals appointed, responsible to the Viceroy. 'I am convinced that a paternal despotism is at present the only possible government for this benighted and divided people. Until now, the experiment of having the administrative power almost entirely in the hands of the native Slav Mussulmans has been tried for five centuries, and has miserably failed. There has been no party directly responsible for the conduct of affairs. The Governor evades it, and the Medjlisses evade it, each endeavouring to fix it on the other; and the latter have always managed to make everything subservient to their own narrow ideas of self-interest.' The guarantees for the good conduct of those Viceroys, upon whose honesty and administrative capacity the immediate future of Turkey depends, must be found. A system of checks and counter-checks on the spot will not be sufficient to provide them. The influence of the Powers may effect suitable appointments, the reports of Consuls on their administration should be allowed due weight in regard to the retention of office, and acts of corrupt or oppressive exercise of authority should be noted, and protests against them protected. Whatever facilities of local control may appear to be afforded by the Constitution, can only be effective with the aid of constant pressure upon the central government.

No one cause has done so much to produce Turkish misgovernment as the corrupt choice of Governors and the practice of continually changing them. It is not, however, by curtailing their power, but by increasing their responsibility, that their efficiency will be really promoted. Local councils would be apt to become a screen to the guilty, rather than a useful aid to the honest. The appointment of assessors, to Judges and Governors, of different religious belief from themselves, with a discretion to subject every decree or executive act to an appeal to Constantinople, would be more in accordance with Lord Palmerston's views. The influence of the English embassy might usefully be exercised in favour of the appointment of foreigners of suitable experience and reputation. In organising
their

their army and navy the Turks have availed themselves of such services. The greatest want of the country is a system of everyday justice—the reform of its tax-gathering and its courts. If this system could be more effectively reorganised by foreign aid than by native officers, who have grown up under a *régime* which is opposed to equality and justice, there ought to be no great difficulty in winning the assent of the Sultan. In education, the judiciary, finance, and public works, competent and honest agents, not used for the purposes of intrigue, would be of infinite service; and there is no reason to doubt that this would be acceptable.

Nothing comes out clearer in these Blue Books than the fact that what is wanted in Turkey is the *man*, rather than the institution. A liberal education, apart from the control of Turkish Mollahs and Greek priests, may replace the present generation by a more enlightened one, fit to take at least so much share in self-government as will suffice to render arbitrary misconduct in their Governors difficult and dangerous. No faith can be blindly reposed in municipal elective assemblies which seek to reproduce the later growths of Western civilisation in the uncongenial atmosphere and surroundings of the East. So far as they ensure publicity and encourage discussion they may be fostered into usefulness, but it is impossible that an effective power of control can be found in them. Even the more enlightened of the Christians will not have the courage to sit in them, or if they did even to the extent of forming a majority, the Mussulman minority would still prevail. Mr. Holmes tells us (No. I. p. 602) that in 1854 Lord Stratford de Redcliffe instructed him, while Acting Consul at Monastir, to endeavour to persuade some of the more wealthy and influential Christian merchants and proprietors of the place to enter the Medjliss and make a bold stand against injustice and oppression. But all his efforts were useless to induce any man of substance to accept the position; although the Christians of that place were very much in advance of those of Bosnia in education, influence, and wealth. He adds that it is not only in Bosnia and at Monastir, but at Erzeroom, Kars, Trebizond, Diarbekir, Aleppo, Damascus, and all places in Turkey which he has visited, that those local councils are the bane of the administration and the insurmountable obstacle to progress and reform. The hope of better government lies in conceding real power to the Governors, and in rendering it the personal interest of them and their subordinates to govern successfully, instead of using their offices for the purpose of enriching themselves, to the neglect of all administration.

The stimulus to improvement must be administered by the central government; and unless the lesson of the last two years, its extremity of peril, the imminence of a last struggle for existence have predisposed it to reform and to accept the assistance of the Powers in carrying it out, we shall be as far as ever from a solution of the Eastern Question.

It cannot be too often repeated that self-government is not at present the cure for Turkish disorders. The materials for it do not exist. The idea of the Mussulman is complete domination over the Christian; that of the Christian is submission, and a share of the booty if he is temporarily admitted to share in authority. A paternal despotism is necessary, till education has founded and time has strengthened new ideas and new habits in the people. It is idle to expect such a form of government from Russia; nor is any other Power capable of affording it. If diplomatic influence and pressure, utilising the existing materials, can strengthen the impulses to improvement which have been born of recent calamity and sense of future peril, by securing in its favour the self-interest of all who participate in government, there is still hope for the Ottoman Empire. In this task England must not shrink from undertaking the leading part. It is not to the interest of Russia that the lasting tranquillity of the Christian population should be secured. But that object is of permanent interest to this country, not merely in the interests of humanity, but because the permanence of the existing settlement of Europe, which ultimately depends upon the better government of the Turkish provinces, vitally affects the welfare of the British Empire.

Even if war should be averted, which now seems improbable, Turkey will have only a respite. Every one is agreed that the government of Turkey is radically bad; that she cannot continue in her present state; that she must be reformed, or will perish. The only question is whether these reforms are to be made from without or within; whether they are to be forced upon her by the intervention of Foreign Powers, or whether she is to be allowed to introduce them herself. This issue was practically settled by the Conference at Constantinople, confirmed by the almost unanimous opinion of the British Parliament. Turkey has decided for herself as to the reforms which she will introduce, and the set of institutions which she will create. There is no reason to doubt but that she will gladly accept from friendly Powers the continuance of that participation in her internal affairs which she has admitted as within their right. And it must be the object especially of
England

England to render such a mediation effective by vigilance and firmness, and by utilising for that purpose whatever means and opportunities the new Constitution may have provided.

Mr. Layard has special and pre-eminent qualifications for the difficult post which he now fills. Trained in the school of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, possessing an intimate knowledge of the Turks and other races of that empire, with a long experience in Spain of a disorganised society and of government scarcely able to cope with the perplexities of administration, possessing great energy and decision of character, he will neither condone the faults nor pass over the offences of the ruling classes, while his appreciation of what is really good in the Turkish character will, we believe, cause his advice to be accepted and his remonstrances heeded. We therefore anticipate the best results from his endeavours to exercise the influence of this country for the good of all the inhabitants of the country, Turks as well as Christians. The appointment of Mr. Layard is a sign that there is no shadow of wavering in the policy of the Cabinet; and that the same firmness and tenacity of purpose, which have contrasted so signally with the feebleness of a former epoch, in the self-respect which they have imparted to the nation, and in the effective influence which they have exercised over the course of events, will continue to be displayed for the future.

Mr. Layard will, if various indications in these Blue Books of Count Andrassy's policy may be trusted, have the support and co-operation of Austria in the discharge of his difficult duties. But it is in vain to calculate upon the identity of interests and policy between England and any European State, with its variable fortunes in reference to this unchanging Eastern Question. The primary object of Englishmen must be to grasp its true position as it affects the interests of humanity and the interests of their empire. Above all things, there is the necessity for maintaining inviolate the dominions of the Turk. Their invasion means that the truce between Christianity and Islamism is ended, and that in an age of steam and telegraphic communication, and of the most destructive machinery of war, the struggle of religious fanaticism will be revived upon an extended scale, and be intensified as the war proceeds. It means further, to use the language of the Duke of Wellington,* a general insurrection of all the subject peoples in European Turkey, a general conflict between the Powers whose interests in the

* 'Despatches of the Duke of Wellington' (New Series, vol. iv. p. 277).

expected wreck of the Ottoman Empire would be immediately brought into collision. The Turkish Government once fallen could never be replaced, and no alternative arrangement in which all would acquiesce has ever been suggested. Even the orators of last autumn, those, at least, who retained any calmness of speech or judgment, admitted the necessity for the existing empire, but inveighed against the continuance of Turkish authority within the three provinces. British philanthropists have succeeded in involving Russia in disaster, prolonging the miseries of Turkish subjects, and conferring upon the Sultan's Government at the Conference a great diplomatic triumph, while they have increased the difficulties and impaired the influence of their own country. They omitted to regard any contingency but that of united Europe forcing its will on the Turk. Confronted by an unexpected *non possumus*, their statesmanship is exhausted. Coercion is found to be impossible, and they in the meanwhile have precluded themselves from discussing the only measures which are now of practical importance, viz. the means of restoring an influence which, in order to be effective, must be friendly. It is a warning for all time not to hamper English diplomacy by party demonstrations.

It is impossible to treat the Protocol as furnishing directly or indirectly the materials for an ultimatum. Whatever occasion for war may be found, it must be in occurrences subsequent to the signing of the Protocol, and cannot arise out of circumstances antecedent to it. The difficulty is reduced to that of effecting mutual disarmament. It is impossible to say that a Power which mobilises a large force for use upon its neighbour's territory thereby acquires any right to dictate to that neighbour and ally the mode in which he should disband the forces which he has collected for defence. Nor can it give such a Power the right to prescribe terms of peace between that neighbour and one of his vassal States. Yet the present menace of hostilities, which undoubtedly hangs over Europe, results solely from international difficulties as to disarmament and the terms of peace with Montenegro.

Under these circumstances, in proportion as Russia has by the diplomacy of the last four months thrown away all pretext of independent action, resulting from the internal disorders of the Turkish State, so it is her duty to accept the mediation of the signatories of the Protocol in every difficulty which arises out of a state of things which she has herself created. It is impossible that a *casus belli* can legitimately arise to Russia out of the details of disarmament, or out of the negotiations between
Turkey

Turkey and Montenegro. And so far from any war which may ensue being for the protection of the Christians, the terms of Russia's present engagement with the Powers deprive her of any such pretext, and bind her to respect the unanimous wish of Europe that Turkish endeavours to reform should be unmolested by aggression.

If war does break out, as a consequence of the insurmountable difficulties of terminating hostilities, which have in part been openly threatened, in part unofficially waged, it must be clearly understood that it occurs in defiance of European opinion, after all pretext for it has been thrown away, and after Turkey has admittedly displayed the wish and earned the right to contribute her share to the work of pacification, by improving the state of her government. A war of aggression is condemned by the universal voice of Christendom. All that has happened since the Conference serves to accentuate the deep reluctance with which every nation in Europe contemplates the prospect of hostilities. And if it should turn out that Russia has been deceiving Europe, and has been simply gaining time in order to be prepared to crush Turkey with an army of irresistible strength, and that her real object has been not the amelioration of the Christian population, but aggrandisement and conquest, we would emphatically warn her against supposing that England would look tamely on. If Russia counts upon the neutrality of England under all circumstances, she will commit the same fatal mistake as she did in 1853, when she believed that the views of Lord Aberdeen and of the Peace Party really represented the settled convictions of the English people. A great change has already taken place, and is still taking place, in English opinion, if not in favour of the Turks, at any rate in opposition to Russia; and if it should become clear that Russia has only been using philanthropy and Christianity as pretexts to cloak her own ambitious schemes, she may be assured that such a storm of indignation would arise in this country against her treachery and perfidy as to throw into oblivion all the misdeeds of Turkey. We have good reason for believing that Russian statesmen have been greatly misinformed as to the real state of public opinion in this country. There is no desire to support the Turks simply as Turks; but that there is a settled resolution to defend the empire which our fathers have created, no reasonable politician can pretend to doubt. The long discussions of this Question have not been without their result. The Power which rules over India and other possessions of importance in the East, and to whose safety the supremacy of the seas and the security of the road

road to India are essential, will never allow the command of Constantinople and the Dardanelles to pass into the hands of an ambitious and aggressive State without a determined struggle. No English Ministry would stand idle while the attempt was made, and the British fleet would be anchored in the Bosphorus before the Russians appeared under the walls of Constantinople.

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